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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Bossi—Necrologia.* G. C. Leonardo Sismondi.
Firenze, Tipografia Galileana. 1842.

OLD Fuller, perplexed in his task of settling the conflicting claims preferred by the English Counties to their Worthies, decides according to the principle contained in the ancient apothegm,—‘*non ubi nascor sed ubi pascor* :’ making, as he says, ‘that place their mother, not which *bred*, but which *fed* them.’ Sound enough in solving a fair proportion of difficulties, this rule is liable to large exceptions. Frequently does it fail in affording a satisfactory solution, if we raise the far more important question of nationality. Claude is claimed by the ‘French school’ without any other pretence, except that his native country, thanks to its unfortunate vicinity, now constitutes the Departments of the Meurthe and Moselle. When Claude Gelée was born, Lorraine had no more union, politically speaking, with France, than Brandenburg. By the same mode of reasoning, we could insist upon enrolling Ulysses as an Englishman: nay, when the ‘progress of civilization’ shall have purified the seraglio by colonizing its kiosks from the arcades of the Palais Royal, and the faith of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* shall have dispelled the infidelity of the Koran, the Turks, if the inheritance of glory be thus annexed to the soil, may write the Bard of Chios as an Osmanli, and testify their emancipation from the Prophet’s commandment by erecting the statue of Homer in the mosque of Saint Sophia. However, the fact is, that it is exceedingly difficult to define the proper affinity of heroes, whether in arms, or art, or literature: if we found the proposition upon the cultivation of a talent, we should say unquestionably that Claude could belong to no other land, except that land whose shores are bathed and bounded by the sea of sapphire and emerald, and from whence he transfused to his canvass the glowing tints of his horizons, the graceful groups of the stone pine, and the ranges of purple hills, seen between the columns of the temple or through the broken arch.

Where one element so preponderates, the case is simple. But
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there are mixed cases; and that of Sismondi is perhaps more than usually complicated. Family origin, family traditions, successes, misfortunes, changes of domicile, birth, education, marriage, political revolutions, all require to be weighed and pondered, compared and considered, when we form our judgment upon his nationality. He traced his ancestry to the noble family of the Sismondi, expelled from Pisa, some while in the fourteenth century. Ghibellines they were: and Sismondi, in the last and most affecting production of his pen, alludes to the traditional war-cry of the family,—‘*cara fê, m’ è la rostra*,’ said to have been the words of Henry VI. when a Sismondi lost his own life in protecting the Emperor from an assassin’s blow. The exiles settled at the Côte de St. André in Dauphiné: their descendants adopted the opinions of the Reformers, and remained in France till the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when they fled to Geneva: in this city of refuge they were admitted as citizens, and enrolled amongst the high aristocracy. Here, at Geneva, Jean Charles Leonard de Sismondi was born, May 9th, 1773; but he passed the vigorous years of adolescence—the spring-tide of life, when the wood of the stock is ripened to produce the fruit—in Italy and in England. He married an Englishwoman. The annexation of Geneva to the Republic ‘*une et indivisible*’ rendered him a French subject. He died the citizen of an independent state: yet, with all these mutations and concurring and conflicting influences, we feel that, on the whole, the French possess, had they chosen to assert their pretensions, the fairest right to call him their own. Language, the mysterious yoke as well as the symbol of human thought, gives the stamp to literature; and the works of Sismondi must, so long as the French language subsists, be reckoned amongst its chiefest honours. Of the French modern historical school, now so flourishing, he is truly the founder. He was the first writer who emancipated the historical literature of France from the pragmatic aridity, the brilliant but superficial theories, or the unsound *gloriole*, of Montesquieu and Mably, Velly, Vilaret, or Voltaire. Without ever violating the allegiance due to his native country, his affections were given to France. Sismondi loved France, not blindly, but intelligently: no one of her loudest, proudest, patriots was ever more anxious than Sismondi to promote her welfare and prosperity. Motives and feelings, which we will not attempt fully to unravel or define, have prevented any return of that cordial affection. Whether any petty, individual jealousies may have operated, we dare not ask. Parisian literature despises the literature of the Provinces, and, in the conceit of the literature of Paris, Geneva is a provincial town. A grudging acknowledgment of the merit belonging to works which

which have acquired an European reputation could not be denied ; but, as a body, the French 'littérateurs' have looked coldly upon Sismondi; and we have sought in vain for any of those slight tributes of respect, the 'hommages,' so generally rendered to the memory of eminent men by the courtesy of society. We hear only that Michelet, whilst lecturing, recently *improvised* an hasty eulogium upon one whom that able and original writer truly acknowledged to be his leader in historical inquiry : but the lecture has not been published, and probably never will. It is for the sake of the French alone that we notice such unworthy apathy : Sismondi's productions are perfectly independent of praise : and the regret is simply for the people who are deprived, or deprive themselves, of the power of appreciating their value.

Leonard's childhood was passed in comfort and affluence at Châtelaine, an exceedingly beautiful 'campagne' at the confluence of the Rhone and the Arve, commanding bright views of river, lake, and mountain ; pleasant gardens surrounding the dwelling, full of sweet flowers ; all around a scene of tempered sublimity and amenity.

He was first placed at the 'Collège,' or 'High School' of Geneva, where he gave to the casual observer but slight promise of his future talent. With the most touching, and as we should say feminine, tenderness of disposition, and which he retained throughout his life, he combined a stern and passive heroism. Classical literature is little valued by the Genevese. The slender proportion which they acquire in youth is speedily cast aside. Possibly those who urge Oxford to convert her cloistered colleges into polytechnics and lyceums, might encourage us, if they would detail the noble improvements produced in Switzerland upon the religious, the moral, and the intellectual character of the community, by the rejection of all studies except those which in the utilitarian dialect are termed 'positive.' Sismondi's extreme sensibility exposed him to the constant bullying of his rude and coarse comrades. This persecution threw him, as it were, upon the resources of the imagination ; and his very annoyances stimulated him to profit far more by rather a superficial and low-standard course of instruction, than he would have done, had he been left at ease. He acquired a sound and tasteful knowledge of Latin and Greek ; but was especially remarkable for the rarest of all schoolboy virtues, that of working on and on *because* the task was set him, seeking only to please his teachers, and his parents—a duty which he kept before his eyes to the last. Sismondi, in theory and *for others*, was the warmest advocate of free-will and independence from all subjection ; yet no writer who ever expatiated upon the obligation of single-minded and simple

obedience to all authority as a divine ordinance, practised it more honestly and implicitly in the various relations in which he was placed by the appointment of Providence. Let us here, once for all, remark that Sismondi never dreamed of exercising the privilege, so foolishly, or rather so wickedly, asserted for 'genius,' of setting at nought the decencies of human society, or the duties imposed upon mankind.

Hence he was removed at the due age to the *Auditoire*, bearing, in the scheme of public education of Geneva, the same relation to the *Collège*, that the University amongst us does to the School. But presently his filial obedience was put to the test; he was required to quit his home, and to sustain what to all men, young or old, is one of our heaviest burthens: the being driven to engage in a course of life which is an employment but not a *vocation*, a pursuit for which you have no call. Entertaining the strongest repugnance towards mercantile pursuits, he was placed in the counting-house of the eminent firm, Eynard and Co. at Lyons. A sudden change in the fortunes of the Sismondi family, hitherto affluent, had compelled his father to adopt this determination. Like most of the opulent Genevese, they had invested the whole of their money in the French funds, and the bankruptcy of France reduced them to the verge of absolute poverty. In this particular instance of the ruin occasioned by the funding system, a system so peculiarly expressive of the characteristics, moral as well as political, belonging to the 'age of civilization,' enthusiasm for M. Necker had as much weight with the Genevese as confidence in the investment, or desire of profit. Future historians will, however, have to seek and trace out the wonderful influence which finance, in every sense, now possesses in the affairs of nations; nor will the philosophic philologist fail to mark how curiously the sense of justice or injustice depends upon the sound of a word. 'Confiscation' for treason, the punishment inflicted for the betraying the implied trust placed in you by government, would make the blood of an American boil over: but he chews his tobacco with the greater zest when the treasury of his state is enriched by 'repudiation,' inflicted because you trust the government which betrays you.

Sismondi could not abide his mercantile employment: the work was wholly against his taste. His situation would have been altogether unsupportable, had not duty sustained him. In order to fulfil the wishes of his parents, and that *because* they were his parents, he applied himself heart and soul to his drudgery, and became a thoroughly good clerk, mastering, in particular, all the mysteries of bookkeeping. No training could appear less calculated to form the future historian; but in after life he acknowledged

ledged gratefully that, though distasteful, the education was most profitable to him. To this hard discipline he ascribed his habits of order and method, his patience in *posting* his matter over and over again, his power of rapid calculation, but, above all, his tendency to apply to the inquiries, commonly called the science, of political economy, the lessons afforded by the annals of history.

The fearful outbreak of the revolution at Lyons compelled Sismondi (1792) to return to Geneva: he was, however, followed by the storm. His father had never meddled in the least with public affairs; but merely because he belonged to the ancient aristocracy, he was the object of cruel persecution. A 'domiciliary visit' cleared the house of every article of value. A contribution was imposed upon the family which amounted to a confiscation of their property: father and son were both cast into prison; but, as no charge could be even pretended against them, they were soon liberated.

The Genevese, from their long established colonies, can hardly be said to visit England, where the Sismondi now sought refuge, as strangers. The family first placed themselves, *en pension*, in the house of a country clergyman, and thence removed to Tenterden. Leonard afterwards established himself in London. During his residence in England, he turned the whole of his time to profit. Whilst he was here, he, in a manner, entirely identified himself with the country: the English language became the common speech of his family, and he acquired no ordinary degree of fluency in it, whether in composition or in conversation. He applied himself earnestly to the study of the English Constitution and the English Law, partly through books, far more by diligently attending courts of justice, acquiring a thorough familiarity equally with the principles, and with the forms and practice of our English policy. These pursuits, however, did not lead him to neglect any portion of our national literature. Quick in his perceptions, but methodical in his studies, his residence of eighteen months in this country gave him an accurate knowledge of our institutions and character. He judged without partiality or prejudice; hence, in after life, he was enabled to investigate our peculiar position with respect to commerce, manufacture, and agriculture, not as a theorist, but as one who thoroughly knew his ground. Quite unconsciously, he was receiving another portion of the education intended to fit him for the tasks he had afterwards to accomplish.

Leonard, and we believe his father and sister, would have been perfectly well satisfied to continue in England; but Madame de Sismondi became ill of the *maladie du pays*; the *Heimweh*, for which we would fain substitute such an English compound as the

Home-grief

Home-grief (Home-sickness, though a good old expression, is hardly intense enough), if Dr. Farre can accept it as a contribution to his new nomenclature of diseases. Energetic as she was, her sufferings, both of mind and body, were such as to admit of no palliation or cure, except a return to her own country; and to Geneva accordingly they did return in the most dismal period of the reign of terror.

Well would it be if those who place confidence in 'national character,' 'intelligence,' and the like, were to study the revolutions of Calvin's commonwealth. Though the classes of society, the demarcations of the different orders were sharply defined, yet none of the elements of exasperation between rank and rank which existed in France were to be found here. Religion, however undermined by philosophy, had, ostensibly at least, her full sway; and the city may be said to have constituted one great family, and in which the family quarrels of preceding generations, if not entirely forgotten, appeared to be put to rest. It is the most pleasant of the social comforts in a small town or community that you are everywhere at home. No Genevese, from the highest to the lowest, was a stranger to another; every face was that of an acquaintance, if not a friend; yet as soon as the passions of political rancour had their full effect, all bonds were broken, and nowhere perhaps has there been a stronger exemplification of the contagious, or rather demoniacal, madness excited by the shedding of blood. Men who were previously quiet, mild, and harmless citizens and fathers of families, became infuriate: one individual, a smith, a good-tempered, merry fellow—perhaps he may be yet living—caused upwards of fifty of his fellow citizens to be shot with the greatest glee. Let it be recollected that these horrors were perpetrated, not by a profligate, enthusiastic, or fanatical population, but by sober, shop-keeping burgesses, men naturally as money-getting and as quiet as the rate-payers of Edinburgh or Aberdeen.

The four Syndics of the Republic, not merely blameless, but magistrates distinguished by their integrity and the conscientious discharge of their duties, were accused of *lèse-nation*, and condemned to die. At this juncture the Sismondi family removed to Châtelaine, and one of the proscribed, M. Caila, a most intimate friend of theirs, fled thither in hope of safety. They concealed the fugitive in a shed in their garden, which stood on the very verge of the French frontier, and it was agreed that, on the first alarm, he should cross the line. Madame de Sismondi entrusted her son with the duty of acting as sentinel. In the midst of the night he heard the measured tramp of the approaching *gens-d'armes*, and rushed to the door of the shed; but the door

was

was fastened. Caila, old and deaf, slept so soundly that Sismondi could not rouse him; the soldiers, who had now entered the garden, made at once for the shed, having evidently received information of Madame's arrangement. The Genevese revolutions have always exhibited abundant perfidiousness on a small scale, the petty spites and mean *tracasseries* of society corrupting into base or sanguinary treachery. Leonard had no resource but to stand on the defensive, in the expectation that the noise and bustle would awaken the sleeper; he was, however, struck to the ground by the but-end of a carbine. Caila now awakened: instead of attempting to escape, he quietly surrendered himself, and Madame de Sismondi saw him carried off to certain death. She fell on her knees in prayer.—Thus she continued till the morning, when she heard the distant shots of the fusillade.

Geneva now became hateful, and a family consultation being held, they determined to sell Châtelaine, and abandon their desolated country. It was a heart-break, thus to wrench themselves from the once happy spot, but there was no help, go they must. With the world before them, they yearned for Italy, and determined to settle in Tuscany, the seat of their ancestors, their ancient fatherland. The pilgrims arrived at Florence in October 1795, and agreed, after holding another council—for in this most affectionate family parents and children always acted as possessing but one interest and one mind—that it would be most expedient to invest the produce of their Genevese property in land, so that their farm might serve as a home, and as a means of support and maintenance. Leonard set out on foot in search of a settlement. He took the upper road, through Prato and Pistoja; entering the *Val di Nievole*, the loveliness of the country and the cheapness of land determined him to establish the family on that locality. There was a small *podere*, or farm, with a still smaller house, on sale at Valchiusa, near Pescia: the family bought the tiny domain, and, before Christmas, the wanderers were again domiciled on their own property. Sismondi had just been removed from the desk: he now, all but literally, put his hand to the plough, superintending the management of the *podere*. Thus employed, his occupation entered into combination with the studies which he unremittingly pursued, and he acquired that peculiar train of thought which influenced all his writings, namely, the valuing constitutions and forms of government, not as grounded upon abstract principles, but as subservient to the practical welfare of the people. Hence also may be deduced his strong predilection for agriculture as the source of national prosperity; and, living, as he did, in the midst of an agricultural population, he obtained a degree of practical knowledge rarely possessed by men
of

of literature. His sister married and settled at Pescia, where she resided till her recent death. Sismondi himself retained the property, and revisited it at various periods during the remainder of his life. Thus was the historian of the Italian Republics nursed for the great task which he ultimately performed: no man is fully qualified to write the history of a country, unless he knows the country itself; unless he has trod its earth, drunk its streams, felt its breezes, sunned himself beneath its sky.

He passed his time, not solitary, yet in seclusion, delighting in the lovely scenery, and still more in the converse of the happy and unspoiled peasantry amongst whom he dwelt. Even here he did not escape persecution: he kept himself entirely quiet, therefore neither party could understand him. He was first suspected, and then arrested as an aristocrat by the French: again, in one of the risings of the Tuscans against their oppressors, he was arrested as a Frenchman, because Geneva, his native country, was then annexed to France. Four times was he placed in confinement. However, in spite of all these troubles, he constantly pursued his studies; and he began the composition of his '*Recherches sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres*,' a work never completed, but which was in fact the foundation of all his subsequent historical productions; whilst, at the same time, his constant intercourse with the peasantry more and more confirmed him in his doctrine of considering the history of the people as the groundwork of the history of nations. The *Recherches* were intended to contain ten treatises:—the two first, a general exposition of the theory of political freedom; thirdly, the English constitution; fourthly, the Genevese; fifthly, the ancient constitution of Spain; sixthly, the Italian republics; seventhly, Sweden; eighthly, Poland; ninthly, the Hanseatic towns; and tenthly, the United States of America: a truly colossal work to be contemplated by one scarcely 23 years of age. Such a plan, whilst it shows his comprehensive views, equally testifies his inexperience: the several divisions would have been quite out of due proportion to the importance of their subjects; and in some, the impossibility of obtaining documentary evidence would have prevented him from ever giving more than an unsubstantial theory.

Yet though working without effect, as far as relates to the particular object he had in view, Sismondi was pursuing no idle course. Whoever thoroughly becomes master of any given line of human study, learns to appreciate, when he approaches to the close of his life, the profit resulting from lost labour: sketches remaining unfinished, researches begun and abandoned, materials painfully collected and cheerfully left unused. The 'art to blot'

is *not* the art of arts; at least not in historical investigations: you must begin much sooner—you must determine not to include in your compositions that which will have to be blotted. In the same way as the finished statue is merely so much marble as remains of the block, so, in every perfected production of literature, and above all, in history, the work, when produced to the satisfaction of the author, bears but a small proportion in bulk to the chips which he has thrown away.

Sismondi now proceeded with vigour. He commenced, in 1798, to collect his materials for the history of Italy; but he did not begin the composition, his time being, towards the conclusion of his stay, occupied with his first published work, '*Tableau de l'Agriculture Toscane*.'—How anxious is the young author, bursting from the germ, to *indicate* himself in the title-page which is to introduce him to the world! how happy if he can affix any designation to his name; any cabalistic capitals which show that he is not one of the multitude. In this instance, the title-page is memorable as indicating what might then be termed his predominating character:—the first distinction which the future historian of France and Italy possessed, was that of being a member of the *Accademia Reale dei Georgiofili* of Florence. This book is entirely practical; it details the various modes of cultivation adopted in the *Val di Nievole*, and is the result of personal observation.

'I have thought it useful,' says he in the preface, 'that, for once, agriculture should be shown as it exists, and not as people would wish to find it. Most of the works hitherto written upon this science are didactic rather than descriptive: they teach what they suppose ought to be done, but do not so much tell us what *is*. Yet we possess no real knowledge of agriculture, if we merely learn the hypothetical improvements which may be introduced, and not the advantages of the modes of cultivation which already exist. A good agriculturist should begin by studying the country in its actual state, and next, the books which may show him how to improve it; but how often do we not find in the country pretended agriculturists, men of great towns, who think they know everything because they have read everything; and who, puzzled when they endeavour to apply their theoretical knowledge, amuse the peasants by their entire ignorance of the most common matters upon which all such knowledge should be grounded?—In the work which I now present to the public,' he continues; 'the country is described as I have seen it; agriculture, as it is practised by the Tuscan peasants, and as I have practised it myself. I have rarely introduced any new experiments, or given any advice which is not sanctioned by practical usage: not that I believe that such a book as mine will enable the agriculturist to dispense with studying the country itself; but he will pursue his study more speedily and more effectually if he is directed by some method.'

Theory is discarded from this essay; the descriptions are clear and lively: without any attempt whatever at style, the composition gives that pleasure which any subject affords when it is treated by one who likes it well and understands it well. Let the foregoing extracts be well considered, because they have a most important bearing upon Sismondi's works. Those who object to his views of political economy depreciate him as a mere theorist: so little pains have been taken in England to become acquainted with his works, that we have heard it stated that the *Tableau* was incorporated in his *Etudes*, whereas, in fact, the latter work contains, it is true, the application of his practical knowledge, but not one line of the practical details of which the essay is composed. As a true picture of the country, it has peculiar value when considered in relation to Italian history. It is an excellent commentary upon the annals of Tuscany. Such works—would that there were more of them—display the nature and genius of the people in their ordinary and most influential course. History dwells principally upon the events which are exceptions to the ordinary course and general rule.

In 1800, Sismondi and his parents returned to Geneva, when they resumed possession of the wreck of their once ample property, and took up their residence near the city. So general was the desolation which had fallen upon Geneva, that an hôtel, forming part of their fortune, which could lodge twelve families, and had previously let for rents amounting to upwards of 12,000 francs per annum, was wholly unoccupied. All the money which they had invested in the French funds was lost; about 4000 francs constituted their only remaining income, and half was remitted to his sister Serena at Pescia. As to Sismondi himself, he submitted cheerfully to every privation, diminishing even the number of his meals, in order to be able to spare for his family.

His first attempt in 'the science of political economy,' properly or improperly so called, was his treatise *Sur la Richesse Commerciale*, published in 1803. In this treatise he appears as the implicit follower of Adam Smith. France, as Sismondi then thought with regret, had not sufficiently appreciated the doctrines of that writer: the scope of the work is to show how they could be best applied to commercial legislation. Such a plan excluded all originality; but Sismondi had not sat at the desk in Eynard's counting-house without profit: and, his principles once defined, he follows them up to their consequences with great clearness and a large share of practical knowledge, far more, we apprehend, than belonged to his master. Upon the appearance of the work it was received with great approbation; but in after life he entirely sunk it, if we may use such an expression.

expression. He excluded it from an advertisement of his publications, and he does not insert it in a private MS. list of his productions, which he seems to have intended as an outline of his literary history: he did not even keep a copy of the book in his library, nor were we enabled to obtain it without difficulty. The fact is, that he afterwards virtually abandoned almost all the opinions of Adam Smith; especially as to alleged benefits supposed to result from the absence of legislative control upon manufactures and labour.

Sismondi now, however (1803), took the popular view of the question. Adam Smith, though perhaps not much was known about him, enjoyed high repute, and by sailing in the wake of Adam Smith he was in the main stream of literary prosperity. His reputation spread rapidly. There was then a vacancy in the chair of political economy, far north, in the University of Wilna, and the Senate determined to offer the professorship to the hitherto obscure author. Square letters sealed with large red seals had been received and answered. Proposals had been declined and forgotten; and Sismondi was busily employed in his study, when a tall stranger entered. It was Count Plater, who had proceeded in person to Geneva for the purpose of urging the young philosopher to accept the offer;—a salary of 6000 francs, a retiring pension after ten years' service; nay, if these promises would not satisfy him, they would accede to his own terms. His parents and his friends earnestly urged him to comply. Sismondi paused—he disliked the task of teaching; he doubted whether, filling such an office, he should be permitted to speak and write with freedom; at length, conscious of the internal power which he felt himself bound to exert, he refused a situation where his talent would possess less utility. In this conduct there was nothing of pride on the one hand, or morbid sloth on the other; but the conscientious desire to do his best, in the way which he knew was best. Nevertheless the struggle was painful, and the determination was not made without great effort: for the situation would have given him the means of marrying his first love (who died some few years afterwards), and he truly felt the need of providing for himself and of helping his family. In after life it becomes fully apparent that he had been guided in the right path.

Sismondi, at this period, was much inclined to take a decided line as a political writer: but his mother knew him more truly than he knew himself; she remonstrated against this ephemeral misapplication of his talent, and entreated him to devote himself mainly to history. This excellent woman was the loadstar of his life, the guide of his understanding. He delighted in his mother. He confided all his heart and mind to her, and constantly sub-

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mitted to her guidance; well qualified to be the mother of such a son, she was as competent to direct him in his career of literature as of duty. So long as she lived, there was no one work which was not submitted to her criticism and judgment.

Sismondi, in 1806, had not as yet appeared as an historian, but the tendency of his pursuits seems to have become known; and certain Parisian booksellers, of whom Michaud was the principal, engaged him as a contributor to the '*Biographie Universelle*.' It was a wise choice on their part, and indeed the whole of that publication was undertaken and carried through with singular judgment and discretion. It is necessarily unequal, and has many of those amusing defects in relation to foreign literature which are inseparable from works of this description: * yet, with every deduction and drawback, the '*Biographie Universelle*' must be considered as one of the best productions of its kind. It is, we must at the same time confess, far from realising our *beau idéal* of what such a work might be. A Biographical Dictionary is a dissected drama, in which the players are brought before you, not in scenes, but in alphabetical order. Unless you consider how they respectively bear upon one another—unless you have in your head the *intreccio* of the plot—you will never be able to give to each distinct delineation a sufficient degree of terseness and connexion, and yet so as to avoid repetition and confusion. The article 'Wellington' must have reference to 'Napoleon;' 'Becket' must be allied to 'Henry II.;' 'Wolsey' and 'Charles V.,' 'Francis I.' and 'Henry VIII.,' though severed in composition, are yet to be recollected as one group upon the stage. In all such examples, it requires the greatest nicety to balance, as it were, the scenes which ought to be preponderant in the several delineations of life and character. Hence every Biographical Dictionary ought, as we think, subject to better judgment (*Salvo mejor parecer*, as friend Sancho says, which means in plain English, *My own opinion is best after all*), to be disposed in classes, or at least in periods. The misery of mere alphabetical arrangement necessitates the strangest sequences; surely many a dear innocent schoolboy has been direfully puzzled when in the first page of Doctor Entick's *English Dictionary* he finds *Abacus*, *Abacot*, and *Abba*, which last term, said Doctor very considerably and carefully expounds as '*a Syriac word for a father*.' And in all the Biographical Dictionaries you

* Thus in a German literary history now before us (*Grünze, Lehrbuch einer Allgemeinen Litteratur-Geschichte*), and one of great merit too, the '*Prospectus and Specimen*' is intended national work by Robert and William Whittlecraft, intended to be the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table: in 1818, is inserted amongst the endeavours made to clear up the mystery of the 'Grosse Artus Sage.'

travel on, according to the uniform jogtrot road, from 'AA, PETER VAN DER, a celebrated bookseller of Amsterdam'—who invariably honours the trade by being prefixed to the beginning of the row—to ZISKA, ZOROASTER, and ZUINGLIUS, the Heresiarch who always used to have the honour of bringing up the rear-guard until the weary way was lengthened by the still lower depth of ZUMPT and ZURLAUBEN. How these defects ought to be remedied, we shall not here discuss; the best approximation to their correction is to cast each distinct set of biographies in a piece. This task Sismondi performed excellently well. He composed the biographies of the principal historical characters of Italy, and brought them in one lot complete and ready for the press to the editors, five years before their first volume appeared. As might be expected from such a process, the articles which he furnished are rounded off with the greatest neatness and tact; but above all, with honesty towards his employers. Whatever hire he may have received, he never worked in the spirit of a hireling, but always with love. The employment was also very useful to himself. Whilst compiling these lives he was finishing the outline sketches of his history, working up the facts, though they were afterwards to be put together in another form.

The sum which Sismondi received for these literary labours was not very magnificent: six francs per article. Small as this payment was, it contented him; the task also furnished him with a reason—or shall we say an excuse—for refusing an advantageous but distasteful appointment now urged upon him. It was proposed to his friends that he should become a *professor*, i. e. a master, at the college, i. e. school, of Geneva. Poor as the family were, his mother was rather anxious that he should accept the offer. This situation was worth between 2000 and 3000 francs a year. But he disliked the *gêne* of the situation and the bickering spirit of the college coterie; above all, he could not abide the occupation. As for the office of schoolmaster (we detest the new-fangled term of *educator*) in any shape or grade, there is in fact hardly any medium between its being the object of passion or aversion. To those who engage in teaching either from taste or conscience, it is a delight; to all the rest it is a perpetual plague and martyrdom. Sismondi belonged to the latter category. 'Je connaîtrais,' says he, in a letter to his mother, 'peu de métiers dont je me souciasse moins que celui de dresser les enfans ou les singes en leur donnant des leçons tous les jours.' He subsequently accepted an honorary professorship, which, as we shall see, he of his own free-will turned into an efficient office; but teaching pupils he never would undertake—no money would tempt him to it, neither then nor thereafter.

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During these transactions he became acquainted with Müller, the celebrated historian of Switzerland, who assisted him with advice; but this acquaintance had no great effect (as far as we can trace) upon Sismondi's character. Not so his friendship with M. Necker and Madame de Staël: no intercourse was perhaps ever less alloyed with any kind of bitterness than the union which subsisted between Necker and Sismondi during the remainder of their lives. Diversities of temper, genius, and opinions, served but to render them more genial and congenial to each other. Sismondi was accustomed from time to time to read to Necker and his daughter portions of his *Italian History*, honestly, not for praise, but for criticism. Of the latter he got enough; Madame de Staël used to blame him in the most unmeasured terms. These censures he received with the greatest submission and patience—he wrote and rewrote with unwearied assiduity and perseverance; but the more he advanced the more he began to doubt his talent for history. Now ensued a trying period of mental despondency, a period of which there are many examples in literature: all hope seemed to have disappeared; he was so harassed that he used to pray that he might be quickly carried off by a fever. He was, however, enabled to wrestle with the delusion. He sprung out of the slough; resuming heart, he continued writing, until he had seven volumes ready for the press. Then came the usual rub—where was a publisher to be found? aye, and a publisher from whom he might obtain some remuneration for his labours; for he had now formed the determination of making literature the business of his life.

Throughout all these troubles he found help and comfort in his affectionate parent. She was always ready to sustain his spirits; yet she never failed to warn and caution him where she thought he was wrong. For example, we were much struck with the style of her remonstrances against some apparent similarity between his reasonings and the mischievous generalities of the revolutionary orators. Most strict in her religious duties and convictions, she was also a severe aristocrat in principle: in her latter days, her opinions became moderated to a certain degree by her son's writings; but, on the other hand, we must not underrate the effect which these very principles had on her son's character. Perhaps rather we should be thankful for their influence, as preventing him from adopting any of the extreme doctrines of republicanism. During his early career, his passion for pure republican institutions was rather too exalted. But these exaggerations of his era became tempered and moderated when advancing years—and the blessing, not granted to many, of receiving profit from the experience of advancing years—brought increasing wisdom.

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At length, in 1807, he succeeded in finding a publisher. *Gessner*, a bookseller of Zurich, undertook the two first volumes, which appeared contemporaneously in French and in German. *Gessner* drove a hard bargain, and paid him partly in books; the last species of commodity—far worse than ‘ginger and brown paper’—a poor author wishes to receive. However, *Sismondi* was contented; the success attending the publication was great, and for the future portions neither author nor bookseller had any apprehensions. The publication was afterwards transferred to *Treuttel and Wurtz*; and the subsequent volumes, having been brought out at intervals, the last did not appear till 1818.* Here is the ever recurring dilemma. He who pursues historical literature finds that he has but a choice of difficulties, perhaps postponing till the close of life the result of his labours, or bringing them out successively, as far as he has rendered them available; living, in this respect, for the day, yet in each day living for futurity. Whatever may be the disadvantages of the latter plan, it is far the most advisable.—How much have we gained by *Arnold’s* fragments, if they may be so called, possessing in them the results of his powerful intellect, so nobly and so usefully employed.

We have noticed *Sismondi’s* great aversion to teaching, in the ordinary sense of the term, but he had a strong wish to render himself useful by affording instruction: about 1811, it was proposed that he should deliver a course of lectures upon the Literature of the South of Europe, and he gladly assented. This task was in fact a portion of his *Italian History*: had it not been for the great extent of the historical narrative, properly so called, required by the Republics, such investigations would, without doubt, have there found their proper place and station, as chapters in the development of Italian policy and mind.

Having, according to his usual custom, worked and worked again upon his lectures, he put his matter together in a shape fit for the press; and, not without some hesitation, he proceeded in 1813 to Paris, as well in search of a publisher, as for the purpose of consulting public libraries; many scarce works which he needed, particularly in Spanish literature, being *introuvables* at Geneva. Strange to say, this was the first time *Sismondi* had ever visited the great French metropolis. No time could have been worse for the business of publication. It was just after *Napoleon’s* retreat from Moscow. Books were the last things thought of; but no period could have been more interesting to *Sismondi* than

* The book has since been reprinted three times, at Paris and at Brussels.

this eventful crisis, when the most intense political excitement prevailed. Paris was a chaotic world of hopes, fears, regrets, disappointments, plots and plans, philosophical theories and political intrigues, all exhibited in full light, and amidst the highest classes of society, into which he was received, as it were, by acclamation. Here he made the acquaintance of the present illustrious prime minister of France; and when, in 1819, the Professor of history at the university became Minister of public instruction, the result of the friendship thus commenced was, that he offered Sismondi a professorship at Paris worth 18,000 francs per annum, and in 1824, another at Liège, of almost equal value, both of which Sismondi successively refused. In the Paris of 1813 he was both amused and surprised at his own apparent popularity; but though constantly employed, both in study and in society, eight hours every morning in the public libraries, and every evening in the drawing-room, he never passed a day without writing a piece to his mother; when a sheet of this epistolary diary was filled, he sent it off and began again. His mother was constantly urging him to return, but he was compelled to stay till he had concluded a treaty with his old publishers, Treuttel and Wurtz, and the work '*De la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*' appeared in the same year, not, however, without having cost him much anxiety—for the censors of the press seem to have given him all the trouble in their power.*

Italy, of course, occupies the larger portion of the *Littérature du Midi*; but Italian literature is only to be approached through the literature of Provence. From the professors of the 'gay science,' the Italians received their laws of versification: many of the beauties, and most of the stains and pollutions of Italian poetry are the inheritance derived from the effeminate and profligate Troubadours. The Provençal portion is exceedingly clever; Sismondi has made the most of the scanty specimens then printed of the material, which abound in the continental libraries. Since his time, Raynouard has brought forth many splendid volumes, but of more show than utility: like all 'Elegant Extracts,' they give us no more a true character of the productions from which they are excerpted, than leaves when they are plucked can do of the tree. The bulk of the work prevented Sismondi from enlarging upon any writers except those of primary importance. His rival is Guingéné: the latter perhaps exhibits more research, but it is the research of a book-maker. He weighs you down with extracts, and does

* Of this work there have been three editions: the last was in 1820.

not possess the power of giving a clear and general view of the subject. Sismondi, on the contrary, is throughout, bright, rapid, and correct; the concluding portion, the view of the literature of his own time, or of the age immediately preceding, in which Metastasio, Goldoni, and Alfieri hold a most conspicuous place, is far more satisfactory than can be found in any other book which we can point out. Above all, he has most carefully avoided the approval of the impurities which defile so many portions of Italian literature, whilst Guingéné seems to delight in them. The least successful sections are those relating to Spanish and Portuguese, and for an obvious reason. His attempt to treat upon the literature of the Peninsula is the only instance in which he did not write out of the fulness of his stores and mind. It did not come naturally to him: he had to cram for it; and whenever an author, however able he may be, is compelled to read up, you may be certain that he will write himself down.

In the year 1819, Sismondi determined upon his greatest and best work, and which occupied him till his death, the *Histoire des Français*. It is a production exhibiting the rare example of a great mind, increasing not only in wisdom, but in clearness and vivacity, as youth wears away and life declines. The volumes appeared at successive intervals;* the first in 1821—the last has just passed through the press. Various causes and reasons concurred and co-operated in persuading him, as it were, to undertake this work. Study without an object is the most wearisome, fruitless, irksome of employments. He felt an earnest yearning for some task, which, his Italian History having been completed, should become the main employment of his mind. The connexion of the history of France with that of Italy, and which in many parts is almost necessary to give it unity and completeness, particularly in relation to the unhappy influence which, from the first establishment of the Angevine dynasty in Naples, France possessed over Italy, had led him to consider the affairs of the two countries habitually in conjunction. Above all, he was influenced by the total absence of any history of France which could in the least be said to be worthy of such a name. Several portions had been treated by his predecessors with considerable ability; but Sismondi does not exaggerate the fact, when he says that not one of them, royalist or republican, philosophical or solidant pious, had in the least degree sought the only end which the historian should pursue, the investigation of truth. Sismondi,

* They were published as follows:—i. ii. iii., 1821; iv. v. vi., 1823; vii. viii. ix., 1826; x. xi. xii., 1828; xiii. xiv. xv., 1831; xvi. xvii., 1833; xviii., 1834; xix. xx., 1835; xxi., 1836; xxii., 1839; xxiii. xxiv., 1840; xxv. xxvi., 1841; xxvii. xxviii., 1842; xxix., 1843.

as we have before observed, dearly loved France, loved her in her best interests. Therefore, when he planned his work, he determined not to cater for any national appetite, not to purchase popularity by any subservience to vanity; but, as far as he could, by his learning and his talents, to render history a beacon, not an *ignis fatuus*, a guide, not a snare. He wished, as he says, to teach his readers to

'avail themselves of the experience of the past: experience, which can alone teach us what we owe to futurity, what we should seek, or what we should avoid: experience, like conscience, which is only useful to mankind when she conceals nothing from herself, when she never shuns contemplating past errors, or deploring past sins. I have felt that, in adopting this system, *I should have to beat down many an idol which men have delighted to worship—that I should have to dispel many favourite illusions—nay, that I should often offend national pride*, a pride which, in many respects, was not unworthily entertained;—neither consulting feelings, nor sparing prejudices, full well did I know that I should be rarely praised; but an historian has a sterner duty to fulfil than that of pleasing his readers—a far more noble object than success. Therefore I have laboured with unshaken firmness, in the hope, which I have before declared, of throwing light upon the future by the reflection of the past; I have placed my full and unshaken reliance in the integrity of a great nation—so strong in its own greatness as to desire to know itself,—and which ought not to fear the knowledge of the truth, since it is only by such knowledge that it will not have lived in vain.'

The spirit in which French history has been generally written, may be well illustrated by one single familiar anecdote—we will not go further:—'Everybody knows how,' as Doctor Robertson tells us, 'Francis I. had early transmitted an account of the rout of Pavia in a letter to his mother, delivered by Pennalosa, which contained *only these words*, "Madam, all is lost except our honour." '—Now this famous story possesses all the authenticity appertaining unto the two sets of last dying speeches ascribed to Pitt, 'Melville, remember Jervis;' and 'Oh! save my country, Heaven!' As genuine as either of these pathetic and sublime exclamations—from the last of which the big gimcrack erected as Pitt's monument in the Abbey had a narrow escape—is the energetic burst of—'*Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur!*' The letter of Francis is a simple and humble composition of some length, in which a phrase containing the words '*tout*' and '*honneur*' occurs, but *not one* of the other words of the sentence; and the same phrase, being neatly trimmed, inverted, amended, and detached from the context, has acquired the chivalrous emphasis which has shed such a glory round the name of the 'father of letters.' But will it not be supposed that this detection of a most absurd and silly fabrication was the result of laborious researches?—

searches?—Without doubt it will be said that the original letter was concealed in the archives of Simancas, or buried amongst our dusty records in the Tower of London, or perhaps recovered by M. Guizot at vast expense for the *Trésor des Chartres*. Not a bit. The letter of Francis I., inserted in the Registers of the Parliament of Paris, and *always* accessible to any inquirer, was printed many years ago in a plain, plodding, topographical work of the most common description (Dulaure, *Histoire de Paris*), and, here it is:—‘Pour vous avertir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de *toutes* choses ne m’est demouré que *l’honneur* et la vie,—qui est sauve; et pour ce que, en notre adversité, cette nouvelle vous fera quelque peu de reconfort, j’ai prié qu’on me laissât vous écrire ces lettres, ce qu’on m’a agréablement accordé. Vous suppliant ne vouloir prendre l’extrémité de vous-même, en usant de votre accoutumée prudence, car j’ai espoir en la fin que Dieu ne m’abandonnera point; vous recommandant vos petits-enfans et les miens, vous suppliant faire donner sûr passage, et le retour pour l’aller et le retour en Espagne à ce porteur, qui va vers l’Empereur pour savoir comme il faudra que je sois traité. Et sur ce très-humblement, me recommande à votre bonne grâce.’—*Histoire des Français*, vol. xvi. pp. 241, 242.) But if a cat has nine lives, an historical lie has nine times nine—and in all the ‘popular histories’ of France the ‘Father of letters,’ the ‘Chivalrous monarch,’ &c., &c., &c., still continues to exclaim, ‘*Madame, tout est perdu fors l’honneur*,’ with as much tragic heroism and grandeur as before.—

The events of the Hundred Days occasioned one of the most memorable passages in the life of Sismondi. During Napoleon’s previous reign, Sismondi considered the Emperor as an aggressor; and he most fully appreciated the incalculable injury Italy would receive by being amalgamated into one Italian kingdom. Keenly alive also to the truth that Italy’s real vitality is seated in the national identity of her severed communities, an Italian republic ‘one and indivisible’ would scarcely have pleased him better: without feeling any enmity against Napoleon, he was at best a cold admirer. But upon his return from Elba, the romance of the incident—the contrast presented by Napoleon’s courage, prudence, and wisdom to the shabby and imbecile vacillations of the unhappy Bourbons—the apparently sincere love and loyalty shown by the people; and the sudden combination of the other governments of Europe against him—all these worked on the mind or imagination of Sismondi: and he espoused the cause of Napoleon with a most affectionate sympathy. Burke himself could not have despised the ‘constitutions’ which perched in the pigeon-holes of the Abbé Siéyes more heartily than Sismondi. He held that no

form of government could ensure real liberty unless it had been slowly shaped, and had grown up with the growth of the nation : yet, subject to this general censure, he considered that the new constitution of the empire was the best that had been *improvised* anywhere. Therefore he wished that this scheme of government might be cordially accepted by the various parties amongst whom France was then divided, believing sincerely, whether mistakenly or not need not be here discussed, that Napoleon would be compelled to govern France upon better principles than before. Hence he wished to lend a helping hand, and he published a series of letters upon the new French Constitution in the ' *Moniteur*,' which occasioned much sensation : Napoleon expressed a desire to meet the author ; and an interview took place which he reported to his *bonne mère* immediately after its conclusion, for she was yet living—his constant confidante and guide—and as she had almost reproached her son for his adhesion to the Emperor, he felt himself bound to justify his conduct. From this MS. narrative the following abridgment is made.

After some of those complimentary speeches on the part of Napoleon, which can be easily supplied, Sismondi expressed his regret that the 'truly liberal' Constitution promulgated by the Emperor had been received with so much grudging and senseless clamour. 'But,' replied Napoleon, 'I hope the opposition will diminish, and my decree concerning the municipalities and the electoral colleges will mend matters. As yet, the French are not ripe for those ideas. They dispute my right of dissolving the Chambers ; but if I drive out all the members at the bayonet's point, they will think such a *coup d'état* just as it should be.' 'I regret deeply,' replied Sismondi, 'that they are not aware how much your Majesty has changed.'

Having listened to some further remarks from Sismondi, Napoleon took up the discourse again, and explained that, according to his belief, he had never departed from the sound principles of the Revolution, although he admitted that he had combined them to other great projects more peculiarly his own. 'But,' said he, 'in all practical principles, I have adhered to the Revolution :—the impartial administration of justice—equal contribution to the public burthens—the total destruction of all ancient monopolies of employment, place, dignity. These are benefits derived from the Revolution, and the demolition of old institutions, which the peasantry continue to enjoy. Therefore I am popular amongst them ; but the French, when principles are concerned, rush into every extreme. *Ils jugent cela avec la furia Francese : ils sont défiants, soupçonneux.* Englishmen are much more sober : their ideas upon all such subjects are more matured, and they are,
almost

almost all, sound thinkers. I saw many of them in Elba: many were awkward, they had a *mauvaise tournure*, and did not know how to undergo their presentation to me; but when they opened, I found that under this rugged bark their ideas were just, moderate, and profound.

Napoleon made inquiries of Sismondi respecting many English, and most particularly concerning Lady Holland, whom he already regarded with much affection, but had never seen. Sismondi talked abundantly to him upon the state of this country, and particularly concerning the difficulties under which he conceived we laboured. France then was again discussed; and, upon this resumption of the discussion of the French national character, Napoleon took the favourable side:—‘*C’est cependant une belle nation, la Française, noble, sensible, généreuse, toujours prête à entreprendre ce qu’il y a de grand et de beau.*’ What follows is amusingly characteristic:—‘*Que peut-il y avoir de plus beau, par exemple, que mon retour à présent? Eh! bien, je n’y ai aucun mérite, aucun, que d’avoir deviné la nation.*’ He ascribed his restoration far less to the army, than to the spirit prevailing amongst the peasantry:—‘On my landing I marched fifty leagues without meeting a soldier, but the peasants came out to meet me, and followed me singing, with their wives and children. They had composed political songs, in which they abused the Senate, whom they accused of treason. When I came near Digne, the inhabitants compelled the municipality to present themselves. They were not well disposed towards me, but outwardly they behaved decently. Indeed, I was absolute master at Digne. I could have hung them by hundreds had I chosen. They urged me to stop in the town, but I wished to push forward, for I had no time to lose. There is a hill above Digne which I ascended, followed by the whole population. At my bivouac I was met by people of every station from high to low, and yet I had not a soldier.’

Napoleon gave an interesting account of his views in composing the electoral colleges according to his new Constitution. He said that he thought electoral colleges containing members chosen for life, would introduce a very useful mixture of aristocracy. Sismondi replies, that, in his opinion, aristocracy is a necessary element for the preservation of liberty; and that it is as necessary that all the elements of *permanence* should be represented in the legislation, as the transitory interests of the passing day; a maxim too often forgotten by the advocates of reform—and, at this present moment, almost as unpopular with Conservatives as with Radicals. ‘Government,’ continued the Emperor, ‘is a species of navigation. Two elements must concur in navigation’—Napoleon himself could not foresee that a *third* might be called in to derange his simile—‘and two also are required to direct the vessel of the state.

In the same manner, there is no possibility of government in a pure democracy, except by combining it with aristocracy: one is opposed to the other, and you direct the vessel by contrary impulses. (*On n'a de même aucune possibilité de direction dans la démocratie pure; mais en la combinant avec l'aristocratie, on oppose l'une à l'autre, et on dirige le vaisseau par les passions contraires.*)' Sismondi agreed with Napoleon:—'I wholly admit,' said he, 'the necessity of this aristocratic element. I consider hereditary nobility as entirely conformable to the natural sentiments of mankind. Nobility is a property which becomes the more precious in proportion to the growth of national liberty, and in proportion as the glory of families is connected with national glory; but under the circumstances in which your Majesty is placed, I think the establishment of such an order is very difficult. I do not exactly understand how your Chamber of Peers can acquire that respect which is needed. Your Majesty had previously adopted the system of amalgamating the old nobility and the new—a plan in which your Majesty succeeded, but which cannot, I now think, be resumed. The *ancienne noblesse* are now decidedly your Majesty's enemy; I do not believe that your Majesty can at present call them back into your plan of government; I do not think that you ought to do so; and I equally do not understand how a new nobility can maintain itself in opposition to the ancient nobility.'

'I admit,' replied Napoleon, 'that at present it is quite impossible to fuse the two elements together.'—'Then,' said Sismondi, 'I could have wished that your Majesty had substituted an elective for an hereditary aristocracy.' 'And how would you have managed that, M. de Sismondi?' replied the Emperor. 'Why I would have left to your Majesty the right of creating new peerages, but I would have given the Chamber the right of replacing the members by election when vacancies should arise.' 'Oh, no,' said Napoleon, 'such a plan would be quite impracticable: we must give time. At first the peers will be in an uncomfortable position: they will have to encounter great opposition, but in the course of time people will get used to them. The old nobility will re-enter the Chamber, and, at last, the union of the old and new nobility will appear to be the natural course of things.'

Thus did Napoleon calculate upon a futurity which was never granted to him. All these speculations ended as they began—in words; yet this is a case in which words are things. It is very instructive to consider this discussion between the head of an empire declaring his practical opinions, and a man of letters, giving utterance to theories which were the result of deep and prolonged study of the vicissitudes of nations, at a time when he thought his abstract opinions might be put into practice: and

statesman

statesman and student equally coinciding in the result, that a form of government depending upon an unchecked democracy, or upon an American representation founded upon an unchecked democracy—for both in fact are the same—never could stand.

The discourse then turned upon Italy. Napoleon declared that the Italians were '*un-brave peuple,—il y a de l'étoffe là pour une nation.*' I did much for them. I gave them a military spirit, which they had not, and a national feeling. Matters went well with them then, but now they are *bien malheureux.*'

Sismondi answered very cautiously, for to these sentiments he could not respond. He considered, as we have seen, and most truly, that the combination of Italy into one state would have been, if practicable, destructive of every institution and every character by which Italy is rendered Italy, and from whence her worth is derived. Your Italian liberal, your philosophic resuscitator of '*la Giovine Italia,*' is the worst betrayer of his country's interest and glory. Sismondi, of course, acknowledged that Napoleon had made good soldiers of the Italians; but he candidly disclosed the fact that Tuscany was not particularly disposed to be again revolutionised, and Napoleon turned off the discourse. He then conversed upon the affairs of Switzerland, and argued that the mass of the population would most gladly re-accept the act of mediation, '*Et je ferais une révolution en Suisse avec cet acte, comme je l'ai fait en France.*' It may be easily imagined that to such a declaration Sismondi made no reply. The conversation glanced aside to literature. Napoleon declared that he had no partiality towards J. J. Rousseau. He thought him full of pretension, and that he had *un style constamment tendu.* Sismondi replied that Chateaubriand might be criticised nearly to the same effect—that his style was brilliant, but without truth. 'Yes,' observed Napoleon, 'he is always aiming at effect; but the reader feels that he is only busied about his phrases, and that there is no maturity of thought beneath the surface.'

After more literary talk, Napoleon wound up his discourse with another eulogium of the French nation. Much of this curious discourse was intended for effect. Confidences made by a Sovereign to a man of letters, who is always supposed to hold his note-book in his hand, are like all '*asides,*' spoken in the full expectation that they will not be lost upon the audience.

The opening of the Continent threw Sismondi into the best English society. As a natural consequence, he also became connected with English literature, and he wrote the article '*Political Economy*' for Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*,—a sketch which he expanded into his '*Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique,*' which we shall notice hereafter: and on which we
here

here only observe, that during the composition of his 'Histoire des Français,' and, indeed, till the end of his life, he was always employed upon political economy (at least according to his version of the word); as a perpetual commentary upon history.

Years of great domestic comfort—for Sismondi was now happily married*—ensued. The proceeds of his literary works, though never ample, were sufficient, with the addition of his small property, to supply his limited wants, though not his ungrudging, unstinted, unbounded charity. His residence continued at Geneva: frequent visits to his *podere* at Pescia, and to his friends in England, diversified the even tenor of his life, affording sufficient excitement to enable him to return with great vigour to his books, though not so much as to break off the habit of labour.

In 1838 he had a remarkable opportunity of bringing his opinions into practice, and of showing the agreement, not always exemplified, between the opinions promulgated from the study, and those practised in the actual struggle of life. This was in relation to the diplomatic note addressed by France to the Helvetic Diet, on the subject of the adventurer, Louis Napoleon, the hero of patriots and of swindlers, in whom the reckless, the ridiculous, and the shabby have been so singularly combined; and whose history will have hereafter to be collected from the cabinets of statesmen, the bureaux of the journalist, and the obscure crannies of Angel Court and the Stock Exchange. Sismondi considered that Geneva was imperatively bound to comply with the requisitions made by the French government. This view of the question was entirely against the feeling of the multitude. Without being in the least afraid of the mob, he nevertheless wisely desired to avoid collision with popular feeling, and before he engaged in open debate in the Council, he wrote privately to the members, informing them that every principle of public and international law, as well as every historical precedent, was in favour of the French demand. Reason is impotent against the passions of democracy. It is little to the credit of Geneva that attempts were made to intimidate him by a *charivari* of powder and shot, and with threats that his house should be burned down. Sismondi's argument was simple and concise.—During more than two centuries mutual treaties have existed between France and Geneva, by which Geneva is bound not to bestow her municipal freedom upon persons banished from, or adversaries of France; and the simple question now is, whether a treaty of alliance declared to be perpetual, ought not to continue until it is formally annulled.—Without doubt, on the part of the Genevese, there was the petty

* M. de Sismondi married Miss Allen, sister to the late Mr. Allen, of Cressilly, M.P. for Pembrokeshire, and to the second wife of Sir James Mackintosh.

feeling of corporate pride against 'giving in,' even to the lawful claims of your betters; but Sismondi very properly observed, that when one of the parties to a perpetual treaty merely requires the execution of it from the other, there is neither weakness nor humiliation in fulfilling the equitable demand. In the conclusion of his argument, he urged that Louis Napoleon, by attempting a revolution at Strasburgh, had declared himself to be a Frenchman and a claimant of the throne of France, pretensions wholly irreconcilable with the condition of a Swiss citizen, and that Switzerland could not recognise him as one of her children. Many people cried out, that this conduct indicated timidity on the part of Sismondi, but in fact, from the position in which he was placed, it was consistent boldness: he endangered his personal safety, and alienated many of his friends, who never forgave him, accusing him of forsaking his early principles, when in fact it was they who had forsaken their once common principles by going so far beyond him, that their relative positions were only changed in consequence of his remaining behind.

Age was now stealing upon M. de Sismondi, but without any abatement whatever of his mental faculties, whilst his career proceeded in unbroken prosperity. Between 1833 and 1842 he continued working upon his 'History of France;' and he also brought out his '*Etudes sur l'Economie Publique*,' of which more hereafter (p. 347); by degrees, however, a painful disease began to undermine his constitution. Without despondency, he accepted the certain foreboding that the allotted number of his days would soon be told. Accompanied by great pain, he bore the trial with the utmost patience and resignation, never desisting from those labours which constituted the pleasure as well as the employment of his life, until at length political events destroyed his tranquillity of mind. That his anxieties for the welfare of his distracted country actually caused his death, may be perhaps doubtful; yet those who loved him best, and are best acquainted with him, fully believe that those mental troubles accelerated the catastrophe.—Political revolutions occasioned the misfortunes of his early age, and equally embittered the closing period of his existence.

We must here pause in the biography of Sismondi, and turn for awhile to the history of his country. Of the many important things which at this busy period are left untouched and untold by the public press, one is the present political state of the *Eidgenossenschaft* of Switzerland. We are very much accustomed to value the importance of political events solely with relation to the magnitude of the Powers with which they are connected, quite forgetting that a spark in a corner may set fire to the most magnificent edifice. Take a more homely comparison: the slightest

est trespass on either side of a hedge may raise up a quarrel between two litigious neighbours, and involve the whole parish in the fiercest discord. Such indeed is the present state of Switzerland. Convulsed and shattered in every member of the Confederation, she seems prepared to invite the attacks of her mighty neighbours, should the present tottering equilibrium of the European commonwealth be destroyed. It is probably here, that will be first let loose the dogs of war.

Anterior to the French revolution—an event which in other terms must be designated as the fated period of the destruction of the great Fourth Monarchy—the Swiss Confederacy was composed of thirteen independent commonwealths, varying in every form of policy and feeling. In some, as Berne, a close and lofty aristocracy; others mixed: some, like the three *Waldstætter*, absolute democracy. Yet, as in every other republic which existed in Western Christendom, the constitutional principles of their old-fashioned republicanism were entirely different from those to which the Revolution gave birth. A republic, however constituted, or by whatever name it may have been called, or whatever principles it may have professed in a nascent state, was nothing but an absolute (often a cruelly absolute) monarchy put in commission. All republics were practically governed upon the principles of despotism and intolerance. As much loyalty, if we may use the term, was due to the body, however numerous, which exercised the powers of government, as to a crowned and anointed sovereign, and exacted as rigorously by axe and scaffold, gallows and halter. None of the republics recognised any of those abstract principles which are now considered as essential elements of a free community. *Liberty of the press* meant nothing more than liberty of printing what was agreeable to the ruling power. Their High Mightinesses of Holland and West Friesland would allow you to vituperate Louis XIV. to your heart's content, but a word against their wisdom would consign you to the lowest pump-for-your-life cell in the Rasp-house. *Liberty of conscience* meant nothing beyond a mere toleration of existing dissidents, but without any permission to promulgate new modes of religious opinion. *Liberty itself*, meant nothing more than the liberty which the ruling body possessed of acting without constraint or control. Visconti or Sforza could not have ruled Milan with a more iron despotism than was exercised over the Italian Baillages by the cow-herds of the Grisons, and Schwytz, and Uri. Compensation was indeed found; but it was in the *social institutions* of the people.

This is not the place to follow the history of Switzerland through the French revolution, and the subsequent changes and usurpations which placed the Confederacy under the yoke of Napoleon.

poleon. Pursuant to the guarantee of the Congress of Vienna, a new pact was formed. The old cantons, and also the other states, hitherto allies or subjects, but now admitted as sovereign and independent members of the Confederacy, reconstituted themselves; some upon their ancient foundations, or as near thereto as they thought fit. Berne and Basle replaced a portion of their ancient aristocracy; others took a more popular form. By the same treaty, the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland was guaranteed. So far, therefore, as the allied powers were concerned, Switzerland, still possessing so much that is good, still so interesting, in spite of all the sins and faults of the people, was secured in the enjoyment of independence, peace, and tranquillity. A further consequence, however, resulted, beyond the mere restoration of the ancient confederacy: they became assenting parties to a new European compact. If we are to construe international treaties by those general rules of law which have been immemorially held to apply equally to public and private transactions, this treaty imposed upon the Swiss Confederation the obligation of adhering to the forms of government established when the treaty was concluded: for the plain reason, that if any change was made, the condition imposed as the motive of the concession was violated. In exchange for the protection given to them by the allied powers, the Swiss did entirely surrender that attribute of sovereignty which enables a nation to change its form of government. This was felt, acknowledged, and by some deplored: and we well recollect hearing a member of the Council of the then newly constituted canton of the Pays de Vaud lament that, by this act, Switzerland was placed in a state of perpetual pupillage. But they accepted the guarantee of their own free will: and had it not been for this stipulation, it is most probable that the key of Italy would have been partitioned and blotted out from the rank of nations, and extinguished with as much *nonchalance* as any of the smaller powers who sustained the process of medialization.

The events of the Three Glorious Days lighted the train, which very soon, as in Belgium, caused a corresponding explosion in Switzerland. Up to this period, whatever had been the differences of politics or of religion in the different cantons, the majority of the people were still influenced by uniform and consistent principles—respect for the laws;—orthodoxy, according to their several standards of belief;—above all, the most thorough veneration for the laws and institutions of their forefathers. ‘*Stare super vias antiquas*,’ was the motto of the whole Confederation; but in the meanwhile, the pupils of Fellenberg and Pestalozzi had been growing into men, and the result was the entire triumph in several cantons of Radicalism, so called by name—for England has incurred the miserable responsibility of transporting the very
word,

word, name, and thing amongst that once faithful people—all the cantons have sustained more or less of the infection : nor has any reaction taken place, except at the bidding of religious faith. In Zurich, the peasants, headed by their pastors, expelled the council who had insulted Christianity by placing Strauss in the professor's chair. Lucerne has also sustained a counter-revolution, the Romanists, for analogous reasons, having equally destroyed the ascendancy of the advocates of infidelity.

We must now return to Geneva, and to those transactions in which Sismondi was more particularly involved. Anterior to the Reformation, Geneva, originally a part of the Burgundian kingdom, was a free city of the Empire. A legal supremacy was claimed over it by the Count of Savoy, as well as by the Bishop : but, except as to certain points of jurisdiction, the Genevese were practically free from Bishop and Empire ; and the oddly dimidiated heraldic bearing, one half of the black eagle, and the one key, the arms of the city, which you see upon their coins and public buildings, may be taken as a species of symbol of the divided and imperfect authority of its civil and ecclesiastical superiors. In more recent periods, that is to say after the Reformation, the constitution of Geneva was fixed upon a qualified democratic basis—the magistrates and councils, who exercised and fully asserted the powers of sovereignty, being chosen in the general assembly of the people : but the most marked feature in the constitution of Geneva was its exclusively ' Protestant spirit.' Geneva was proud in the title of being the ' Rome of Calvinism ;' and so strong was this Popish spirit at Geneva, that even in the constitution of 1796, established under the full influence of the French Revolution, and the ' philosophic ideas' of our present age, all religious worship excepting that of the Calvinists was forbidden ; no dissident, not even a Lutheran, could be a citizen of Geneva, or possess the slightest political franchise or power. Indeed, all dissent from an established religion was as strictly forbidden by the ' principles of the Reformation' as by the Romish Church, and conformity enforced by the same unchristian means. True it is that this absence of toleration was, in the eighteenth century, rather the result of a general mode of thought than of any zeal for orthodoxy, yet it displayed their practical adherence to the principles of their ancestors. Geneva fully participated in what we have termed the absolute principle of the ancient European republics. In her religious reformation she had, however, taken in a large share of the democratic elements so fully developed amongst the Huguenots, and she sustained many stormy revolutions, which, placing and displacing parties, left, however, the main form of government undisturbed. The form of government was strictly municipal : a great Council, which had the initiative of the laws ; a lesser Council,

cil, possessing the functions of administration; and four Syndics, were the chiefs of the state. The inhabitants were divided into four different classes: the citizens or burghesses alone enjoyed the franchise; and the three other classes, called 'natives,' 'inhabitants,' and 'subjects,' were entirely deprived of all political rights, and enjoyed even their civil rights with various limitations.

Geneva was annexed to the French Empire during sixteen years, 1798—1813. In December, 1813, upon the approach of the Austrian troops, the Genevese took arms. Such of the members of the old magistracy as were yet living formed themselves into a provisional government, which was recognised by the allies; and a new constitution was framed by these representatives, if they may so be called, of the ancient aristocracy. Some few, however, of the citizens considered the measure too precipitate. At the head of these was Sismondi: one of his active coadjutors was Dumont, the well-known editor of Bentham. They petitioned for delay; but the constitution was put to the vote. Every citizen above the age of twenty-five being summoned to give his suffrage, the constitution was accepted by an enormous majority, 2444 having voted for the proposition, and only 334 against what we must term the government party. Sismondi became an active member of the new council: though unused to public speaking, except in his occasional capacity of lecturer, he succeeded well. His abounding flow of ideas supplied the place of practice; but he found himself constantly in opposition, either express or implied. Thoroughly dissatisfied with the aspect of domestic affairs, he did not participate in the general exultation. The political existence even of Geneva was still very problematical. Lord Castlereagh, as it was understood, inclined to surrender the Pays Genevois (city and canton) to its ancient dynasty, the King of Sardinia—a measure which is now becoming popular in some parts of Switzerland. Genoa was ceded instead, and thus the fall of Geneva was averted: but by this transaction, though a foreign concern, Sismondi was nearly as much grieved as if it had related to his own country. In the end, the Savoyard cantons of Faucigny and Chablais, containing 18,000 Romanists, were given to Geneva, and the Republic was admitted as a member of the new 'Hochlobliche Eidgenossenschaft.'

Sismondi felt little satisfaction at this increase of territory, much less did he approve of the union of the Republic with the Helvetic Confederacy: probably auguring the evils which would ensue. Whilst in the council he usually worked with Dumont, Pictet, and a few others of his friends;—and considerable ameliorations were introduced, not at all upon theory, as might have been expected from the names we have mentioned, but
very

very plain and simple practical measures, a few absurd prison discipline vagaries excepted: quiet good sense and an honest and wise intention guided them; the reforms proceeding by degrees, and a state of things established which really left little to be desired. Some theoretical grievances were complained of, such as the want of a French jury—the most wonderful union of absurdity and injustice which the wit of man ever devised;—but, in truth, the government was perfectly well adapted to the wants of the people, and was free without being licentious.

Geneva at first vigorously resisted the Radical movement of 1830; but the government continued to lose ground. Geneva and the rural districts formed one community, and complaints were made that, as the city contained half the population, it reduced the other portions to comparative insignificance. But the council exercised the powers of government with great impartiality, and particularly in its government of the ceded districts, between which and the Protestant population of Geneva there existed a strong antipathy. Radicalism, however, flourished more and more. It became first a prevailing fashion, next a predominating principle; and in 1841 an association was formed, which, from the day of its first meeting, obtained the name of the ‘Association du 3 Mars.’ War was begun by the usual guerilla of pamphlets: agitation, in which some foreign refugees of very bad character lent an efficient aid, was actively pursued, and produced (18th October) what had hitherto been almost unknown in Geneva, a large popular meeting. In this assembly the Radicals loudly censured the government, and demanded redress of grievances. The government were now terrified, and made all kinds of promises, including, as a matter of course, universal suffrage. But this concession came too late to satisfy the people; and when the council met, on the 22nd November, the Maison de Ville was beset by the crowd, threatening death and destruction. The national guard was called out; the larger part refused to answer the call; and the government then passed a resolution for a complete revision of the constitution, for which purpose the people were called upon to name a constituent assembly. Of this, Sismondi was a member; and having previously addressed an earnest remonstrance to the association, in which he most strenuously denied the necessity of the proposed new organization, he continued to offer the firmest resistance to the advance of the Revolution. Increasing illness, pain, languor, prevented his taking an active part in the meetings, but in the ‘Discours’ which he published, and which may be considered as his political testament, he reproached the innovators, and deplored the bad spirit by which Geneva, *l’ancienne Genève, la patrie à laquelle ses enfans tiennent par tant de souvenirs*, would

would be wholly destroyed.—‘The new Republic,’ he said, ‘no more belongs to the Lake of Geneva than it does to the Lake of Ontario: it is a Republic consisting of a conglomeration of voters without a soul; and all you will do will be to make an *appoint* of 60,000 inhabitants, to become the prey of some one of our neighbours at the next *rifacciamento* of Europe. There is no future for a people who have no past. By destroying all the ancient institutions which rendered Geneva dear to her children, by which they knew her to be Geneva, you kill all our hopes. In itself, how trivial was the custom of the *cloche de retraite*, the evening bell; and yet, after the long cessation of the usage during the French government, when the bell sounded again, no old Genevese could hear its tone without being moved to tears. These tears were the token of that love of their country which had survived in full vitality under the crushing influence of slavery; of that nationality which the yoke of the stranger could not destroy. Your new government has destroyed all your ancient institutions. Under the French yoke, hope yet lived, for our ancient fatherland yet lived in our hearts; but now the flame itself is extinct:—*une patrie d’hier n’a point de lendemain*.’—

All these exertions were fruitless: each day increased the trouble of his spirit as well as his bodily infirmities. Those friends in the Constituent Assembly who agreed with him in secret, shrunk from asserting their opinions in public, either yielding to timidity, or from utter hopelessness of effecting any good; and the mob had been urged to put down the enemies of reform by personal violence. Such sentiments as those which actuated Sismondi were wholly unintelligible to the great majority of the Constituent Assembly. The characters which predominated in the Assembly were discouragingly impracticable. It mainly consisted of half-informed, dull men, in the highest degree self-conceited, and excited by circumstances into dogged and factitious enthusiasm. Besides which, a large and influential party, particularly amongst the mercantile classes, were and are heartily anxious to bring about any crisis which might unite them to France. What is the worth of all the *souvenirs* of our own country, when compared to an open market for our goods and manufactures? Is not a return of fifteen per cent. upon your capital better than all the *cloches de retraite* that ever rang?—Sismondi regretted the loss of the institutions of his native country, yet he was equally distressed at the thought of participating in any feeling of angry hostility towards his fellow-citizens, with whom it was his duty to live in peace and good will. His bodily sufferings increased; but they urged him, as it were, to labour yet more intensely upon his history. ‘God be thanked,’ said he in a letter to a friend, ‘I can yet

yet find entertainment in my work : in six months more, I shall complete the task of my life ; but I must do it now or never : if I lay my pen down but ~~for~~ a day, I shall³ never be able to resume work again.' And he was forming his plans for the 'next' year, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three—*our* present year, like his, of plans and projects for the 'next,' which we fancy we see before us, though really shrouded in as deep a veil as the consummation of all things—a last visit to Pescia, and the Val di Nievole : in the scorching summer, a retreat to the sweet and tempered atmosphere of Covigliano ; and in May, 1844, when he should have completed his seventy-first year, his return to his home.—But the disease became exacerbated ; his stomach refused all nourishment, and on the 25th June, 1842, he died in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Waving for the present any comparison of merits between him and his contemporaries, but taking into consideration merely the extent and completeness of his productions, Sismondi has contributed more to historical literature than any other writer of the present age. In the bulk of his works—not composed of a flimsy web spread over a large surface, but of solid and well elaborated matter—we discover the leading characteristic of his mind. He was devoted to historical study with singleness of purpose : history was the one object, to which he rendered all others subservient ; and the same sentiments which imparted to his works their merit and excellence, enabled him to bring them to an end.

The first eight volumes of Sismondi's Republics were long since noticed in our Review (Vol. vii., Art. 10). Sismondi had many misgivings in the course of the composition of the work. In writing history, you are, as it were, upon a lofty eminence, and the landscape beneath you most unequally illuminated : one point, perhaps the most distant, seen clearly through a thin lovely mist ; other portions nearer to you, quite concealed ; so that you can form no complete idea of the country. By and by, as the sun rises, the light increases—you are able to map the whole. In Sismondi's journals, and in his correspondence with his dear mother, he detailed all the perplexities and puzzles as they arose ; but he always grappled with them cheerfully : his work never displeased him, though it often rendered him very desponding and anxious. The following extracts will be read with great interest, not merely with reference to Sismondi's views and conflicts, but also from their cleverness.

' 7 Juillet, 1804.—Je suis tourmenté d'une idée ; c'est que j'ai commencé mon histoire d'Italie deux siècles trop tôt, et que pour bien faire je n'aurais du l'ouvrir qu'à l'époque où je suis actuellement, celle
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de la guerre de la liberté contre Frédéric Barberousse. Ici seulement on commence à voir les grands caractères se déployer, et les évènements ont tout à la fois une importance et un degré d'intérêt qui satisfont le lecteur. Cependant, je ne puis pas comprendre un plan qui ne commencerait pas par la naissance de ces Républiques, et les premiers exploits de Pise—un plan qui ne montrerait pas la désorganisation de la monarchie au milieu de laquelle elles s'élevèrent. Il faut, je le crois, l'attacher à celui que j'ai formé, mais il faut aussi trouver moyen de jeter plus d'intérêt sur les premiers chapitres du second livre. J'ai lu hier de mon histoire avec Madame de Staël; elle approuve très-hautement mon introduction, qui lui parut parfaite; à peine trouva-t-elle quelque légère objection à faire à deux ou trois phrases. Elle lut ensuite le premier chapitre, mais elle en fut tout à fait mécontente: il lui parut n'être qu'une compilation sèche, sans vie, et tout à fait étrangère à mon sujet. D'après son observation, je me déterminai à retrancher tout à fait ce premier chapitre et le suivant, et faire entrer tout ce qu'il contient d'intéressant dans un chapitre préliminaire de considérations philosophiques, et non dans une narration d'évènements. D'après ses conseils je transposerais aussi l'ordre des chapitres de ce premier livre.' . . .

' 28 Juillet, 1804.—Ce jour a produit de grandes révolutions dans l'histoire d'Italie, et des révolutions dont les résultats sont fort tristes. J'ai lu ce matin à mon père et à ma bonne mère les deux chapitres que j'avais écrit avec tant de peine la semaine passée, et j'en ai été moi-même si prodigieusement mécontent que j'ai pris à l'instant la résolution de les réfaire. Je suis descendu à ma chambre pour me mettre à l'ouvrage, déterminé à traiter séparément l'histoire de Pise, Rome et Naples, pendant les deux siècles obscurs qui m'ont constamment embarrassés; j'ai fait même le débût de mon premier chapitre, débût qui m'a paru d'un incilleur ton que tout ce que j'avais écrit encore. Mais comme j'allais entrer en matière, je me suis dégoûté de mon nouveau plan, et j'ai trouvé que le plus sage était de commencer là où l'intérêt commence—de prolonger séparément chacun des chapitres de mon premier livre pour arriver jusqu'à Frédéric Barberousse—et quant à ce que ne pourra pas y entrer, de retourner en arrière, comme on fait dans les poèmes épiques. Cela m'oblige par conséquent à retravailler sans exception absolument tout ce que j'ai fait. Tout cela m'a donné assez d'humeur.' . .

' 30 Juillet, 1804.—J'ai labouré péniblement ma journée, m'efforçant de commencer cette histoire de Frédéric Barberousse, et ne réussissant à rien faire de bien; j'ai à peine écrit quatre pages. . . . Je voudrais ne pas me laisser décourager, puisque je dois savoir par expérience que mes commencements sont toujours ce que j'ai fait de plus faible, et que je me fortifie en m'avancant. Cependant dans tout ce que j'ai fait, je n'ai point encore écrit vraiment l'histoire, et je tremble de n'avoir point le talent nécessaire pour cela; je suis excessivement noir.'

After this he returned to his first plan.

It is from the very causes which give so much value and interest to the history of Italy, that the difficulties of treating that same
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history of Italy mainly arise. How are we to combine into a harmonious whole, the annals of so many states, independent, and yet conjoined : some, though near neighbours, having hardly any intercourse except by war and enmity—others distant, but united by sympathy and feeling? St. Marc gave the matter up, and composed his history in parallel columns, a process which soon tired him out and brought his work to a premature end ; having tired his readers much sooner, few, if any of whom, have ever arrived at the conclusion of the fragment.

Now there are two modes of imparting unity to Italian history, either of which may enable the writer to present a connected and instructive narrative.

All western Christendom during the middle ages was deemed one Commonwealth, under Pope and Emperor. Even in England, jealous England, we allowed the Kaiser a shadow of supremacy, by permitting him to appoint or sanction public notaries : but forty years ago, if our recollection serves us rightly, the style in Scotland of 'admitted by Imperial authority' was yet retained ; and the relations of the several states to the Imperial and Pontifical powers would give a sufficiently common bond. This is the one mode.

The other mode is the scheme adopted by Sismondi, of considering the 'rise, progress, and decline' of the Italian Republics as the motive of the historian's researches. So taken, Florence assumes in Italy the commanding position which Athens had in Greece. Proudly does she lift her turret-crowned head and graceful form amidst the group : and the history of the other communities winds round the city of the lily. So far as to design : but the execution of it is attended with far less difficulty in Hellas than in Hesperia. Employed upon the history of Greece, we have to make the most of the scanty relics which have been preserved. But in the history of Italy we have to contend with the *embarras des richesses*—to make our selection amongst the abundance with which we are agreeably overwhelmed.

Thus treated, according to the second mode, the history of Italy becomes, in a measure, the counterpart of her great romantic epic. In apparent contradiction to the precepts of unity, Sismondi weaves his complex narrations into one, and yet without perplexing the skein. He shifts the scene from Genoa to Naples, from Venice to Milan ; yet he does not distract the fable. Such as the adventures of Paladins and Knights in Ariosto, so are the events of States in Sismondi ; Ariosto himself does not exhibit more skill in the variety without confusion, which characterizes his song, than Sismondi in his history. Of each State, so much is told as is required for the great historical epic of the extinction of 'liberty,'

erty,' and no more: and, except so far as relates to the Papal power, no general reader needs any further acquaintance with the history of Italy, from the decline of the Roman empire, than is here told. Throughout the work, there is great art veiled by simplicity of style. In the drama, the test of the master poet consists in the slight touches of passion which give you the keynote of the characters, enabling you to anticipate the actions they will perform. Even thus, should it be the endeavour of the historian to delineate the 'shadows cast before;' the events, of which the consequences are faintly anticipated by the living generation, and according to which each man shapes his hopes and fears; whilst in a subsequent age they are seen as the certain tokens of the results which were fated to follow: as, for example, that the debates upon the Exclusion Bill produced, of necessity, the Revolution. People who have blamed Sismondi as unnecessarily prolix cannot have considered the crowd of details presented by the history of Italy. It is these particulars which impart point and individuality to history. His task required equal labour and judgment, as much drudgery as imagination, as much antiquarianism as philosophy. Piles and piles of folios were to be excerpted. He had to select not only from masses of inferior matter in which the interesting bears a small proportion to the worthless, but from chroniclers and writers stored and storied with curious and valuable information, possessing also all the charms of novelty, never before having been made accessible to the general reader.

In a literary work, as in a building, the parts and portions not seen are amongst the most important. In these the reader is entirely at the mercy of the writer: if he does not act honestly you cannot help yourself. It depends entirely upon the conscientiousness of the contractor that the foundation is well laid, the piles driven home, the stone well chosen, the bricks sound, the timber well seasoned. All this, and more a great deal, it is the builder only who knows, it is he only who can tell. We shall have occasion to speak again of the extraordinary labour bestowed by Sismondi upon his composition. As a partial exemplification, the following passages from his correspondence will be very interesting: the chapter itself to which he refers is an excellent specimen of composition.

'J'ai été fort triste pendant ce mois, et je le suis encore; moins peut-être cependant aujourd'hui que j'ai un peu repris au travail de mon histoire Italienne. J'ai achevé le second chapitre du second livre, et je me mets immédiatement à le recopier, mais dans ce livre-ci il faudra faire au moins deux copies pour arriver au passable; il est bien plus difficile que le premier. . . .

'Je travaille à présent sur le chapitre d'Amalfi; il ne passera pas dix-huit

dix-huit pages, à ce que je crois; encore faut-il pour le faire arriver là que je le remplisse plus de généralités que de faits; et cependant pour l'écrire il m'a fallu lire 250 pages in 4to. de Giannone, feuilleter 650 pages in folio du Recueil des écrivains d'Italie, lire une dissertation sur la chronique d'Amalfi d'environ 50 pages in folio à deux colonnes, et enfin un volume des annales de Muratori—à tout cela j'ajouterai les dissertations de Brenckmann sur la république d'Amalfi.'

Here is exhibited the process of study and elaboration by which real history is composed. When a book is to be 'got up,' a more compendious course may be taken—'I am going to do a history of the United States of the Netherlands; what books would you *advise* me to read?' was a question not long since put by a literary lady to an eminent historical writer. We wish we had been by to hear the answer she received.

When addressing his readers, at the conclusion of his work, he describes with singular and honest boldness the labour he had bestowed.

'I have never spared any pains to arrive at the knowledge of the truth. I have lived in Tuscany, the fatherland of my ancestors, as much as in Geneva or in France. Nine times have I traversed Italy in various directions, and I have visited almost every place which has been the scene of any great historical event. I pursued my investigations in almost all the great libraries of Italy, and I have searched many municipal and monastic archives. The history of Italy is intimately connected with that of Germany; and I have therefore travelled through the latter country, in order to search its historical monuments. Lastly, I have spared no expense in procuring all books which could throw any light upon the ages and the people whom I have endeavoured to describe. I have sought to enable my readers to judge continually both of my work, and of the degree of credibility which ought to be bestowed upon the facts which I narrate. I have, therefore, carefully quoted my authorities, and I have indicated, with scrupulous attention, the page of the writer to whose evidence I have trusted. Yet, when many names are grouped together, it must not be supposed that the narrative of each, taken distinctly, is conformable to mine. Each, in such cases, has furnished me with a circumstance, and, by comparing them one with another, all the several facts may be found, and the reader may also judge of the principles upon which I have determined on the narrative which I have chosen.'—*Histoire des Rép. Italiennes—Post-scriptum.*

A grand array of quotations is but a most imperfect test of diligence, still less of capacity. It is the usual resource of every Peter Pangloss, LL.D., and A.S.S.; nothing is more easy, as every one who knows the tricks of the craft can fully testify, than to fill your margins with a cabalistic array of abbreviations referring to books which you never have opened. Even when the originals have been consulted, they prove nothing more than that the writer

writer has made the same kind of acquaintance with his authority that you gain by your look at a literary lion in the squeeze of a soirée or a conversazione; whilst a misprint, faithfully transmitted from compiler to compiler, not unfrequently reveals the secret of the appropriation of other folk's feathers, so ingeniously applied. We have verified a very large proportion of Sismondi's quotations, and we can most completely bear witness to the perfect sincerity of intention with which he has worked, and to his accuracy. Possibly, there may be here and there a mistake in matters of mere antiquarianism. He has not always seized the exact sense of the chronicle-Latin. But the very examination which detects his errors, convinces you that they are the errors of a truth-seeking mind.

Sismondi goes on thus:—'The number of original historians is immense, and almost all have written in languages not my own. This circumstance ought to furnish some excuse for me in the judgment of those who blame me for neologism and incorrectness.'—Sismondi here alludes to his French critics: not merely to the comparatively few who noticed him through the medium of the press, but to the larger number, to whom he was the object of petty literary detraction, in societies and coteries. Few classes have done more injury to literature than the empty martinets of language. Those who think correctly, must often speak incorrectly: an unauthorised or ungrammatical phrase will convey your meaning with a degree of logical precision which would be destroyed by the interference of the code imposed by an Academy.* Whenever the era arrives in which normal rules for accuracy of style or language are laid down and obeyed, then literature has passed its age of vigour, and is declining towards decrepitude. All these truths are truths which your man of grammar, your man of dictionaries, never can be made to understand.—Sismondi then proceeds, 'in order to fulfil the task which I had imposed on myself, and to attain that truth which I had pledged myself to present to the public, I have been compelled to live, in some degree, out of my mother tongue. During twenty years of my life, I have worked eight hours at least in each day, and I have been obliged habitually to read and think in Italian or in Latin, in Spanish, Greek, English, Portuguese, German, and Provençal. I have been obliged to pass from one of these languages to another, without always bearing in mind the form in which the thought was clothed—often without perceiving that the form itself had changed.'

At the close of his life, Sismondi declared with truth that he

* Swing a master, if there be one, of pure English style, is never weary of expressing his scorn for what he calls 'schoolmaster's English.'

never belonged to any political party, in the strict sense of the term. 'I do not subscribe,' said he, 'to any confession of faith in politics or in political economy. I do not know any principles in either science which appear to me so clear or so indisputably demonstrated that they should not be submitted to a new examination: none from which experience may not teach us to draw new conclusions.'—Detached, as he certainly was, from any out and out partizanship, in the common sense of the word, we should, nevertheless say, that he was a decided Whig of the old school, who, like so many other of his great and gifted contemporaries, was carried away by the contagious enthusiasm so well described by our Wordsworth:—

'Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
 For mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
 Upon our side, we who were strong in love!
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
 But to be young was very heaven! Oh! times,
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
 Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
 The attraction of a country in romance!
 When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
 When most intent on making of herself
 A prime enchantress—to assist the work
 Which then was going forward in her name!
 Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
 The beauty wore of promise, that which sets
 (As at some moment might not be unfelt
 Among the bowers of paradise itself)
 The budding rose above the rose full blown.
 What temper at the prospect did not awake
 To happiness unthought of?'

In producing the first fruits of his studies, Sismondi yielded to the delusion that liberty, in the sense then so prevalent, was the object and end of human society: strong, however, as his prepossessions may have been, they could not in any degree induce him to swerve from historical truth. In his capacity of Judge, he opens the whole case as it was presented to his mind. He never suppresses any one fact which can make against him: he never extenuates any of the abuses of democratic power, or conceals the vices, the faithlessness, and the tyranny of his favourite communities. Above all, he never falls into the mistake of believing that any one political theory contains within it a security for national strength or prosperity; though, when he wrote his *'Italian Republics,'* he conceived that a republican form of government was, on the whole, best calculated for the development of the elements of human welfare.

Hence,

Hence, the struggle you can constantly trace in Sismondi's mind. Whenever we follow the history of the Italian Republics, we constantly find our sympathies arrayed against our reason: on the one side, all our faculties and feelings of imagination and intellect revelling, as we were, in the rich banquet: on the other, all our sentiments of equity and justice. We know we are loving Circe, but we cannot wrest ourselves from her embrace, or dispel the illusion of her charms. Truly has Sismondi told his story; impartially has he declared the results of the theory of government as founded upon the basis of the popular will, and animated by the most erroneous doctrine, that resistance to authority always is a *glorious privilege*, instead of being, as it may be, [e. g. in the case of the Revolution of 1688.] a *painful duty*—but a duty of most rare occurrence, and from which we ought to pray to be exempted. With so much truth, and with so much impartiality has he performed his task, that, if all the histories of mediæval Italy had perished, future generations would in Sismondi's pages find the fullest, the most cogent, the most trusty testimony of the evils which the tyranny and licentiousness of democracy bring upon mankind.

Though resulting from very different causes, the time is now approaching when a revolution must take place in our mode of considering the history of the middle ages, analogous to that effected by Niebuhr in Roman history. Far wider, however, in extent, far more important in consequences, this revolution will not be the product of the labours of one man, nor the result of one mind;—our age will not complete the change;—our generation will not witness its consummation. There must be a great and mighty conflict of opinions to accomplish this end, because there is hardly any one of our present popular notions and traditions with respect to the formation and policy, whether civil or ecclesiastical, of the modern European communities, which must not be greatly modified or entirely renounced before the truth can be received. In some portions of the region the rank weeds must be plucked up; in others, the tangled forest must be felled.

As in all *reformations*, there will, of course, be the danger of substituting new errors in the place of those which are dissipated. There is a great peril attending the position of feeling that you are in possession of truth which has hitherto been forgotten or concealed. You may delude yourself into the belief that you are employing it to gain the victory for the good cause, whereas it is your own triumph only which you seek. You are in possession of a mighty power, and all power is a temptation to abuse. When once converted into a theory, the very working out of a correct principle often becomes in itself a source of new systematic delusion.

lusion. Hence all that at present we can expect or desire in history are partial developments of truth: each inquirer elucidating some one passage in the progress of society, exhibiting some one series of portraits in their real likeness, destroying some one favourite or romantic vision or dream;—above all, dragging down from their niches some one or more of the idols which have won the false worship of the multitude.

In preparing the way for the beginning of this revolution, Sismondi will hereafter be found to have had a very great share.

Before him, there was no historian who did not, over and above the constant and all-pervading desire of ministering to national vanity, consider the annals of France as forming an unbroken series. They assumed that a kingdom of France had existed from the age of St. Remy: nor was there one writer who did not, more or less, colour all transactions of past ages with the opinions and feelings of his own. Mezeray bows and smirks before Clovis, just as he would before Louis XIV., in his full-bottomed wig and *habit galonné*. Mably ascribes to rough, tough, old, shaggy Charlemagne all the *politique* which he was willing to find in Frederic the Great, the philosopher Joseph, or the amiable Catherine.

According to the monkish tradition, the original armorial bearings of the Franks were not lilies but toads. Toads or lilies, they were alike to be the subject of panegyric. Tricolor and Eagle craved and exacted the same subserviency. Equal sycophancy was demanded by the *grande nation* and by the *grand Monarque*. All this cringing to 'public opinion' Sismondi heartily despised. He was strengthened in his contempt because he felt the true respect and honour which the French deserved.—'La nation Française,' he observes, 'est assez grande et assez glorieuse pour ne pas devoir être embarrassée de se souvenir de ses revers et de ses fautes.' Had Sismondi merely stopped at this point—had he only emancipated himself by casting off the traditional deference paid to national vanity—such independence of mind would alone have constituted a new era in the composition of French history. But he did much more: he saw that, in order to show the real development—or, let us correct ourselves, and say the real formation—of the French monarchy, it was necessary to divide French history into distinct eras, each of which possesses a sufficiently distinct character to render it an historical epic. Such a separation into periods must, of course, be artificial, and, like artificial systems in natural history, occasionally be somewhat arbitrary; but, at the same time, the historian has, in this respect, the advantage over the naturalist, that his artificial divisions always partake, as it were, of a natural order.

order. Treat your matter as you will, time must always be an element in the historical scheme; and each division can be defined by chronology with a sufficient certainty to prevent any material error, or lead to any confusion in the lessons which you read. But in the early divisions of the work, he imposed upon himself the law of considering each period as severed, so to speak, from the rest,—‘Je ne puis prétendre à savoir d’autre partie de l’histoire des Français que celle que j’ai écrite, et mon jugement demeure suspendu sur toute cette série de faits qui commence là où je me suis arrêté. Cette vue incomplète de mon sujet a pu m’entraîner dans plusieurs fautes, mais la méthode contraire avait, je crois, pour résultat de plus grands défauts encore.’ The *méthode contraire* was the one he had adopted in his Italian history, and by which he gave it so much dramatic interest. His new plan rendered his composition more dry and chronicle-wise: but, as the work advanced, he gradually got out of it, and forgot his theory.

I. The Merovingians.—The invasion of Gaul north of the Loire by a comparatively small body of the Salic Franks, ruling by right of conquest: the Roman institutions not entirely displaced or subverted within the region of their conquest, and left to flourish or decline in the portions not submitted to their authority. Sismondi was the first writer in the French language who applied the researches of Savigny to French history. He displays also a great degree of sound criticism in the examination of the early evidences upon which the history is grounded.

II. The Carolingians.—The organization of the empire begins: a central government superinduced upon communities, distinct, though subject to one crown, each, nevertheless, retaining a considerable degree of individuality, either grounded upon political independence or upon national feeling. During this period a great and increasing influence is gained by the clergy as a member of the state: their hitherto strong moral influence being now strengthened by the additional constitutional authority which they obtained.

III. The early Capetians.—During this period Sismondi considers the Empire of the ‘*Reges Francorum*,’—for let it be recollected there was no such thing yet as a *King of France*—as a species of confederation of sovereign states, held together merely by their feudal relation to their common superior. Whether the view which he has taken of ‘feudality’ and the feudal system be correct, opens questions which cannot be here discussed. Abstracted from theoretical developments, the facts are very clearly and accurately told.

A more emphatic demonstration that this era constitutes the turning point of French history is, however, needed. Henceforward the historical student ought to keep in his mind a parallel between France under the Capetians, and the Carlovingian empire after the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty. Both portions of the great inheritance of Charlemagne originally consisted of the same elements; but ultimately their constitutional history takes totally an opposite course. In the Empire the several members gradually detach themselves from the supreme authority. Wise and vigorous sovereigns were clad in the robe of Charlemagne, and wore his arched crown. Hohenstauffen and Hapsburg are enthroned as the representatives of the Cæsars. But each successive '*Mehrer des Reiches*' sees, in mockery of his proud title, the boundaries contract, and the power of the sceptre diminish, till at last every member of the Empire becomes possessed of absolute sovereignty.

Now, contrast the Empire with France. Here we have feudatories, as they are called, but as powerful as their chief—Brittany and Normandy, Provence and Burgundy, Flanders and Aquitaine—often bearding the Sovereign, rarely rendering obedience in more than name. But the royal authority steadily expands: duchies and counties, and viscounties and baronies, become appanages and provinces; their brightness wanes away, they lose more and more their independence, and become more and more subject to the crown. At last, every vestige of distinct existence is gone, and the whole is subjected to one head, who, whether King, Consul, or Emperor, does govern them practically with an authority which, though far be it from us to call it despotic, virtually places every individual of the nation, from the highest to the lowest, in the position of feeling that the supreme power is omnipresent, penetrating the inmost recesses of human society.

IV. From the accession of St. Louis to the death of Charles le Bel, 1226-1328, forms a period which Sismondi considers as the era of the law, when legal fictions, diligently inculcated by the jurist in his study, became embodied in the policy of the State, and placed every right and franchise at the mercy of the Tribunal. As far as we recollect, Sismondi is the first amongst modern historians who has sufficiently felt the power of legal traditions in silently producing greater changes than any legislature ever thought or dared. Following in his footsteps, his principles could be carried to a wider extent; further examinations will establish the fact, that what is called the feudal system, in the shape according to which we familiarly and traditionally receive it, was nothing more than the practical exposition of the theories of the jurists. In the same manner as the grammarians have

have coerced every Greek and Hebrew verb into a paradigm which never existed, so have the jurists everywhere coerced the national institutions into the shape which the platform (to use the Elizabethan expression) assumed in their own minds. Thus, for example, having assumed as a principle, *nul terre sans Seigneur*, the easy process of throwing the burthen of proof upon the allodial tenant, gradually converted all allodial property into feuds. Those who wish to appreciate the vigorous grasp of Sismondi's mind should dwell upon this fourth part.—Clearly and soberly, without passion or enthusiasm, he delineates the conscientious equity by which St. Louis planned to quell the turbulence of the baronage, neither trenching upon their lawful rights, nor gaining any increase of his own power at their expense. St. Louis dreaded the curse of removing his neighbour's landmarks : he wished to subject the violence of the age to the dominion of the law. Despotism he abhorred, and yet he wished to possess absolute power, in order that he might suppress private wars and judicial combats, the last of which, in conformity to the decisions of the Church, he truly considered as tempting Providence. Hitherto the administration of the law had been, to the greatest extent, in the hands of the clergy : '*nullus clericus nisi causidicus*' might have been the honour of the clergy—it also had become their shame. St. Louis called into existence a new class or order of legists ; most of them raised from the lower, sometimes the lowest ranks of society, forming what, in the conventional phrase of our day, is termed the 'aristocracy of talent.' Let us here remark, that, whether through the medium of ecclesiastical institutions, or subsequently of the law, the influence of intellect in the so-called dark ages—dark, because we shut our eyes when we turn our faces to them—was comparatively much greater than at the present day. But this new aristocracy became far more powerful than that of birth : the spear yielded to the grey-goose quill, the mailed baron succumbed before the decrepit judge, muffled in his ermine.

V. From the accession of Philip de Valois to the death of Charles VI., 1328—1422. The great question of succession which had arisen could not be solved by law ; and, as usual, the Gordian knot was cut by the sword. In this era of sufferings and crimes, the interest of Sismondi's narrative arises far more from the multitudinous activity of the details, than from any sympathy he excites for either of the parties. It is hard to say on which side there was least faith, least virtue, or most insincerity, falsity, and cruelty. Sismondi's historical biographies of Jean Sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, and his antagonist the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, are true to the life ; the little touches of political reflection

flection interspersed, are full of good sense, without any parade of philosophy.

VI. From the accession of Charles VII. to the death of Louis XII., 1422—1515. This period includes the events so fortunate for France, and still more for England, which prevented the union of the two kingdoms under one crown. The wars of this period, at the same time that they checked the development of the French nation, in the opinion of Sismondi rather tended to promote its ultimate maturity. Under Louis XI. the science of politics, in the modern sense of the term, originated. The modern statesman is truly the production of the soil of France, though matured in Italy. From its origin, statecraft defied all moral obligation; and transactions, which are perhaps now more decently veiled, were then openly exhibited to the world. As soon as the French had recovered their strength, they became impatient to exercise that strength at the expense of their neighbours. Hitherto the warlike spirit of the French belonged to individuals—for we will not in the least allow that there was anything really heroic in the marauding crusades—now it became infused in the nation collectively: hence the invasion of Italy under Charles VIII. Yet, the science of government, so far as relates to the welfare of the community, began to be understood; and Louis XII. not only endeavoured to obtain, but deserved, the title of the Father of his people.

VII. Reign of Francis I.—In this reign Sismondi, withstanding the temptation of seeking applause by setting his history to popular tunes of love and 'chivalry,' melodious strains of airs and canzonettes, and flourishes of kettle-drums and trumpets, most fully acts up to his principle of rigid impartiality. This age of transition was the period of the sudden development of principles which had long been germinating beneath the ground. An ample harvest spreads over the soil; but the good corn is so thickly mixed with tare and darnel, that no one field produces a crop which can be said to be healthy or sound. To this age, poisoned by profligacy and immorality, belongs a state of society simultaneously refined and corrupted. With respect to the personal character of Francis I., Sismondi considers that the traditional glory by which he is surrounded is scarcely warranted by his merits: selfishness and self-gratification predominated. Bigotry, and an undefined apprehension of change, led Francis to rage against the Reformers, but without the slightest zeal for religion, which never restrained him from any sin or crime. So far as his own taste was concerned, his love of literature was confined to romances of chivalry. Taking a false standard of morality, from books describing institutions which never had existed,

existed, the constant endeavour of Francis I. was to display himself as an Amadis; content with the applause of the worthless coterie by whom he was surrounded, but utterly disregarding the welfare of his subjects and his duty as a sovereign. Yet, as is so often the case, personal gifts did much to excite that affection which character did not deserve—for men, women, and children are all ruled by the eye. In his earlier years the people were delighted with his noble aspect. His manners were pleasant, his conversation fascinating. He truly possessed

. ‘*cet heureux don de plaire*
Qui mieux que la vertu sait régner sur les cœurs.’

But whilst the people at large, who had derived least good from his government, deplored his loss with rather more sincerity than is usually felt by the mourners of kings, those who had most enjoyed his personal friendship were in delight at the prospect of the accession of the new sovereign.—Diane de Poitiers is as gay as a lark; the Duc de Guise, slowly creeping to the door of the death-bed chamber with a doleful face, trills and sings as he trips away, ‘il s’en va—le galant!’

VIII. Francis II., Charles IX., 1556—1589.—In this period the wars of religion (alas! the sad contradiction in terms) principally occupy the historian.

Perhaps no portion of Sismondi’s narrative is told with greater liveliness, nor, on the whole, taken as the production of a staunch Geneva Protestant, with more impartiality. He fully shows, and more clearly than any other writer, the republican tendency which the Calvinistic ‘Réforme’ had assumed, rendering it incompatible not merely with the safety, but with the existence of the monarchy. The characters also are skilfully developed, and the causes of the progress of the Reformers lucidly shown; their singleness of principle well contrasted with the vacillations of their opponents.

IX. France under the Bourbons.—Sismondi himself considered that his reign of Henri Quatre was one of the best portions of his work; and one of its great recommendations, is the novelty which it receives from its truth. With every respect for the traditions of a great people, we are really almost sick of his ‘*Panache éclatant*.’ And, for the first time in French history, Sismondi gives us a true portrait of the sage greybeard fooled and gulled by *la belle Gabrielle*, not idealized as in the *Théâtre de Vaudevilles*, but in the unsophisticated colours of reality. It is an ugly likeness, painted, as Oliver Cromwell said he wished to be, with all the blotches and scars and roughnesses of the original.

X.—Under Louis XIII. and the Regency, Sismondi rapidly traces the progress of centralization. All the remnants of the independence anciently possessed by the several constituent *états* and

and members of the realm were rapidly disappearing. The sovereign was ruled by favourites, and the game of statesmen carried on with more and more intensity. In this portion Sismondi shows great biographical talent. At no era of French history was personal influence more powerful; and the march of events appears subordinate in importance to the actions and characters of individuals. History at this period is most strictly a drama, and the court is the stage upon which it is acted.

XI.—As the history advanced, Sismondi felt the necessity of condensing his materials. With the reign of Louis XIV. he begins in fact a new work, rejecting much of what he would have inserted, had he continued upon the plan of his former volumes—confining himself more strictly to the political history of the country, and not treating upon the moral history of the *siècle*. No living creature could naturally entertain less predilection for Louis XIV. than Sismondi; but the same feeling of the strict responsible impartiality attached to the high function of an historian has enabled him to invest the character of that very extraordinary man with a degree of dignity far superior to any which he obtains from his encomiasts. Louis XIV. is far greater than his flatterers show him; but it is a species of greatness differing wholly from theirs. Sismondi extenuates none of his faults: the merciless persecution of the Huguenots is detailed with fearful truth; the vices of the monarch are neither slurred over, nor brightened up and varnished for the admiration of posterity. The redeeming merit of Louis XIV. consisted in his endeavour entirely to perform his duty as a king. He never put off the monarch. Most unquestionably his judgment was often misled; yet, when not swayed by passion, or corrupted by vice, or influenced by the pervading errors of his age, he truly advanced in a straight-forward path. His pride was tempered by internal timidity; and in his love of splendour an inherent feeling of dignity prevented his magnificence from degenerating into that frivolity which brings contempt upon the crown. The real excellence of Louis XIV.'s character is developed in the period of his misfortunes, when the firm persuasion of his having done his best for the welfare of his people, sustained him amidst every calamity, and enabled him to surrender all the plans of his ambition, almost without a pang. He continued on the throne; but he had as completely abdicated as a Diocletian.

With the death of Louis XV. the history concludes. The great interest and value of this period arises from the forecast which we gain of the Revolution—the struggles between the crown and the privileged bodies, and the general fermentation of opinion, influencing more or less every branch of public policy; and by which it pleased Providence to bring about that great change

change in the state of Europe, of which at present the commencement is only seen.

Sismondi, though he possessed a truly poetical mind, rarely rises to passionate eloquence: the merit of his style depends upon its even flow and tenor; nor does he in any great degree attempt to work upon the imagination of his readers, though he constantly interests their sympathies. His tenderness of disposition led him to sorrow over the history of nations. He wishes you to pity, rather than to admire.

Romantic history, as it is now called in France, attempts to realise the past, by minute and elaborate detail—a kind of *velvet Breughel* painting, in which you can trace every joint of the coat of mail, the bearing upon every standard, every feather of the plume. Manners and customs, tilts and tournaments, engage the attention of the romantic historian; he endeavours to show you the very aspect of the personages, and to cause you to hear their very voices. Philosophical history, according to the French system, is, on the contrary, based upon a theory of which the historical facts are merely the expositors. The romantic historian places you in the world of human life—you are called upon to mix with the multitude, and to be jostled by the crowd. The philosophical historian soars above the world, or beyond it; you are to judge calmly and deliberately, contemplating mankind as if you belonged to another sphere.

Sismondi, as we collect from a private memorandum, was anxious to hold a due medium between these two modes of treating history. Perhaps the first was not entirely congenial to his turn of mind—more warmth of colouring would have been required, than he was inclined to bestow. Although he was a pleasing poet, and possessed considerable powers of versification, yet his prose style was severe, and his turn of thought naturally led him to avoid any ornament which might be suspected of being meretricious, or of giving a false aspect to facts. He very much abounds in detail, but the details are rather moral than physical. He imparts life and truth to his personages, by a diligent study of their feelings. He does not adopt the plan of bringing out his characters by dramatic contrasts with each other, but is perpetually contrasting them with the opinions of Sismondi. In these details of moral character, as well as in those of facts, he is very full, so much so, that we have heard him blamed for prolixity; but such prolixity is nothing more than a due attention to the particulars by which the succession of events gain their hold upon the memory. It is by the minute yet wide-spreading fibres of the roots that the oak is fixed in the soil.

But Sismondi's inclination was always to generalize from his details;

details; and, it is very remarkable, to observe in his works a growing tendency to establish the existence of a constant compensation in the affairs of mankind.

According to the popular mode of treating history, we are too apt to forget this providential compensation. It is the axiom of mechanics, that what you gain in power you lose in time, and what you gain in time you lose in power. Counterchanging between 'civilization' and 'barbarity,' and 'barbarity' and 'civilization,' could we affix a numerical value to the elements of human happiness and human misery, and fairly cast the account, in all ages, and under the most different circumstances, we should find the balance much the same. In the blaze of 'civilization' the dark places of the earth are as full of cruelty as ever. It is not by the light of intellect that their gloom is dispelled. Sismondi may not express this theory in terms, but it grows upon him as time advances: least discernible in the '*Républiques Italiennes*,' you find it increasing more and more in the '*Histoire des Français*;' and towards the conclusion of his life, it became his leading principle.

Whatever may be the bulk of Sismondi's two chief works, the Histories of the Italian Republics and of France, there are none which can be read through and through with more pleasure, or from which you part with more unwillingness at their conclusion: when you come to the last page, it is like taking leave of an old friend. Sismondi commands your respect by his consistent earnestness: he is not writing with any object except that which he discloses; he has no bye view of profit or fame. He speaks as a teacher deeply sensible of the importance of his own task; he feels his *à plomb*,—his dignity; far more persuasive than the eloquence of words, is the calm and solemn empire which such a teacher obtains over the reader's mind.

Sismondi accompanied his 'History of France' by the '*Précis*' (two volumes, 1839), which contains a summary of events to the reign of Henri Quatre inclusive. This '*Précis*' is a composition entirely different from what is usually termed an *abridgment*. It is not a reduced copy of a good picture, clumsily executed by a bookseller's engraver, but an original sketch on a small scale. Generally speaking, no set of works has done more mischief in educational literature than the sad jobs perpetrated under the name of abridgments, as well as in the other productions, more pretending in aspect, but virtually of the same class:—error perpetuated by transmission from writer to writer—a torch extinguished, yet smouldering with unsavoury smoke, passed by the blind bearers from hand to hand. These works reduce the most interesting of studies to a *caput mortuum* of dates and facts; a weariness

weariness to the mind, and a burthen of which the memory discharges itself as soon as it is cast aside; shadows of shades; mere arid outlines—or worse—starved compilations, in which the writer attempts to give a spurious show of originality by a few coarse and gaudy touches:—the queer; the quaint; the romantic;—measurements of high head-dresses and long-peaked shoes;—prices of beeves, and pigs, and muttons;—abuse of priestcraft;—exaggerated anecdotes of rudeness or simplicity, ignorance or credulity,—all mashed together raw, without any correct appreciation of the state of society in which they subsisted, conveying a conventional and theatrical idea of past times, but utterly destructive of all historical pertinence or utility.

Sismondi's *Précis*, though arising out of his larger history, is in every respect a new composition—hence its value. He gives you in this, the last elaboration of his materials, a rapid, a concentrated narrative, abounding with instruction; certainly the best introduction to French history, for those readers who will not venture upon the larger work.

Hitherto we have considered Sismondi as an historian. It is in this character that he is best known, most generally appreciated, most famed. Yet, he himself, set far greater value upon those productions in which he endeavoured to give a practical application of the knowledge he had acquired. We have seen that he began his literary career as a teacher of agriculture: he kept his hand upon the plough to the last—at the same time constantly endeavouring to explain the laws which promote or regulate the prosperity of the mass of mankind. Whilst employed upon his histories, he produced upwards of sixty essays, either published in journals or in separate pamphlets, bearing more or less upon the theory of government and political economy, both, according to his speculations, to be studied as the 'social sciences'; and which, with many corrections and improvements, form the basis of the '*Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique*' (1819-24), the '*Etudes sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres*' (1836), and the '*Etudes sur l'Economie Politique*' (1837-8)—his most favourite work, and in which his doctrines concerning political economy are most fully developed. We cannot better define the Sismondi doctrines, than, as a constantly increasing antagonism against Adam Smith, usually honoured as the main founder of the science.

Never, perhaps, was any leader so whimsically treated by his followers as Dr. Smith: witness the annotations with which Mr. M'Culloch has favoured us upon his honoured precursor. If we calculate rightly, this rigid Editor stigmatises about one hundred articles of political economy doctrine, as held by his

Author, varying in every degree, by from and between—‘how erroneous,’ ‘not solid,’ ‘wrong,’ ‘singularly mistaken,’ ‘misled,’ ‘fallacious,’ ‘exaggerated,’ ‘untenable,’ ‘inconsistent,’ ‘doubtful,’ ‘controverted,’—a sliding-scale of censure, now up, now down; a peal of blame-bells upon which the changes are rung in every modulation of tone. Sismondi, in his *Nouveaux Principes*, asserts that the principles of Adam Smith have constantly served him as a guide; but in what respect a guide?—a guide whom you must not follow, lest he should lead you into a ditch—since he adds, that from the same principles he will deduce wholly different conclusions; indeed so different, that, as exemplified in the ‘*Etudes*,’ we may say there is hardly a point of resemblance between the doctrines of pupil and master. How could it be otherwise, since, though Sismondi respectfully refrains from direct refutation, he points out the great source of error which pervades the whole school, namely, considering the science of political economy as being entirely subject to calculation, wholly a matter of figures, to be cast up in pounds, shillings, and pence, meted by the bushel, measured by the yard: whereas, in fact, the ‘wealth of nations,’ even in the narrowest and most mercantile sense of the term, is quite as much rated by passion, sensibility, imagination, the imponderable elements which evaporate during the analysis, and leave no residuum in the crucible?

We shall not attempt—considering how perfunctorily, at best, we could treat so extensive a subject—to give anything like a full view of the Sismondi system in all its bearings: still less to confront him with the other writers against whom, however courteously, he puts himself in array. It was no slight effort for him thus to speak out; for, as he truly says, he placed himself in opposition, not only with the many of his contemporaries whom he esteemed, but with the few whom he loved, and who were constantly charging him with an absolute dislike to England. Nothing could be more incorrect than such an accusation. Whether erroneously or not, he considered this country as one to be pitied, and whose example should be avoided: and—in the same way as in his ‘*Républiques Italiennes*’ he brings forward the tyranny of man for the purpose of teaching men to shun tyranny—so in speaking of England does he expatiate upon the tyranny of machinery, for the purpose of teaching other nations to avoid a far more influential source of bodily and mental degradation and slavery.

True, to us, such reasonings are superfluous. It needs no argument to convince a man that he is diseased when he feels pains and aches in all his limbs. It is important in elucidating the clear good sense of Sismondi, that, like Southey, he foresaw the impending evil: but the frailty of human prescience is always

ways unsatisfactory. It is the faculty of foreseeing the approach of evil, without the gift of averting the impending punishment. All Sismondi has said upon this subject is nevertheless highly instructive; and if we learn nothing more than self-distrust and humility, great good will be gained. We justly consider that the weakest and most absurd point of the American character is their excessive jealousy of any censure upon themselves: and surely the best proof we can give of our national good sense is to listen patiently to the reproof of an impartial inquirer.

The fundamental position of Sismondi's matured theory is, that the writers of the Smith School have not really treated upon political economy at all. He maintains that they have blinked the main question, or, rather, that they have wholly avoided it. They have applied themselves entirely to *chrematistics*—a hard and Aristotelian, yet apposite, term—i. e. *the science of the increase of riches*. Chrematistic writers, having considered wealth in the abstract, and not in relation to man and society, wholly pervert the direction which their studies ought to receive. The utility of riches consists not in the welfare of the individual, but in the general good of society. Whatever tends to loss of health or comfort, or deterioration of morals, in the main body of the nation, is not wealth but poverty, notwithstanding any superficial splendour of things wherewith it may be combined.

Division of labour, according to Adam Smith, is the great source of national wealth, of 'general plenty, diffusing itself through all the different ranks of society.' Sismondi says, 'No.'—Division of labour is a source of national poverty: if you make man a machine, a machine can replace him. He who is employed all day in making pins' heads, will not have a head worth a pin at the close of his career. By this division man loses mental and bodily vigour, health, cheerfulness, all that renders life desirable. Possibly Sismondi may be in the wrong; but it is not at Bolton, or Sheffield, or Manchester, that we can disprove him.

Unlimited competition, according to the popular theory, is the great source of national riches. Sismondi says, 'No.'—Unlimited competition renders the whole system of commerce a vast game of 'beggar-my-neighbour.' Men who are wise enough to walk away from the table when they have swept the stakes, may keep their money in their pockets, but if they continue engaged in the gambling, they will be sucked up themselves in the vortex which they have made.

To many other prevailing popular doctrines of the political economists Sismondi says, 'No'—'No'—'No'—over and over again. Thus, a still greater hefeasy is his steady denial of the principle that the interference by the legislature with trade and commerce

is needless, nay mischievous.—‘Permit each person’—quoth the political economist, call him Adam Smith, call him M’Culloch, call him Chalmers, it is all the same—‘to seek his own interest in the way which suits him best, and you must be, since society consists only of individuals, promoting the general interest of society.’ Sismondi uncivilly contradicts this doctrine by the remark, that a thief seeks his own interest when he robs; and the man robbed seeks his own interest, when, not having the power to resist, he submits to be plundered in order to escape being knocked down. Merchants overreach, masters tyrannize—the positive intervention of the law is needed for the purpose of preventing injustice. This was his doctrine in the *Nouveaux Principes*. In his *Etudes* he gives it a new and special application. He now appears as the defender of the system of corporate privileges so strongly disowned by Adam Smith, and of which in our days—certainly not days of unchecked prosperity—we have witnessed in England the total downfall. Sismondi considers that, by the abolition of these franchises and labour-monopolies, we have deprived the poor of their inheritance.

Sixty years since—says Sismondi—labour, the sole capital of the poor, was comparatively a scarce article; there was not enough of it in the world: neither labour, nor pecuniary capital, nor the arts untutored by science, were sufficient to answer the demands of the consumer. In some parts of Europe mechanical labour might be contemned, but it was amply paid. There were many poor—for public calamities, national bankruptcies, fiscal extortions (it will be remarked, that Sismondi is speaking more particularly of France) frequently snatched away the bread from him who had gained it by the sweat of his brow: yet, on the other hand, there was no poor man who, able and willing to work, could not find work; and no line of business, which, managed with honest intelligence, assiduity, and economy, did not, on the whole, fairly succeed.

This general well-being subsisting amongst the labouring classes of towns—Sismondi continues—resulted in France from the *corps de métier*, or corporations, into which the industrial classes were formed, possessing a certain degree of coercive and legislative authority. Each corporation had the power of making laws whereby they might defend themselves against the aggression of other classes of the state, and also prevent an undue beating down or cheapening of their own labour. The main scope of these corporations was to limit the number of workmen, and thus, keeping up the price of hammer and hand in the labour market, to check competition, and prevent gluts. By these restraints the profits of the masters were in a certain degree equalised, whilst
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the workman, having once entered into his calling, might, if he conducted himself properly, not merely be assured, humanly speaking, of present maintenance, but also of rising, by sure though slow degrees, to a certain degree of competency in his old age. No one could enter these corporations otherwise than by service as an apprentice. This law limited the number of workmen in every way. It required the sacrifice of time on the part of the apprentice, and the master refused to take apprentices if work happened to be slack in the locality. The apprentice became an inmate in his master's house, and a member of his family. When his term of probation expired, he was admitted as a *compagnon* or *gesell*:—we had apprenticeship in England; but this intermediate stage of the *compagnon* was not so well defined—and the continental guilds limited the number of *compagnons* which the master could employ. Hence production never could be extended beyond a certain limit. The best workman produced the best goods, and drove the best trade, but none could produce overmuch: the warehouse could never be over filled. You never could have a glut in the market. Lastly, after the *compagnon* or *gesell* had fulfilled his *wandeljahr*, he became admitted into the *maîtrise*, but which only took place after he had satisfied the ruling body of his competency: then he became independent and married. Henceforward, though he might not become rich, he never, except in case of absolute vice or crime, could fall into squalid poverty. As long as he had strength for work, work could be found. The workman never had to beg employment as a boon. He never was at the mercy of the capitalist. When disabled by age or infirmity, there was a moral as well as a legal obligation on the part of his *compagnons* and his apprentices to work for him, besides which, he received help to fill up the gaps from the common stock or fund of the community.

But it will be asked—Sismondi says—did such an organization of the industrial classes enable them, as they do now, to avail themselves of the progress of science? Were the consumers equally well served? Did they obtain their goods on any terms approaching to the abundance and cheapness of the present day? Certainly not—but then, Sismondi replies—all those deficiencies and rudenesses and inconveniencies were fully compensated by the good which the restraint upon the production of the workman produced upon the character of the workmen themselves. What you lost in material riches, you gained in the elements composing the true and real wealth of nations.

Sismondi then considers, whether anything can be done *now* to promote the advantage of the industrial classes, and to restore them
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to some portion of the comfort which they have lost. He doubts whether any increase of capital would really add to their good. 'The *organisation antique des arts et des métiers* cannot be restored: certain as it is, that when this organization prevailed, the workmen enjoyed an infinitely greater degree of ease, security, and respectability than our present manufacturing classes. But the world will not put on again the bonds which it has broken. The privileges of the corporations have been abolished with shouts of triumph, as if it were a victory that the poor have gained over the rich; whereas, in fact, the corporations were invented for the protection of the poor, and they alone were gainers thereby. But the poor themselves never would consent to a retrograde movement—and perhaps they may be right: new habits have been formed; new interests created; great sufferings would result from closing the free entry into occupations now open to all.'

Sismondi has truly pointed out one of the political causes whence arose the increasing degradation and penury by which the labouring classes are now assailed: but other influences concurred in destroying the vested rights of the poor, besides those indicated by Sismondi, especially in England. Here the process began early, and has been most completely carried through. Nowhere has the swoop been so fell; therefore the vastness of the masses of misery. As a subject of historical inquiry, none can surpass in interest the investigation of the principles which converted the workman into the *operative*, and the villain into the *day-labourer*—we have often begun, and as often stopped in prosecuting the inquiry—but we dare not assert that, under the present state of national feeling, any remedial plan can be suggested, even by experience. We or our children must wait, until taught or compelled again by misery, to respect that teacher of wisdom.

Mr. Charles Buller, in his late speech upon systematic colonization—one replete with ability, with statesman-like views, and with excellent feeling—observed that the result of the previous debate upon the distress of the country was an universal agreement as to its existence, and a universal disunion as to the means by which it is to be removed. So long as this disunion of sentiment prevails, there is no power upon which legislation can be grounded. Laws are never effectual until they embody the feelings and opinions of human society: and until one definite and pervading principle gains the mastery, we must continue in our present condition, hoping against hope, waiting for deliverance—without any possibility of determining the duration of our Egyptian bondage—and yet, as certainly, without despair.

We have not space to enlarge upon Sismondi's minor works.

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With respect to the '*Etudes sur les constitutions des peuples libres*,' it is sufficient to observe, that, as he spoke to Napoleon, so he wrote, so he thought—advocating not the privileges of an aristocratic class, for the sake of an aristocracy, but the indispensable need of an aristocracy for the sake of the community.

The '*Histoire de la Chute de l'Empire Romain, et du Déclin de la Civilisation*' (1837), is, like all Sismondi's productions, clear and flowing, but it was bespoken, we believe, for that unlucky farrago, '*Lardner's Encyclopædia*,' and has the usual demerits of works of this class. Besides which, when we have read it, we obtain no clear idea whatever corresponding with the promises of the title—any more than we do by the more celebrated work of M. Guizot, which promises to develop the progress of '*Civilisation en Europe*'—nor shall we, until a definite answer be given to the four following questions, which we can assure our readers we have propounded in vain to several of the excellent individuals who are most zealously and conscientiously engaged in the popular associations of the present age intended for the moral and religious improvement of the whole human race:—1st. What are the specific characteristics and elements of '*civilization*?'—2nd. What are the benefits secured to the people, and particularly the '*masses*,' by '*civilization*?'—3rd. What are the causes opposing '*civilization*?'—and 4th. Is there ever any practical opposition between '*civilization*,' and Christianity or the Holy Scriptures? *Nowhere* do we find any satisfactory reply; possibly it may not be thought unworthy of the attention of those who employ the term of '*civilization*,' if they were to attempt to define their own meaning, as well as the end they propose to attain.

Let us now, before we quit Sismondi, enter his study and view him at his work as an author. Much is learned in the fine arts, when you can ascertain the course followed and the process employed by the great masters. Do we not delight to contemplate Michael Angelo rising at midnight, and, with his candle fixed into his paper-helmet, chipping away *con furia* at the marble; Paolo Veronese disposing his models on the table; Rembrandt sketching in his half-darkened room, with the ray gleaming upon Turkish bows and quivers, Damask sabres and Milan armour?

Sismondi was a man of the strictest and most conscientious accuracy, therefore he never depended upon secondary sources. He always worked from the originals: and he had the inestimable advantage of finding the main materials for his two great works already collected to his hand. It is very instructive to trace the effect produced by collections of historical materials. Never can those

those who consume their days and nights in these weary tasks, expect to witness the result of their labours. An hundred years after the press of the Louvre had given forth the Byzantine Historians, Gibbon was born, to avail himself of what had been provided for him by the munificence of Louis XIV. Muratori also, except so far as he was used by Gibbon, continued unopened—until Sismondi gave us, for the first time, a History of Italy. And, although the collections of Duchesne and Martene, and Durand, and Dom Bouquet, and the array of *Memoirs*, had been occasionally employed, still it remained for Sismondi truly to work French history from the mine.

As an historian he had to contend with a singular constitutional infirmity. His memory, as to dates, was remarkably bad: we have heard him remark that, with respect to a transaction which he had occasion to quote six several times in his History of Italy, he never could recollect the *chiffre*, of the year in which it occurred. In order to remedy this failing, he was accustomed to tabularise his matter over and over again. When he had brought his materials roughly together, he was equally painstaking in giving them shape and form. Every line of his Republics was written three times; so were almost all his historical works: towards the close of his life composition became easier, and some of the latter portions of his History of France were written only twice over. Equally elaborate was his process of correction: he corrected his proofs five or six times, usually reading them aloud twice over. A wise precaution—for without such a test it is difficult to understand how very different is the impression produced upon the mind by the sight of words upon paper, and the same idea when vitality is given to it by sound. With Sismondi's habits of composition, it is hardly necessary to observe that he never could have pursued his studies in a public library, and that, like Gibbon, he possessed in his own house all that was required. Public libraries,* important as they are as repositories of manuscripts and those rare books which the life-long diligence of the collector can alone obtain, are only occasional helps to profitable reading. Except, perhaps, with powers of abstraction not given to one in a thousand, no man can carry on the mental process entirely necessary for acquiring real knowledge, amidst the scramble of a crowd. Hence, the crude and superficial character of our popular literature.

A passage hastily scrambled out of one author, or verified out of another, may enable the writer to garnish his margins with

* But in order to prevent misapprehension, we must observe that libraries attached to institutions, like monastic or college libraries, are *private* libraries.

an array of references, but yet at the same time will never produce anything except tessellated work, coarse and showy, made up of separate pieces, and having no other bond of unity except the bed of mortar upon which they are laid. Whereas the real theory of composition is, to follow the example of the painter (we must be pardoned for again recurring to art as affording the lesson in a parallel), living as much as possible amongst the objects which he studies, every form which may present itself—the child playing before the cottage door, the dog curled round and basking in the sun, the tree reflected in the stream, the tint of the passing cloud :—and then, working up those studies into the sketch ;—and then transforming the sketch into the outline upon the canvass ;—and then the fine hair-thin outline repeated and effaced, and repeated and effaced, showing pentimento after pentimento, as Raphael was wont to do upon the priming until he was satisfied with his accuracy ;—and then the colours laid on—blended and mellowed into each other in a rich impasto ;—and then delicately glazed ;—until finally the picture has grown out of these successive labours, approaching to the ideal perfection which the artist had contemplated, but still so far from it that he never can look upon it, however finished to the eyes of others, without seeing some touch which he would wish to obliterate, correct, or amend. v

However paradoxical it may appear, we fully believe that public libraries, and similar institutions, as now existing in great cities, are impediments in the path, rather than means conducive to the improvement of the mind. Reading is an education carried on throughout life ; and, as is the case with almost every other branch of education, we are too apt, in the means, to lose sight of the end. The object of a library is not so much to make books, or readers of books, as to make students. Human knowledge is not to be pursued for its own sake, but as a discipline for the human mind. Knowledge otherwise is worth nothing. Never is any real benefit produced by reading for mere amusement. Cribbage, with its ‘fifteen-two, fifteen-four, and a pair are six,’ is an intellectual amusement of nearly as much dignity as such reading. In the tempting facilities offered by public libraries there is a great deception, at least under the present aspect of the literary world. They destroy the science of literature. Like machinery in manufactures, they increase production, at the expense of the strength of the staple. The article is not made for wear, but for the shop-window. Instead of the pattern being woven in the damask-silk, which would stand alone, it is printed on mock muslin, too often saturated with ‘devil’s dust.’ By using authorities as ‘books
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of reference, no real knowledge is gained beyond the mere aspect, if we may so call it, of the passage before you. You may settle the date of a battle or the circumstance of a death, but nothing more. It is not enough in these cases to visit the bank of the stream, you must sail down it; and unless the writer familiarises himself to the whole course of the subjects of study, by going along with them upwards and downwards, he will never feel their true connection with each other, or enter into their interest.

Give us the *one* dear book, cheaply picked from the stall by the price of the dinner; thumbed and dog's-eared; cracked in the back, and broken at the corner; noted on the fly-leaf, and scrawled on the margin; sullied and scorched, torn and worn; smoothed in the pocket, and grimed on the hearth; damped by the grass, and dusted amongst the cinders; over which you have dreamt in the grove and dozed before the embers: but read again, again, and again, from cover to cover. It is by this one book, and its three or four single successors, that more real cultivation has been imparted, than by all the myriads which bear down the mile-long, bulging, bending shelves of the Museum, the Imperial Library, or the Bibliothèque du Roi.

ART. II.—1. *Lectures on the Coinage of the Greeks and Romans; delivered in the University of Oxford*, by Edward Cardwell, D.D., Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and Camden Professor of Ancient History. pp. 232. 1832.

2. *A Numismatic Manual*. By John Yonge Akerman, F.S.A., &c. pp. 420. 1840.

3. *A Descriptive Catalogue of Rare and Unedited Roman Coins, from the Earliest Period of the Roman Coinage to the Extinction of the Empire under Constantine Paleologus; with numerous Plates from the Originals*. By John Yonge Akerman, F.S.A., &c. 2 vols. pp. 1018. 1834.

WHEN some uninitiated modern, not yet infected with the virus of *virtu*, sees the collector dozing on his coins, and hears him discoursing of their preciousness, he is quite at a loss to account for an interest so deep shown about rusty copper, and an eloquence so profuse displayed upon antiquated money lost by thrifty housewives in the times of old. It seems to him in the nature of a new sense, or, likelier, of a new nonsense. He cannot comprehend an enthusiasm, apparently both hot and strong, for hoarding coins no longer current, nor can he estimate a mode of valuation

valuation so glaringly inadequate as that which the antiquary sets upon his mouldered pence; nay, when he spends an instructive hour in Leigh Sotheby's prince of auction-rooms, and is then and there made cognizant, by the testimony of his own eyes and ears, of the startling price given for some drachma or denarius of more than common interest, he complacently thanks his own good sense, that it has hitherto preserved him from the folly of walking forth a numismatic maniac.

Still, in sober cheerfulness, there are many excuses to be urged on behalf of the coin-enthusiast. He is neither a miser who worships money for its own dull sake, nor a madman who endows it with imaginary attributes. He is nothing of the mere-dealer, who seeks his mercenary gain in purchasing rare specimens at common prices,—the matter-of-fact trader in antiquity, whose first object it is to lay out his capital shrewdly, so that from the field of prostituted knowledge he may reap the harvest of vulgar cash: nor yet will he confess to the spirit of 'restless Curio,' which rejoices in the selfish possession of a *Pertinax*, and will outbid national museums to secure some choice unique, with the sole view of reflecting on himself an *ignis-fatuus* of learned notoriety. He is not to be taunted as a 'keen critic in rust,' nor to be dubbed a jealous snatcher from time's own teeth of morsels fit only for oblivion: and he will scorn to be accounted one of those greedy shareholders in the numismatic lottery, who have in their eyes the goodness of a bargain rather than the educational ideas floating round antiquity itself,—who regard the accident of rarity rather than the quality of interest,—and who are scarcely gifted with intelligence capable of higher flights than pricing a catalogue or watching for a fortunate investment. These sutlers and lucre-led camp-followers, encumbering the march of antiquarianism among the ruins of old time,—all these and similar characters the true numismatist will disavow; and (with a humble saving-clause for his own human infirmity) will protest against any sympathy with their feelings, or participation in their motives. Far higher would he claim to be regarded,—and let us hear him in his foolishness,—as the meditative poet, as the clear-sighted historian, as the entertained connoisseur in art, and the well-taught student of humanity. The true collector, says Addison, 'does not look upon his cabinet of medals as a treasure of money, but a store of knowledge; seeing he may find as much thought on the reverse of a coin as in a canto of Spenser.' The true collector is not the demented 'antiquist' of a wrathful Pinkerton, the pseudo-doctor who would value mystery above knowledge, who prefers the obscurity of rust to a legible inscription,

tion, and justifies his ignorance of the present by doubting of the past; but rather the good, the honest-hearted 'antiquary,' credulous, if you will, as old Herodotus, but as brimfull of his simple charity and uncompromising truthfulness, who seeks by any means to add the history of men and ages past away, to a close and sociable acquaintance with modern times and manners. He looks upon his coins as silent monitors, teaching many things. Delicately traced upon those small green fields, he can discern and read a thousand poetical impersonations; within their magic circles he discovers the historic record, and inspects the contemporary portraiture of deeds and those who dared them centuries ago. He can show to the artist and the sculptor the time-hallowed perfection of design, and grouping, and microscopic modelling: he can take the architect aside, and exhibit to him 'triumphal arches, temples, fountains, aqueducts, amphitheatres, circi, hippodromes, palaces, basilicas, columns, obelisks, baths, sea-ports, pharoses,' and other glorious edifices, which have long since in substance crumbled into dust, and the shadows whereof, thus only fixed for ever on a coin, may help him in his structure of to-day, and teach him to venerate the mighty builders of antiquity. He can, for his own high intellectual pleasure, make acquaintance with a world of miniature figures, many and minute as the fairy forms in a midsummer night's dream, shaped each and all in elegance and beauty; figures, or profiles of ideal deifications, all the more interesting from having probably been copies of then existing works by Phidias, Apelles, Parrhasius, or Praxiteles, or some other Promethean quickener of the stucco, or the canvas, or the Parian stone; and he can at sight borrow from these little people of the mint, faultless conceptions of the excellent in form, and graceful ease in composition. He can amuse and instruct, nay, elevate, his mind, with ingenious allegories, deep myths of eternal truth, and the manifold embodying of abstract attributes. For example, let him look for a minute on these few reverses of the Roman large brass,—he sees Valour standing fully armed,—Honour robed and chapletted,—Happiness crowned with obliscent poppies,—Concord with extended hand, and the horn of plenty in her bosom,—Hope tripping lightly, and smiling on a flower-bud,—Peace offering the olive-branch,—Fortune resting on a rudder,—Military Faith stretching forth his consecrated standard,—Abundance emptying her cornucopia,—Security leaning on a column,—Modesty veiled and sitting,—Piety taking her gift to the altar,—Fruitfulness in the midst of her nurslings,—Equity adjusting her scales,—Victory with wings and coronal and trumpet,—Eternity holding the globe and risen Phoenix,

Phoenix, or, better, seated on a starry sphere,—Liberty with cap and staff,—National Prosperity sailing as a good ship before the favouring gale,—and Public Faith (look to this, Columbia!) with joined hands clasping between them the palms of success and the caduceus of health.

These, and such as these, unillumined eyes might only deem fit for some old Prætorian to have therewith paid his tavern reckoning, or at best for some curious modern to use as markers at his whist: to the enlightened they are replete with classical interest, heraldic device, geographical knowledge, evidences of early civilization, and curious objects both of nature and of art; he finds them charged, on obverse or on reverse, with legends of heroic valour,—with names and types of cities to their modern sites unknown,—with head-dresses, jewellery, highly-wrought arms, embroidered robes, and, above all, with exquisite delineations of human beauty; he perceives upon them also the likeness of strange creatures, as the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the crocodile, the Tyrian murex, and the cuttle-fish; as well as those more fabulous abortions, a sphinx or a minotaur, a pegasus, a phoenix, a chimæra. He may, guided by a Gnossian didrachmon, roam nowadays the labyrinth of Crete, and find it a maze differing only from that in the Harrow Road by being square instead of circular: taught by a Cydonian obolus, he may perceive that Rome, ever plagiarizing upon Greece, stole the idea of wolf and twins from the young Miletus and his foster-mother Lupa: and, warned by certain well-known tetradrachms, bearing a crafty snake that emerges from a hamper, he may note therein a fitting prototype for the hanaper office and chancery litigation. Yet more to the purpose, for it tends to his deeper knowledge of mankind, man's noblest study, he sees the medal pictured in all faithfulness with 'many ancient customs, as sacrifices, triumphs, congiaries, allocutions, decursions, lectisterniums, consecrations, homages, and other antiquated names and ceremonies that we should not have had so just a notion of, were they not still preserved on coins.' So, from learning ancient manners, he learns man, even down to this our day: and not less,—in the flattering titles showered upon tyrants, who, being such as Nero, Domitian, or Caracalla, are sure to go forth severally dubbed 'pius, felix, augustus,' and 'the father of his country,' or, in the lying epithets of warlike triumph applied to effeminate cowards, who, being such as Commodus and Caligula, unblushingly take the names of Dacian, or German, or Britannic conqueror,—he may trace the sycophancy of men in all ages to their worst and unworthiest oppressors; nay, he may find Greece, the Roman's slave, fawning in the depths of her degradation on an emperor as her 'god' supreme, on a senate as 'the conclave of divinities.'

divinities.' Moreover, he can study the physiognomy, or, if he be so minded, even the more dubious phrenology, of magnates and leaders and liberators, and others the giants of old time—may speculate on their seeming dispositions, and compare the characters which history has given them with the lineaments of their acknowledged likeness; lineaments so true to life and nature,—(saving only in the few and well-seen instances of complimenting a new emperor by investing him in his predecessor's features)*—that the stamped metal bears testimony alike to its own genuineness, and to the voice of history.

It should be considered that, however stale and commonplace many of these concreted virtues or local genii now may seem to our long-accustomed eyes, burdened as those mystic figures are with the frequent cornucopia and other triter emblems, there was a time when these so obvious thoughts were new, just-born, unfledged—and that time might have been the coin's own birthday. Keeping this in mind, how many of the countries in the wise old world are typified in a fine spirit both of poetry and truth on the beautiful money of ancient Greece and Rome! It would seem not improbable that the personification of nations upon coins was the same as that adopted in triumphal processions. There, in appropriate masquerade, mingled with the military pageantry, were borne on stages or platforms the figured representatives of conqueror and conquered; there, the Dacian lay bound, while the Roman built a trophy of his arms; there, 'sad Judæa wept beneath her palm,' and 'being desolate, sat upon the ground,' while the Gentile sentinel stood guarding her and mocking; there, some dusky Ethiopian, drawn in a car by elephants, leaning on tusks of ivory, and holding out the scorpion, personated Africa; the crocodile, the sistrum, and the ibis testified to formal Egypt; Spain had her strange barbaric weapons, and the timid coney that creeps in her Sierras; Arabia, laden with spices, followed with the camel at her feet; Parthia, 'fidens fugâ versisque sagittis,' came in the procession with bow and quiver at her back; Sicily was chapletted with Cerealic wheat; Achaia wore her coronet of parsley; Britain leant upon a rock, enthroned amid the seas; and Italy, the world's stern step-mother, was crowned like Cybele with towers of strength, sat on the celestial sphere, and stretched forth the sceptre of her monarchy.

Yet further; for more than may allure his fancy, for higher things than serve to tickle ingenuity, the sensible numismatist looks with satisfaction on his coins. In them he perceives the very seed-corn of history, pocket epitomes of interesting facts,

* The early Trajans, for example, exhibit the head of Nerva—as we have a coin of Henry VIII. masked with his father's face.

stepping-stones across the shallows of Lethe. Within the series of a few continuous coins he can read the records of otherwise unstoried empire, and at once aid memory and prove historic truth as he notes them nested in his cabinet.

Dr. Cardwell has well stated that famous instance of the testimony given by ancient coins to history, in the matter of Thurium; and various others in which the corroboration of laconic statements, nay the filling up of vague sketches, have been due to the preservation of these tiny memorials. But examples might be multiplied at will: perhaps we may, in soberness, be said to know as much of the world's history—the Roman world in particular—from ancient money as from authors: indeed, many of the mighty among men, and more of their mighty deeds, would have remained unknown to their posterity but for some numismatic witness to their lives and actions. How little, but for coins, could the student know of the goodly reigns of Nerva and Trajan; nay, even of the better chronicled days of Hadrian and Probus? How inadequately, were it not for them, would he have estimated the high civilization of ancient Sicily—of Syracuse, Heraclea, and chiefly Agrigentum? How lightly would he have deemed of Rome's early struggles with the states of Magna Græcia, if he had not the testimony of coins to the refinement of Tarentum, and unequalled elegance of Thurium? But for coins, how little had he known, or knowing kept in memory, the civilizing occupation of our own Albion under Claudius, and Hadrian, and Geta, and Severus? Where else could he have read at all, or in any case half so well, of the beautiful unhistoried Philistia, of the Ptolemaic and Antiochian kings, of the Sassanidæ, Arsacidæ, and other monarchs of the East, and the consular families of Western Rome? Not a little let us Britons at the ends of the earth confess to owe of historic facts to the care and skill of the numismatist; we speak but of our earliest age, our otherwise unstoried childhood: Tascio and Segonax, equally with heroical Bonduca and the noble-hearted Cymbeline, are found, almost exclusively from coins, to have been far other than fabulous personages; and Ifars, Anlaf, and Sithric, primal kings of Ireland, claim from coins alone to be considered as realities. Imagine what stability it would add to our belief in the existence of a quondam King Lear, or the sturdy Brutus of our London-Troy, to discover pieces of metal stamped with their images and superscriptions; with what corroborated faith would we think of the chivalric Arthur, if we found an obol charged obverse with his profile, and reverse with the Round Table! With what interest would the men of Bath gaze upon their Bladud, and on the fortunate thirsty swine that laid the foundations of his city!

To take a few only of those great names who have confessed an interest in what Addison does not scruple to style 'the science' of numismatics—Pericles and Augustus are to be counted among its patrons, no less than Elizabeth and Leo, and yesterday the Napoleon of war, as to-day the Napoleon of peace; Lorenzo and Petrarch take their rank among the band; Alfred, Bede, Alcuin, and the elder Bacon are reported, on sufficient grounds, to have been of the fraternity; Cromwell too, following the example of his martyred master; Selden, Camden, Laud, Clarendon, Evelyn, Wren—not to mention Walpole, and a thousand of less note—knew the joys of the collector. But in truth, from Rubens and Raffaele, from Chantrey, and Canova, and Thorwaldsen, from Newton, and Mead, and Hunter, down to the veriest smatterer in art and science of our own all-educating day, it is probable that few men of intellect have escaped the influenza of a hankering for coins, if at times they were incautiously exposed to the attractions of a cabinet: for it is verily both a pleasant thing and profitable to collect, possess, study, and enjoy these small but imperishable records of the past, pocket triumphs, miniature temples, deciduous morsels shed from Fame's true laurel, whose stem is iron and its leaves bronze and its buds silver and expanded flowrets gold, and the bloom or patina as the morning dew upon them all; to keep, we say, and have a property in, these little monuments of brass as lasting as the pyramids—these scorias struck out on all sides when the fetters of an empire were forged—these relics of primitive antiquity more genuine than Helen's cross or Peter's chain—these elixir-drops of concentrate durability congealed to adamant and graven with the short-hand memorials of truth—these ineffaceable transcripts of character, fact, and feature—in number multiplied, and in authenticity undoubted, that now at these last days may well defy the ravages of chance, change, suppression, or forgetfulness.

The word coin is derived from κοινός, common or current; and occurs on some Greek money nominally of Alexander, but really of the Roman Emperor Philip, a difficulty well explained in one of the valuable lectures of the Camden Professor:—

'We have coins bearing on the obverse the head of Alexander the Great, encircled with a diadem, together with the inscription ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΥ, and on the reverse a warrior on horseback, with the inscription ΚΟΙΝΟΝ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΩΝ. Now, were this the whole account that the coins in question afford us of themselves, we should probably have assigned them to some period in the history of Macedon connected with that illustrious conqueror. We might indeed conceive that the coins of Alexander would extend themselves as far as his conquests, and that, in acknowledgment of his talents and of their admiration, his successors would still retain his name and impress long after he was dead.

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We find too, even on a slight acquaintance with numismatic antiquities, that many cities of Greece and Asia did in fact adopt the badges chosen by him for the coins of Macedon, and that they continued to be in use to an advanced period of the Roman empire. Still if the coins, that I am considering, had given us no further tokens of their date, we should probably have assigned them to Macedon, without fixing upon any precise time in Grecian history as the exact period they belonged to. Fortunately we find, after the word MAKEΔONΩΝ, other letters, which convey a reference to Roman history of the time of the empire, and beneath the figure of the horse the three Greek numerals EOC, expressing the date 275. Now, referring this date back to the battle of Actium, the epoch commonly adopted during the time of the empire, we are brought down to the year of Rome 998, corresponding with the year 245 of the Christian era, the precise period at which Philip the elder, who then occupied the throne of the Cæsars, was celebrating his recent victories in the East, and connecting them, as we may suppose, with the ancient fame of Alexander the Great. To complete the proof, if confirmation be wanting, we meet with a medal having the same reverse in all its particulars of inscription, device, and date, but bearing on the obverse the titles of this very Philip, with the head of a Roman emperor. So then these coins, which, from most of their tokens, might at first sight have been assigned to a much earlier period, were minted for the use of Macedon, about the middle of the third century after Christ, in obedience to the mandate of the emperor Philip, and displaying some alleged connexion between that emperor and the ancient conqueror of the East.—pp. 35, 36.

The word *κωνόν* not unfrequently occurs elsewhere; as, for example, on a silver piece from Cyrene in Africa, bearing obversely the head of Jupiter Ammon, and with its characteristic silphium on the reverse. This silphium, we may note in passing, was a plant yielding a drug as much esteemed by ancient Greeks as opium is now by the Chinese: it was called *Opopanax*, or *heal-all*—and as a matter of course effected miraculous cures. So great was its price that, according to Pliny, Julius Cæsar defrayed the expenses of the first civil war by selling 110 ounces of silphium, which he found stored in the public treasury. After thus much we may be startled to be told, that a drug so choice was neither more nor less than *assafetida*. But to return.

Some have preferred to *κωνόν* the etymology of 'cuneus,' a wedge or ingot, asserting that the earliest form of money was the lump or mass. Whether 'cuneus' be the root or not, the fact is indisputable that mere crude metal was weighed as money long anterior to its formation into coin. 'Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver, four hundred shekels, current with the merchants; now, the shekel was a weight centuries before it was a coin; 3000, according to Arbuthnot, being equal to a talent; and the word

'current' may be understood more fitly by sterling, as being unalloyed, of right assay; the word 'sterling,' as we need hardly observe, being a corruption of Easterling, so termed from the money of Eastern Germany, which was remarkably pure, and therefore in request, at a period when our own coinage was excessively corrupt. We all remember too how Brennus the Gaul flung his heavy sword into the scales that were too penuriously weighing the ransom of Rome: and similar instances need not be multiplied. Unminted bullion, as a legalized medium of exchange, is not less a modern than it has been an ancient expedient: for it has been revived in our own times by Mr. Ricardo, although the project was abortive and dropped immediately, only one brick of gold weighing sixty ounces, and impressed with a sovereign stamp, having been made and issued for foreign commerce: a leaden model of this, gilt to resemble the original, is now in the British Museum; and furnishes a remarkable illustration of the manner in which the arts circulate, 'the whirligig of time bringing round its revenges.' The progress from lumps of metal to the minted 'flan' of coinage, was gradual and natural: for, after the mere mass or weight, it would seem likely that the gold bracelet, the mancus, the torques, or the fibula, or other decoration, of legitimate size and purity, succeeded: as, to take a familiar instance, we find Le Balafre in Quentin Durward paying his reckoning with links untwisted from his gold neck-chain: in like manner the bracelets of Judah, and his staff (upon which the signet was commonly carried), were Tamar's hire; the bushels of gold rings by which Carthage bought a truce with Rome, were possibly this sort of substitute for coin: the same kind of ornamental money (and the idea of combining money with ornament is still extant in head-dresses of Venetian sequins, and in circlets of old coins worn commonly in the East) has been dug up by the Duke of Argyll from beneath the upright stones at Inverary.

Others have been found in Ireland—of which Mr. Akerman gives faithful representations, and thus writes:—

'With regard to the iron rings mentioned by Cæsar, it is somewhat remarkable that nothing of the kind is known to have been discovered with British coins in England; while in Ireland rings of gold and brass have been dug up in great numbers. Enough to load a cart were found in a tumulus, in Monaghan, a few years since; and this fact proves, that though these rings might occasionally have been applied to the purposes of money, they were originally intended for fibulae, or some such personal ornaments.'

We must confess that, at first sight, the fact of finding a cart-load of these rings seems to us to prove the direct opposite—namely, that it was rather a hoard of cash than an accumulation of ornaments.

ornaments. Mr. Akerman might, we think, have stated a better reason for his opinion; it is not impossible that over the dead body of a chieftain his followers may have flung their bracelets in his honour. Nevertheless, when we recollect that the Egyptian hieroglyphic for money is a ring, we think it less likely that a tribe should impoverish itself, than that their chief should hoard his treasures.

But precious *metal* (and this word is more likely to be the root of 'medal' than the Arabic 'methalia,' head) was soon found to require some guarantee for its purity, as well as the more easily discoverable fact of its just weight; and in a day when seals were sacred things, no test was so obvious as the signet. Heraldic emblems, or rather allegorical devices, to save an anachronism in terms, would appear to be the first idea—as the Babylonish lion, Ægina's tortoise, Boeotia's shield, the lyre of Mytilene, and the wheat of Metapontum; but it would soon seem advisable to add the sanction of religion to that of mere honour, and this will at once account for the common impress of the head of some divinity. Thus Juno, Diana, Ceres, Jove, Hercules, Apollo, Bacchus, Pluto, Neptune, and many of the rest of the Pantheon, have sanctioned by their effigies impressed the most perfect mean of barter in the world. Superstition dared not cheat, in the very face of Rhodes's brilliant Phœbus, of the stern Athenian Minerva, and the mighty Jupiter of Macedon. Almost without doubt the coin's prototype, the original model of these beautiful heads, was in each respective case some statuary idol, venerable for alleged miracles as any Lady of Loretto, or for indefinite antiquity as the black Jupiter now doing duty as St. Peter. It seems to us clear that it was owing to this exhibition of idolatry on coins that the Jewish shekel never bore a head, but was charged only with the almond rod and pot of ~~anna~~ ^{anna}; for Israel, as we know by her banners, might innocently bear an heraldic emblem, but was forbidden to fashion any device which the heathen nations worshipped. Mohammedan money in like manner, and for a similar reason, is prohibited by the Koran from exhibiting any portraiture. Another interesting fact may be explained in an analogous manner:—namely, that until Alexander of Macedon had overrun the Persian monarchy in the East, and until Julius Cæsar had consummated the Roman empire in the West, no image of a living man was permitted to be stamped upon a coin; deities or heroes alone could presume to give a sanction to the national credit.

Besides and beyond the usual metals (gold, silver, and copper), many and strange substitutes have often been adapted as means of commercial circulation. Dr. Cardwell says:—

'We are informed, on such authority as that of Suidas, that money of leather and of shells was once used by the Romans; and by Cedrenus, that wood was also employed by them for the same purpose. Aristides says that leather money was once current at Carthage, and Seneca makes the same remark on Sparta. But with respect to all these cases alike we may answer, that no such money is now known to exist; that the authorities quoted are in no instance competent evidence respecting times so far remote from them; and that if such money ever had existed, and could have been preserved to the present day, it would be as utterly destitute of historical usefulness to us as of intrinsic value in itself. We are told, on authority somewhat more considerable, that iron was used in the same manner at Sparta, at Clazomenæ, at Byzantium, and at Rome, and tin also, by Dionysius of Syracuse. No ancient specimen in either of these metals has ever been discovered; but we may admit that such coins have actually existed, and may account for their total disappearance by the extreme remoteness of the time when they were made, and the great probability that they would long since have been decomposed. Lead has also been mentioned by ancient authors as formerly used in coinage.'—p. 94.

We do not altogether agree with Dr. Cardwell in much of the above, especially in the apparent incredulity as to Suidas, &c.; for we can add with certainty to this list a multitude of well known similar substitutes, many even much stranger, and worse adapted for exchange. For example, a species of coal-money, and circular bits of hide, are not unfrequent in our British barrows; the Dutch have minted pasteboard: our old exchequer tallies might be called in some sort wooden money; James II. coined gun-metal; in 1690 we had a tin coinage to the extent of 70,000*l.*; lead and pewter have circulated largely as tradesmen's tokens; the Malays have a currency of betel-nuts, the Madagascar people of almonds, the African tribes cowrie-shells, the inhabitants of Yucatan certain seeds of plants, and the original settlers in Massachusetts accounted 'musket-balls, full bore,' a legal tender; so lately as in 1803, *teste* Captain Marryat, deer-skins at the stated value of 40 cents per pound were a legalized mean of barter at Cincinnati, and if proffered instead of money could not be refused. But no need to look either far back or far abroad: *silver-paper*, flimsy as a stoutish cobweb, liable more than any sibylline leaves to be scattered and destroyed by water, wind, and fire, exposed to demolition by mere contact with its sturdy brother cash, and to illegibility from mere grease and dirt,—this very type of insecurity, if not of immateriality, is our own chief circulating medium, and represents our highest sums.

Coins were first stamped on one side only, the reverse of the earliest Greek money being the impress of points on which the
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stricken flan was fixed, and that of our own most ancient British, as well as some of indefinite antiquity from Hindostan, being the indentation of a smooth concavity. The metal was a bead hot from the furnace—perhaps our own *skeattas* (shot-money) were so called from their form before striking—and the money, when stamped, was often naturally serrated, from radiation caused by the blow; this effect giving the first idea for our modern safeguard against clipping—the milled edge. The simple mechanism used for minting were hammer, anvil, and pincers, as we find them pourtrayed on an interesting consular coin inscribed 'MONETA.' Now, concerning the dies, nothing is more wonderful in ancient coins than their infinite variety. Dr. Cardwell says, and the statement is known to be correct by all numismatists,—

'It may also be a matter of surprise, that, with their imperfect command over metals, the ancients should still have recourse to the hammer for common purposes, as they would be compelled, from want of a well-tempered material, to be constantly making new dies, after a small number of impressions had been taken; but this difficulty only furnishes us with a new evidence in favour of what has been stated as to the general practice. It is a singular fact, that in very few instances have any two ancient coins been found which evidently proceeded from the same die. The Prince Torre-Muzza, for instance, who was for many years a collector of Sicilian medals,* could not find in his extensive cabinet any two that corresponded in all particulars with each other.'—pp. 101, 102.

It is possible that these perishable dies, so exquisite in workmanship, may have been carved, for the greater ease, in a sort of clay, or other plastic composition, which, hardened by heat, would thus be made capable of striking one impression on the drop of precious metal still softened from the furnace. The ancients had no steel, their coins were numberless, and the dies as diverse as the coins. Striking, not casting, was, from many marks, their method; and we can only imagine that the heavy hammer had attached to its face the quasi mould, the highly-wrought but fragile dies, which, like Virgil's bees, must perish as they strike—

'Animasque in vulnere ponunt.'

Even with all our modern skill, and its many mechanical appliances, the longevity of dies, steel of treble temper though they be, is always problematical; one may be capable of striking half a million coins without material deterioration, while another will give way beneath a score; to so many casualties are steel dies liable from the variations of temperature, from degrees of force in striking, from chemical deficiencies in the original process of face-hardening, and from other causes little understood.

* This collection was purchased by Lord Northwick.

But leaving thus too slightly touched the mysterious topic of an ancient die, upon which no light has been thrown even by the discovery of moulds for casting, which were certainly the tools of Gaulish forgers, let us proceed with the history of coins. It is a remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding high civilization, there appears to have existed no money in Egypt anterior to the Persian occupancy. Cash does not seem to have entered into the calculations of a Pharaoh, and nothing like a coin is found upon sculptures or papyri: Joseph's 'money for the corn' need not have been other than personal ornaments; and although there are extant an abundance of circular seals or 'cartouches' stamped on burnt clay, we nowhere see the idea carried on to the precious metals.

The earliest known coins, or at least those now in being, bore the indented square, as the monies of Ægina: to this soon succeeded simple incusion, as the wheat-ear of Metapontum, and the bull's head of Phocis. And this incused kind of coin followed probably very close upon the indented; for, instead of being fixed on points, the idea would soon occur of fixing the metal on some slightly yielding surface—lead, for example, or wood—so as to produce a reversed intaglio of the obverse cameo. Incused coins next came to have two different impressions: thus we find the Neptune of Posidonia with his drapery arranged both back and front, evidencing distinctly the obverse and the reverse. To this succeeded the double stamp—or proper tail-piece added to the profile—often within squares, as we find on the Darics, and early Athenian money; from which step it is easy to imagine further gradations, until the perfect medal is attained. And a word here concerning the term medal—Dr. Cardwell observes,—

'You will have observed that the words "coins" and "medals" have hitherto been used indiscriminately, as if it were not intended to acknowledge that any important distinction exists between them. The distinction, in point of fact, has not been generally observed; and the neglect of it is probably owing to the impossibility of separating those specimens which were intended to be used as money, from specimens designed for other purposes. There are, indeed, some among them of so large a size, and so peculiar in other respects, that they cannot be confounded with common currency; but for these I reserve the term *medallion*, intending to use the term *medals* as denoting all minted pieces whatsoever, and *coins* to distinguish those among them which were designed as money.

'It was an opinion, however, maintained by Hardouin, and before him by Erizzo, that none of the various specimens we possess were issued as money, but were all of them originally bestowed as tokens or memorials. But the opinions of Hardouin, as Barthelemy well observes, have no longer any claim to be refuted; and the circumstances of the case

case are so directly opposed to this opinion of his, that we now endeavour to ascertain what medals are tokens or memorials by examining whether they possess the known characteristics of coins.

‘Those characteristics may be thus briefly stated. Wherever any class of specimens preserves the same specific character, though minted in different years, or even reigns, or even, as in some cases, in different centuries; wherever they present a uniformity of weight, or device, or general style of workmanship, allowing only for the changes required by the varying condition of the arts; wherever they have been found in immense numbers; wherever they bear in their inscription either the name or the denoted value of a coin: in those cases we may infer that they were issued as common money. We have, for instance, a series of gold and silver coins of Philip and Alexander, preserving a strict correspondence with each other, and being specimens, doubtless, of the money so often mentioned by ancient authors under the names of those illustrious sovereigns. We have also a long series of Athenian tetradrachms, varying somewhat, as we might naturally expect, in their actual weight, but maintaining a constant resemblance to each other, and extending apparently from the earliest times down to the Christian era.

‘On the contrary, when medals are of much greater bulk than the common coins of the same country; when they are few in number, and yet varying among themselves; when, in addition to these circumstances, they are highly finished in their workmanship, we cannot reasonably consider them as money, and must include them in the class of medallions. We have examples in each of the three metals.’—pp. 88-90.

The fact seems to be that the distinction between a coin and a medal is very much one of modern invention. Addison, speaking of ancient mintage, recognises no difference whatever between them: Mr. Payne Knight is of opinion that, even in the case of a medallion, from a Cæsar’s gift-of-grace to his favourite, even to the beautiful Sicilian prize for the Athlete, it had its legal value, and is to be accounted as a coin. There would seem in all cases to be a specialty of die; and if the fact of a legalised currency is nowhere recorded as to medallions, either on their face or concerning them in authors, at least we know nothing to the contrary.

However clumsy the mechanical contrivances of the ancients, their progress towards perfection in design, and in artistic execution of the die, was astonishingly rapid. Mr. Akerman says:—

‘In the types of some of the earliest Greek coins we find a spirit and a boldness, both in design and execution, with which many of the more elaborate productions of modern times will not bear comparison. The rude, and often misshapen, lump of silver upon which these types are impressed, contrasts most singularly with the wonderful freedom and spirit of the design. Armour, weapons, animals, plants, utensils, and the most graceful representations of the human figure, appear in infinite
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and astonishing variety within a space so circumscribed, that the artists of antiquity would seem to have sometimes vied with each other in the production of the most striking representations within the smallest possible limits.'—*Num. Man.* p. 12.

Of the earliest annals of *forgery* we know nothing; but, so long ago as 600 A.C., we find Solon issuing sanguinary laws against the crime. Hereafter we shall have a word to say about many modes of fraudulently imitating coins, as far as collectors are concerned; but perhaps the uninitiated will not be prepared to hear that ancient forgeries are as common as modern ones, and would be even more evidently so if the astuter moderns had not often forged ancient forgeries! Under Claudius, Rome found herself inundated with legalised false coins—a regular issue of denarii formed of silver plating over an iron foundation; and when the people, to evade such a currency, cut the edges with a file, there were issued serrated coins of a similar dishonest mintage.

To detail at length the progress of coinage might be rather of the duller. Silver seems to have taken precedence, and to have been in its utmost purity at Athens, which had no gold coins of her own, but contented herself with the Cyzicenes and Darics of her neighbours, and governed the money market of the ancient world by the standard of her own just currency. Copper followed at an early period—perhaps almost simultaneously—to answer the demand for subdivision, though Athens issued silver coins no heavier than two grains; and gold, in a race almost equal, was probably the last: all being of very pure standard, far exceeding modern notions of a just assay. Dr. Cardwell tells us that 'the most important property of the Athenian coinage was its purity, carried to so great an extent that no baser metal appears to have been mixed with it as an alloy;' and 'the specimens of Athenian silver now remaining are of the highest degree of purity.' And again, for other times and countries, among the ancients, 'the Darics of Persia appear to have contained only one-twenty-fourth part of alloy; the gold coins of Philip and Alexander reach a much higher degree of fineness; and, from some experiments made at Paris on a gold coin of Vespasian, it appears that in that instance the alloy was only in the ratio of 1 to 788. In our own gold coin the alloy consists of 1 part in 12.'—p. 96.

The earliest money—no doubt from some patriarchal idea connecting all property with flocks and herds—though some say from the idolatry of the bull, so prevalent in the East, from Sol having entered Taurus at the era of the creation—was impressed with the figure of a bull; at least with some kind of *pecus*. Maurice, in his

his 'Antiquities of India,' vol. vii., gives an interesting testimony to this fact 'that the earliest coins were stamped with the figure of an ox or sheep.' For proof that they actually did thus impress them, we can appeal to the high authority of Scripture; for there we are informed that Jacob bought a parcel 'of a field for an hundred pieces of money' (Gen. xxxiii. 19). The original Hebrew term, translated pieces of money, is 'kesitoth,' which signifies 'lambs;' with the figure of which the metal was doubtless stamped.

There seems to be an odd incredulity in Dr. Cardwell's mind respecting this primitive sort of money, whereof Pliny (N. H., xxxiii., 3) says, 'Signatum est notis pecudum, unde et pecunia appellata.' Dr. Cardwell says distinctly (p. 144), 'As to the early coinage of Rome, we may observe that, if a "pecus" were the first device impressed upon it, there is no known specimen of it in existence.' Now in the British Museum, not to mention other less accessible collections, there is in existence a specimen of the original Roman As, with a bull impressed upon it, (we had almost said,) as large as life; for the specimen in question is in surface nearly the dimensions of a brick. Again, as to Greece, Dr. Cardwell states,—

'I may observe, that in none of these specimens, nor yet in any known coin of Athens hitherto discovered, is there that impress of a bull, which is said by Plutarch to have been the device adopted by the Athenians as early as the days of Theseus, and is commonly supposed to have given occasion to the proverb *βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσση*.'—p. 120.

Since Dr. Cardwell could get over the Latin household word 'pecunia,' one could not expect him to be staggered even with a genuine proverb in the case of Greece. We are far from unaware that the interchange of arms between Diomed and Glaucus, and the valuation *ἑκατομβοί' ἑννεαβοίων*, is not likely to be at once admitted as proof sufficient against the *ἄδoctor*: but there are various points to be considered before we adopt his conclusion. Theseus, according to Plutarch, is said to have stamped bulls; the Trojan war was undertaken when Menestheus, successor of Theseus, reigned in Athens, and when accordingly these bull-coins would be seemingly in circulation; while, as to the explanation that the armours had really cost separately one hundred bulls and nine bulls, creatures with horns and hoofs, it would be as reasonable to say hereafter of one hundred sovereigns, or of nine rose-nobles, that they intended a century of kings, or a tailor's sum of vermilion-visaged peers. It was a similar confusion of ideas which gave force to the pleasantry of Agesilaus, who, when compelled to retire from an invasion of Asia by the force of Persian gold, (the well-known Darics which had bribed over Sparta,) declared that it was no wonder he had been defeated, for he had

to fight against thirty thousand *archers*. - It certainly appears to us that the bulls which purchased those Homeric arms were silver bulls; and we think the true explanation of their having become non-extant to stand as thus:—first, there is no great wonder if money of such extreme antiquity should not have survived to our day; for the probabilities are that it was so large and so coarse that it could not well have escaped the crucible: and, secondly, (though this supposition is less likely,) if it were less bulky than we think, and has at all survived, an extract from Dr. Cardwell himself, immediately preceding the assertion upon which we comment, may possibly settle the question:—

‘M. Cousinery has assigned a considerable number of silver coins to Athens, which if properly so assigned, must belong to a very early period of its coinage. The workmanship is rude; the reverse possesses, in several instances, the squares or crosses of the most simple style of minting; there is no inscription whatever; and the device is, not the customary owl or head of Pallas, but commonly a *horse* or a *mask*.’—p. 119.

Now, it is quite possible—and those who know what rude workmanship amounts to, will easily understand us—that in this horse may be found the identical βούρ we seek. These coins of M. Cousinery were ‘all found at Athens, in company with others, certainly of Athenian origin,’ and are not assignable to any other state. However, our first ground is that within which we would entrench ourselves.

Roman coins may be divided generally into the consular series, or those struck by Roman magistrates and commemorative of their own family legends, and the imperial series, or those struck by the Emperors in gold and silver, and by the Senate in copper and brass, to the honour of Roman prosperity and her favouring Augustus of the hour. To this rough classification we may add, the dozen subdivisions of the as, the little company of medallions, and sundry pocket-pieces or tokens, which seem to have served as tickets of admission to the public baths, or the Amphitheatre. Dr. Cardwell observes:—

‘It is the opinion of some persons that these tesserae, though not originally so intended, were afterwards used as money; and the counter-marks, which are in many instances found upon ancient coins, both silver and brass, are supposed to be the public stamps, by which they were acknowledged as a legal tender.’

In the consular series are many points of interest: one of the most noticeable, as being common to the majority, though not universal, is the adoption of the head of the Athenian Minerva, with, as Dr. Cardwell very fitly supposes, the wings of her owl upon the helmet, and taken as the emblem or genius of Rome: serving to show

show either that Athenian money had gained such mundane credit for its purity, that Rome took it for her model, or that Greek artists worked the Roman mint, and with a religious patriotism preserved the sanction of their national divinity: both of which indeed were antecedently to be expected. The consular series abound with corroborations of Livy's tales, and other legendary stories of old time, as well as present to us numerous traditionary portraits of the earliest worthies of primæval Rome: no likeness of a living man being allowed to appear upon them. The coins of the empire commence with Julius Cæsar, who first struck a living portrait, and they run in a continued succession of so-called Cæsars, their queens, and crown-princes, from about 48 A.C., down to Romulus Augustulus, emperor of the west, who was dethroned by Odoacer about 475 A.D. Their chief excellence, but during the early period only, is portraiture; and the next, as we have said, are poetical impersonation and historic incident: in the later times of the empire, for the last 200 years, the execution is generally as barbarous as the design is unclassical. The tickets called *contorniati*, named from the hollow circle or frame round their edge, are of very low relief, (as if belonging to the lower empire,) bear on one side some personage of ancient fame, on the other a mythological device, and were probably used as *tesseræ*: while the *spinthriati*, or bath' tickets, are impressed with scenes and subjects of debauchery, fit only for the gardens of Nero, or the Capræ of Tiberius.

There are several coins and medals highly interesting, and therefore worthy of mention in this sketch, seeing they allude to Christianity, or its corruption, in a very early age. Such is a certain Hebrew medal, bearing the similitude of our Lord, found near Cork in 1812; such, also, sundry coins of Diocletian and Maximian, illustrative of their triumphs over the serpent-monster (shaped like Milton's Sin, a human form with snaky legs), whereby the absurdity of Gnosticism had dared to symbolize the Christian mystery of two natures in one person, human and divine: such, too, many coins of Constantine, Constantius, Decentius, Jovian, Gratian, and Theodosius, on all of which we see that interesting emblem (the X and P monogram of Christ, with His α and ω in the field), which succeeded to heathen symbols on the Labarum and monies of the lower empire: not to mention money of Justinian, Phocas, and others who placed the cross upon their coins, from which it was undoubtedly copied by our own Saxon kings, and by breakage in the crucial indentations afterwards produced the half-penny and *four-thing*.

We have not room at present for enlarging on the clever devices

vices of forgery : how the unwary tyro must be cautioned not merely against casts, and electrotypes, and alterations made by the graver's tool in legends and in portraiture, but also against novel dies sunk in exquisite imitation of the ancient, against medals sawn in half in order to interchange reverses, against genuine coins struck with modern additions, and a thousand other tricks of trade, wherewith coin-dealers have damaged numismatics. It is comfortable to be assured, on the other hand, that with all the ingenuity of a Cavino at Padua, a Galli at Rome, a Becker on the Rhine, and 'several others who seem,' says Dr. Cardwell, 'to have acquired more reputation by their skill, than they have lost by their dishonesty, and to have obtained for a work of imposture the name of an ingenious and elegant invention'—the real numismatist is but rarely taken in. There are indeed cases, as the unique gold coin of Athens, the triplicate of Orsini's Cicero, and so forth, *vezatæ quæstiones* of old time, which have long formed pleasant pivots for sages to dispute upon : but, as our Camden professor well observes, we must remember—

'that whatever skill and knowledge may have been employed in forging, the same degree of skill, and a greater degree of knowledge, have been exerted in detecting. The very knowledge of these difficulties presupposes the power of disentangling them ; the skill and ingenuity of fraud have been followed step by step through all their windings, and wherever they have given birth to new devices, have as readily suggested some fresh caution or contrivance for exposing them. Even when all the arts of fraud have been exhausted, and mechanism has been assisted by learning in the business of delusion, there still remains on the other side that *eye*, at once keen and cautious, which seems to have converted a long experience into a quick perception. As in works of music a fine and practised ear can discern, by tokens imperceptible to common organs, the difference between a genuine master and the most able imitator—so too an antiquary of native talent, grown prudent from long use, and enlightened by various knowledge, has acquired for his pursuits a power of intuition, which fraud cannot easily elude, and ignorance cannot possibly comprehend.'—p. 65.

Anecdotes of coin-mania might also have proved a fruitful topic of amusement ; but we can in this place mention only two, the climax to one of which happened under our own observation at Leigh Sotheby's. There is a gold coin of Mithridates, intrinsically weighing the worth of about ten shillings, which in 1777 fetched 26*l.* 5*s.* In the course of forty years it had reached the value of 80*l.*, and as such came into the possession of a certain spirited collector. As ill-luck would have it, the acquirer of this unique Mithridates had hardly made his purchase before
a duplicate

a duplicate came into the market: it was his interest to purchase this, and competition ran the auction-value up to 90*l.*, at which he purchased again: not long after, a third was produced, and bought up by him also at 100*l.*: and we ourselves, a year or two ago, saw a quadruplicate of the same coin sold in the same auction-room for 113*l.*; the original possessor of the now depreciated triplicates having bid up to 110*l.* and then given over in despair. Human nature did its utmost, but could stand the contest no longer. A brass medallion of Commodus fetched at Christie's this spring the sum of 23*l.*, being intrinsically worth twopence; and the famous Athlete-medallion of Syracuse, about five-shillings' worth of silver, has repeatedly produced forty pounds.

However, let not the young collector who hears these things despair; as in all other good things of nature and of art, we find the union of medium excellence with high rarity to be the exception, and not the rule—even so it is with coins. Fair, and even very pretty specimens of genuine ancient Greek money may be readily procured for little more than their actual value as silver: and, generally speaking, the differences which constitute scarcity, and consequent high price, will be found to amount to somewhat as trivial as a mint-mark, or other such unimportant variation from the recognised standard—coins, namely, that have been published and described. To this remark there are of course brilliant exceptions; an ancient piece—be it proud gold stater or humble copper chalcus—perfect in condition, with the bloom of its birth still fresh upon its face, as if ‘dew from the womb of the morning’—must ever command a high appreciation, even though the type be common; and large fine specimens—as from Syracuse, Thurium, or Panormus—always bear a value which will only seem absurd in the eyes of the illiterate. But the fact remains that one may at small expense obtain undoubted specimens of Greek coinage, in fair condition as coins, and otherwise desirable for art or interest—as, Alexander, the Rhodian pomegranate flower, the Bæotic shield, the Attic owl, the Pegasus of Corinth: nay, if the collector will but eschew those minuter differential marks, for which few but enthusiasts contend, he can cheaply buy in the numismatic market-place a very ‘feast of reason, and a flow of soul’: thus he will have turtle from Ægina, crab from Agrigentum, and dolphin from Tarentum; he can be supplied with wild boar from Ætolia, drinking cups from Cyrene, and corn from Metapontum; the rose will add its fragrance from Zacynthus, and Chalcis with her sounding lyre harmonise the feast. Neither with less ease can Rome just as reasonably furnish abundance of interest, both historic and poetical: very good coins,

as

as well consular as imperial, can in general be had for two shillings a-piece; even Othos are cheap, so they be silver ones; and, safely possessed of this prim-wigged portrait on denarii, it were little wisdom to 'sigh for an Otho' in improbable brass.*

The collector, who wishes to frame his cabinet on the economical basis of common sense (and with this true taste can never be at variance), will supply himself with the portrait or the incident, on brass, if silver be extravagant—on silver, if brass be all but unattainable: whatever be the metal, the historical idea must be the same; and a Claudius Gothicus will have no deeper interest for his eye, minted in the rarest billon, than in the frequent copper. A contrary feeling, and one too rife among the numismatic world, tends to exalt scarcity (though it be but of mere metal) to the first rank in costliness; and there often is a conflict for rare brass, where the gold and silver are too common to be prized. But this kind of valuation by rarity alone, exclusive of interest or workmanship, sometimes leads the connoisseur astray—convinced too late that coins, however scarce, may be bought too dearly, if they have nothing else to recommend them to his cabinet. For example, the Pax-penny of William the Conqueror, one of the most barbarous bits of money in existence, some time ago was of the first rarity, and bore a value pretty nearly equivalent to its weight in diamond-carats; but lo, a hoard, thousands in number, of some old Norman miser is luckily unearthed at Beaworth; and, to the intense chagrin of competitors for scarcity, Pax-pennies were latterly sold upon Cornhill for sixpence a-piece. Again, sundry early Saxon coins, within a little year past, were esteemed invaluable, from bearing the names of Alfred, Ethelbert, Edward of East Anglia, and so forth; their interest to an English mind is not attempted to be gainsaid; neither also will be disputed the uncivilised character of their execution, nor the fact that the patriotic interest aforesaid was estimated at much too high a price. But alas for those who had possessed themselves of Saxon pence at 14*l.* a-piece! The bank of Cuerdale overwhelmed those units by its hundreds.

And now one word about patina:—

'With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore;
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.'

* Dr. Cardwell (p. 207) expects to find these yet in plenty:—'It is possible that the senate may never have issued any brass coin with the insignia of Otho, and may have supplied the wants of Rome by continuing to use the dies of his predecessor; but it is a more reasonable solution, that such coins were actually minted, and may hereafter be brought to light by some fortunate discovery.'

We shall not be so bold as to dwell upon the beauty—though, in truth, the coins of Naples have a charming tint, and pleasant is the gloss of Malta: but hear our learned professor on its usefulness:

‘The brasses of the ancients contain for the most part a quantity of tin united with the native copper. As the mines which are known to have been worked by them do not appear to have given them these two metals in combination, we may infer that tin was made use of designedly, and from their knowing the unfitness of mere copper for the purposes of money. The advantage, however, of the combination is shown more clearly in its reference to numismatic studies. Disinter some Roman brasses, containing but little admixture of other metal with their native copper, and you have to mourn over a work of destruction, like the havoc made by some confluent disease upon a beautiful countenance; but if the alloy have been properly united with it, the specimen has become much more attractive during its concealment by that soft shadowing of green and brown, which has spread itself over it, *οἶον τοῖς ἀκμαίοις ἢ ὤπα*, and which, more than any other property, baffles the ingenuity of modern forgers.’—pp. 99, 100.

This must satisfy the utilitarian, and now let us hear no more malicious ridicule about rust and verdigris.

There is one other view of ancient coins, at which we must be allowed to take an almost parting glance—their localities. It is stranger to hear of Roman gold having been dug from the ruins of a Hindoo temple, than of hoards of imperial coin found in Transylvania; but the stories are alike true. Lieut. Cunningham discovered in Cashmir a hitherto unknown coinage, some fifteen centuries in duration, of Indo-Scythian kings, who, until the gallant soldier disinterred their monetary effigies, had been utterly unknown. So also in Bactria and Affghanistan many a forgotten potentate of old time has to thank Colonel Todd and Mr. Masson for having rescued their fame from non-entity through the medium of their coins. But not to dwell on these grand remote discoveries, we ourselves have been startled more than once by picking up Roman coins in the course of a country ramble—no further off than in Surrey. What a new charm it gives to this familiar scene; what interest it adds to the purple uniformity of this broad heath; how the air begins to sound with the clangors of lituus and tuba; how the hollows round about are thronged with bivouacking legionaries! There are shaggy horses, hung with trappings, drinking in a line at the trout-stream; here, stand the banners circling the prætorium, Rome’s bloody hand, her wolf and twins, and her consecrated labarum: this fine white sand among the fern has rubbed bright many a breastplate; this fragrant sod been drenched with the blood of invaders hewing out the glory of Rome, and of patriots fighting for their homes
and

and altars. From that hill, no doubt, rushed at seeming unawares the swarthy cloud of Britons; but the iron cohorts were ready at a word:—the rout is over, the legion has returned, and pile their bloody arms. How know we all these deeds of old? What brought the Roman and the Briton to this field, and made us witness to the battle?—A few copper coins, immortal in their patina, which we have just shaken from a lump of turf, and have exultingly discovered to be early British, mingled in a mass with those of Claudius, Gallienus, and the Constantines.

The remarkable discoveries in Lycia by Mr. Charles Fellowes, and those in Affghanistan by Burnes, may also be mentioned as notable illustrations of the interest which ancient coins may well excite, as connected with locality: for the former may by means of their old money ascertain the names and the religion of otherwise unstoried cities—as the latter has exhibited to our wondering view whole dynasties of monarchs of whom history is silent. Mr. Fellowes very sensibly tickets his coins with the name of the place where they were severally found, on purpose to make them serve as historic records; he seems to consider them of the Homeric age, or thereabouts, and remarks that, ‘like fossils in geology, they may be useful in indicating a date and a name to their different localities.’

Addison's Cynthio sarcastically observes that ‘to have a relish for ancient coins it seems necessary to have a contempt for the modern.’ And small, in truth, can be our self-congratulations on the score of coinage.

‘O, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?’

The perfection of machinery is attained by us, but our dies are below mediocrity. It is true that money must stack or pile for commercial purposes, but even the flattest jetton might be wedded to an elegant device: it is true that rapidity of mintage is a desirable object, but it may be equally well exerted on a good die, as on a bad one. Mr. Akerman—who understands these matters thoroughly, and has done so much for his favourite study—says with scornful brevity:—

‘Of the coins of our monarchs, succeeding Queen Anne, it will scarcely be necessary to speak, except to notice their utter insignificance both in design and execution.’

- ART. III.—1. *Liber Sancte Marie de Melros. Munimenta Vetustiora Monasterii Cisterciensis de Melros.* Presented to the Bannatyne Club by the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. '2 vols. 4to. Edinburgh, 1837.
2. *Registrum Episcopatus Glasguensis. Munimenta Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Glasguensis à Sede Restaurata Seculo ineunte XII. ad Reformatam Religionem.* Presented to the Maitland Club by James Ewing, LL.D. 2 vols. 4to. Glasgow, 1843.
3. *Fragmenta Scoto-Monastica. Memoir of what has been already done and what Materials exist towards the Formation of a Scottish Monasticon.* By a Delver in Antiquity. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1842.
4. *Horæ Decanice Rurales; being an Attempt to illustrate by a Series of Notes and Extracts, the Name and Title, the Origin, Appointment, and Functions, Personal and Capitular, of Rural Deans.* By William Dansey, A.M., Rector of Donhead St. Andrew, Rural Dean of Chalke, Wilts. 2 vols. 4to. London.

OUR friends beyond the Tweed, in their zeal for presbytery, seemed till lately to have almost forgotten that Christianity dates before the time of Calvin. The long ages between the apostolic times and the era of their church reformation were to them all one blank, or worse, a gloom peopled with shapes half-seen of demon and goblin—now wearing the tonsure or the tiara, now resuming their real attributes of horn and tail.

In severing themselves from the respect and interest felt for Christian antiquities by every other people of old Christendom, we apprehend that the Scotch have suffered more than their religious and philosophic teachers are willing to admit. The want of an early literature has been thought to injure national character and feeling; but it is as nothing in comparison of the want of those objects of pious enthusiasm presented in the saints and martyrs of a national church. In Scotland—where every glen has its romantic tradition, and 'not a mountain rears its head unsung,'—all that tends to throw a poetical glow over religion is *anathema*. That part of our nature which, despite the preacher, will cling to images of ancient piety, must confine its adoration to the grim features of Knox or Melville. We much question if the people are more pure in heart and feeling, or more exemplary in their morals—we are sure they are not more happy—for this stern exclusion of what appeals most to the human imagination in that high converse that links earth with heaven.

The eschewing of antiquity has had worse effects with other

classes than even among the common people. It has concurred with other causes to render the clergy of Scotland, in the midst of great educational advantages and all the national acuteness, a singularly unlearned clergy. We speak it with all respect—in sorrow, not in anger—but the fact shows itself everywhere.* Not only the learned controversialists, the bulwark of the Protestant faith, are all English; not only does the Presbyterian divine cast his Greek and Latin behind him with his college-gown; but even the narrow field of parochial antiquities, on which every parish-clerk in England has a little learning, and the parson is the oracle of the parish—even this is to a Scotch clergyman a *terra incognita*; and when he ventures to speak of church matters before the Reformation, we soon find that *ipsa rerum nomina perdidimus*. Abbeys become cathedrals, the secular clergy are mistaken for monks, choirs for cloisters—deans, archdeacons, officials, all dignitaries and their offices are confounded together. The Statistical Account of the parishes of Scotland by the parish ministers published fifty years ago, and scarcely less the one now in progress—however otherwise creditable to the general intelligence of the body—are remarkable monuments of this entire ignorance on a subject that should be somewhat interesting to every Scotch gentleman.

It has been usual to plead want of materials as the excuse for the defect of antiquarian learning in Scotland; and not without some cause. The English antiquary, rejoicing in his Dugdale and Wharton, and in so many magnificent volumes of county histories, knows what a mere corner of the *Monasticon* is devoted to the monastic antiquities of Scotland, and might join with the industrious and learned author of the work on ‘Rural Deans’ which we have placed at the head of this article, in lamenting that no records remained, or at least were in the hands of the public, to show the constitution and discipline of the ancient church in Scotland.

Since the date of that publication, something has been done to remove this national reproach. The great antiquarian societies of Scotland, children of the English Roxburgh Club, but now

* Nowhere more than in the controversy which has recently agitated Scotland, and ended in the deplorable schism of the Presbyterian Church. While the clerical disputants poured forth volumes of high and vehement argument, it was reserved for a layman, in the very end of the debate, to base his ‘demonstration’ upon the proper learning of Calvinism—the authority of its own apostles, Calvin and Beza. There was no want of acuteness; of logic, of fine casuistry on either side; but Sir William Hamilton stands alone in the contest, to show with what effect a masculine intellect, trained in the fence of the schools, can use the weapons of learning and authority. Sir W. H. has chosen to give his pamphlet the quaint title, ‘Be not Schismatics be not Martyrs, by Mistake.’

directing their efforts to higher ends than their parent, have for some years rivalled each other in bringing to light a body of valuable materials of civil history, and a series we think still more valuable of ecclesiastical records.

It is now 'sixty years since' Lord Hailes, the historian, who knew the importance of these records, and the difficulty of consulting them in MS., suggested to the infant Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, the publication of the chartularies of the religious houses, and offered his own assistance in the work. The suggestion was not then followed; but the seed fell on good ground, and the plant has ripened and brought forth its fruit. The means were furnished by the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs of Edinburgh and Glasgow, to whose objects and efforts we formerly directed the attention of our English readers. An article in this Review for February, 1831. announced 'the interesting tidings that the young Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry was preparing for the Bannatyne Club an edition, at his own expense, of the Chartulary of Melrose, containing a series of ancient charters from the eleventh, we believe, to the fourteenth century, highly interesting to the students of Scottish history.' The hand which wrote these lines, and the generous heart that cheered on every labour of letters, were cold before this announcement was fulfilled; but the Society which Scott had fostered, and its friendly rival in the West, have piously followed in the track he pointed out, and, by the munificence of their individual members, have given to the world in quick succession since 1832, the registers of the monasteries of Paisley, Melrose, Holyrood, St. Andrews, and Dunfermlyn, and of the great northern bishopric of Moray; while the muniments of the diocese of Glasgow and the chartulary of Scone have been published for both of these Clubs. Nor have the minor institutions of this family failed to follow the example of their seniors. The Abbotsford Club has printed the remaining records of the abbeys of Balmerino and Lindores, with the constitutions of the nuns of the Sciennes near Edinburgh—where chastity of old found

' Ane couvent yit unthrall
To dame Sensuall, nor with riches abusit—
Sa quietlie those ladyes bene inclusit ;'

and the still younger society which derives its name from Spalding, the picturesque, gossiping old chronicler of Aberdeen, is already at press with the register of that diocese, from which Wilkins and Flaile drew nearly all the memorials they were able to collect of the ecclesiastical councils of Scotland.

It is sometimes curious to trace the history of these books of register since they ceased to be treasured in the archives of their

several churches. Their great repository now is that noble library of the Advocates at Edinburgh, which owes its origin to Sir George Mackenzie, a distinguished lawyer and scholar of the seventeenth century. With its dark cells and vaults are associated a crowd of the most brilliant names in Scotch literature. It had the fortune to be under the care successively of the learned Ruddiman, who passed a long life in its service, and became rich on a salary which at first was 8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling; and of David Hume, who there wrote the greater part of his history.

Some of the Scotch Church records, however, are in private hands, either transmitted with the other title-deeds of ancient church property, or acquired by some intelligent antiquary during the period of general indifference to such learning.

When the cathedral of Moray was burnt in 1390 in a savage inroad by the prince who has merited the name of the Wolf of Badenoch, the original muniments of the see perished with it. The good old bishop was heart-broken by the destruction of his church—(‘*Ecclesiæ meæ quæ fuit speciale patriæ decus, regni gloria et delectatio extraneorum et supervenientium hospitum, laus et exaltatio laudis in regnis extraneis, in multitudine servientium et ornatu pulcherrima, et in quâ ut creditur Deus recte colebatur, ut de altis ipsius campanilibus et de venustissimo apparatu intrinseco et jocalibus ipsius innumeris, taceam;*’)—yet, after the first anguish, he immediately endeavoured to secure assistance for rebuilding his cathedral, and then with exemplary care and zeal, under a special papal commission, collected such evidences of its property and privileges as had survived the flames. These, consisting of several separate books of record, one being the bishop’s own register, another that of the dean and chapter, with smaller records of a neighbouring hospital and *Maison Dieu*, all authenticated by the papal commissioner and simply stitched together about the year 1400—now form the more ancient of the two chartularies of this diocese, handed down in succession to the last established bishop, and upon his death, deposited in the library at Edinburgh.

Another of these registers, the identity of which is traced to high antiquity, is that of the great priory of St. Andrews, the head of which house took precedence of abbots and all the regular clergy. This venerable register is ascertained to be the very volume produced in evidence in the bishop’s court of St. Andrews, in 1413, by no less interesting a person than Andrew of Wyntown, prior of the Isle of Loch Leven, and author of the Chronicle of Scotland in rhyme. The register has passed through several hands since the dissolution of religious houses; but for a century and a half it has been in the possession of the noble family of Panmure.

Panmure, several members of which have been distinguished for their taste for historical antiquities.

Of the ancient register of the great Cistercian house of Melrose only a fragment has been preserved; but, to make up for this, we have the original charters of the abbey from the time of St. David downwards, for the most part fresh as the day they were written, and with the seals of the royal, and princely, and noble granters appended, each enclosed in a little rudely-sewed linen bag, exactly as it was protected in the treasury of the abbey. The publication of this great collection of original muniments, to which Sir Walter Scott looked forward with such interest, illustrated with perfect fac-similes of the charters, and engravings of the seals, besides its intrinsic value, has furnished useful specimens of Scotch diplomacy, and of the progress of writing from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. It is invaluable to the herald, as affording the most accurate information as to the introduction of armorial bearings in Scotland. We learn from it that the first two generations of the Stewarts of Scotland had no coat-armour, while Alan Fitz-Walter, the third in descent, gave the *Fesse chequée*, still the cognizance of that family and name—correcting the absurd pretensions of some families to antiquity of heraldic bearings, who must admit how improbable it is that knights and squires of low degree should have adopted such devices before the great Norman family of Stewart—nay, before the Sovereigns, who gave the lion of Scotland, not, as has been supposed, on the seal of William the Lion, but for the first time on that of his son Alexander II., where it appears within the double tressure *fleuri counterfleuri*, as it is blazoned at this day.

The charters of Holyrood Abbey were in a similar situation with those of Melrose; and their publication, by the aid of fac-similes and engravings, has been made to serve some of the same extrinsic purposes, while a collection of illustrative documents affords the only materials yet published for the history of the royal palace of Holyrood.

The records of the metropolitan see of Glasgow are more important, and the history of their preservation at different times is highly curious. It is generally known that James Bethune, the last Romish archbishop, shunning the storm of the Reformation, took shelter in France, and carried with him the muniments and part of the plate and jewels of his church, hoping to preserve them for safer times. When at Paris, Bethune rendered himself so useful to the Scotch government that he was not only employed as the confidential envoy of Mary during her short reign, and partially during her imprisonment, but continued to act as Scotch ambassador at the French court till his death, which took place

place about the period of James's accession to the English throne. The treasures of his cathedral, as well as a very important collection of his diplomatic correspondence, he deposited in the archives of the Scotch College at Paris—an institution which owed its origin to that patriotic old bishop of Moray who, during the war of independence, used to preach to his people that it was equally meritorious to oppose the troops of Edward as to take part in the crusades against the Saracens and Pagans. Bethune endowed the Scotch College, and its sister house of the Chartreuse, with all his fortune; and from that time these houses were regarded as the great treasury for the records of the Roman Catholic and Jacobite party in Britain. At the period of the French Revolution it is well known they contained a vast mass of correspondence, state papers, royal memoirs, as well as records and charters connected with the ancient church in Scotland, which were regarded with something of superstitious reverence by the Romanist, the Nonjuror, and the Jacobite, and with much intelligent interest by those who valued them chiefly as the materials of future history.

When the orgies of the Revolution threatened destruction to all records, and especially those of monarchy and the priesthood, the poor brethren of the Scotch College endeavoured to save their MSS. and other treasures by packing them in barrels, and sending them to an agent in whom they reposed confidence at St. Omers. What became of that deposit is now involved in much obscurity. The story of its total and wilful destruction is disbelieved by those best acquainted with the evidence. But at least one part of the treasures of the college was preserved; and the ancient records of the see of Glasgow, snatched from the flames of the Scotch Reformation, have been again saved in yet more perilous times.

It fortunately happened that the Abbé Paul M'Pherson, since well known as the venerable rector of the Scotch College at Rome, passed through Paris in 1798, and visited Alexander Innes, who acted as head of the society after Principal Gordon was obliged to fly, and who was the only person connected with the college who then remained there. Father Innes informed the Abbé minutely of the disasters of the house, his own imprisonment, and his narrow escape by the death of Robespierre on the very day on which he and the English nuns were ordered to the guillotine. He showed him the few papers still left in the college; and of these, by his advice, the Abbé M'Pherson carried with him to England the two volumes of the Chartulary and other books of record of the see of Glasgow, a transcript of James II.'s Memoirs, a few of Bethune's papers, and some regarding the later Romish church in Britain.

Britain, together with several volumes of the collections of Father Thomas Innes, the learned author of the *Critical Essay upon the ancient inhabitants of Scotland*. Part of these documents the Abbé, in passing through London, lent to the late George Chalmers; and at a subsequent period he presented to that gentleman all Father Innes's collections, which he considered his own property. The ancient register of the bishopric of Glasgow, which, since the days of Mabillon and Baluze, has been regarded as of great historical importance, then passed successively into the hands of different bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland; and it is to the liberality of Dr. Kyle, a bishop of that Church, that the antiquarian public is indebted for its use in the magnificently illustrated edition of 1843.

It must be owned these goodly volumes of Church records are not brought out in a way to become generally popular. A punctilious fidelity to the originals has prevented any attempt to give them a modern dress. No note or comment is supplied for the benefit of the unlearned; and though the antiquarian geologist may know how to pick out the fossils that show the state of the world in a former age, they must always be sadly uninviting to the common reader.

Should the scholar, however, and especially the Churchman, break through these trifling outward difficulties, he will find within a store of most excellent entertainment. The very spelling out of the hieroglyphics has something interesting in it, and approaches, though at a long distance, the editor's enjoyment in his curious labour. Of that often derided occupation we may perchance say more hereafter—*et nos in Arcadia*—we are partly of the craft. We do not speak now of the thrill of delight at first detecting a record or missing charter long sought for, and which establishes some cherished theory. That falls to the lot of but few. But the whole process of fitting an old MS. for publication, which the uninitiated vainly set down as the dullest of occupations, is among the most engaging; and that, nearly independent of the subject matter of the MS. Dates are to be discovered; witnesses or parties to be ascertained; the age of the writing must be settled by extrinsic and intrinsic proofs; imperfections, either through decay or the error of the scribe, are to be supplied or corrected by conjectural criticism. There is a perpetual series of small difficulties, and of triumphs over them, which keep up the attention of the most languid, and to the zealot give a delight that perhaps Porson knew when he exclaimed, '*Vide quid faciat unius literulæ mutatio!*'

But what is the use of these Church registers? It would take long to answer fully. We shall do it in a few words. As collections

lections of the most ancient conveyances of property in lands and churches they are of infinite use to the statist, the topographer, and the local antiquary—indicating the old connexion of the landlords with the occupiers and labourers, and the relation between the different classes of society—showing the change of manners, of notions, and of life. They are the very materials of county histories, and often serve to determine actual questions of property. Those who would see to what account they may be turned in illustrating the civil history of Scotland may consult the marginal references of almost any page of Mr. Chalmers's '*Caledonia*,' a work which might be described as an account of ancient Scotland drawn from the Chartularies.

But more remains behind. It may appear paradoxical, but we venture to assert that the historian who hereafter adventures on the *ancient* history of Scotland must make it in a great measure an ecclesiastical history. While lists of names are all that remains to us of Pictish and Scottish kings, of whom we do not know the territories, the records of religious houses, joining on to the very ancient lives of saints and fathers of the church, shed a faint but not deceitful light over a great part of the country and people; leaving in actual darkness only that part which was in a state of barbarism, admitting of no history. After all, it is not much to say that there are more authentic materials for the history of the lives and labours of Saint Ninian, Saint Palladius, Saints Servanus, Kentigern, and Columba, than of the petty chiefs who lived and died, who fought and plundered, in Scotland and the north of England, from the termination of the Roman power to the age of Malcolm Canmore. But it is astonishing that, in a country so zealous for its antiquity—a zeal often without knowledge—no writer of any mark has drawn from these sources.

These apostles of a country that now so utterly disregards them, while they used the style and exercised the functions of bishops, appear to have had no defined dioceses. However uncanonical, according to the Roman rule, this was rendered necessary by the prime object of making converts. The fact is certain. Each of these fathers of the church, in a wide extent of territory thinly peopled and subject to constant commotions, preached and taught his humanizing religion to all whom he could attract by acts of charity and admired austerity of life. When their flock amounted to a considerable number, these ancient bishops retired to some place of comparative security, where their little Christian community, far from practising the mere asceticism of the convent, laboured for their own support, and learnt, with the first lessons of a purer faith, many of the arts of peaceful life. Defended by the union which their religion taught them, they soon acquired
another

another protection in the respect of neighbouring barbarians for the piety and innocence of their lives.

There is nothing in the history of Christian Europe more interesting than the religious colony planted by St. Columba in the remote and now deserted islet of Iona. Columba obtained a gift of the island from Conal, a king of the Scots, who then held the western shore of Scotland, and settled his followers there in the year of our Lord 563. The Monastery, as later monks named it, or 'the family of Y,' as the ancient Irish annalists loved to call it, contained members of all ages, and of both sexes; for the vow of celibacy was a device of later date. Their time was given to prayer, reading or hearing the Scriptures, and all works of needful labour, either of agriculture or in fishing. Those qualified were employed in teaching the young, and in the important work of writing the books required for the service of the Church.

Education soon became the great object to which the energies of the successors of Columba were turned. Hither resorted the young from all the adjacent continents, from Scotland, from Ireland, and England, to acquire the learning, and study the discipline, of the Columban Church. From hence, for centuries, went forth priests and bishops to convert and instruct, to ordain, and to found similar establishments; and here, as to a holy refuge, more than one, when their course of duty was run, retired to be at rest, and to lay their bones beside the blessed Columba.

It is a little annoying that the constitution of this primitive Church should be made one of the *questiones vexatæ* between the Episcopal and the Presbyterian antiquaries of Scotland. We shall not enter into the controversy, but merely remark that Sir James Dalrymple, with his profusion of undigested charter learning, and Dr. Jamieson, with none, are in this matter almost on a level. Their mantle of thickset Presbyterianism excluded all the feeling and ideas of antique Christianity; and when they dispute concerning ordination, they speak a language they do not understand. The Episcopal champions, on the other hand, perhaps err in not allowing that the canons of the Church must bend to circumstances, in an infant, remote, and semi-barbarous settlement; which throws upon them the task of proving that every ordination and rite was performed in exact conformity with the ancient and approved practice of the Church.

A passage of Fordun, embellished by Boece, and a misapprehension of some of Bede's notices of Iona, have given rise to a strange notion that Scotland, unlike the rest of Europe, owes its conversion to the disciples of St. John, who introduced there the rites and the calculation of the Eastern Church. Buchanan, an unsafe guide, seems to have led the way in this theory, but he has
been

been followed by Protestants, both Episcopalian and Presbyterian; Spotiswood and Sir J. Dalrymple agreeing in a system that would give an anti-papal foundation to their Church; and we believe this has become the received doctrine of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Scotland. To some it may still be interesting to trace this mistake to its source. In the first place let us premise the fact that, in the keeping of Easter, the prime difference between the early Scotch Church and Rome, the Scots did *not* agree with the Johannite or Judaic feast, although nearer to it than to that established by the Nicene Council. Buchanan then says:—

‘Eo (Aidano) regnante, venit in Britanniam a Gregorio Romano pontifice missus Augustinus quidam, monachus, qui sua ambitione, dum novam religionem docet, veterem vehementer turbavit; nam non tam Christianam disciplinam quam cærimonias Romanas docebat. Superiores enim Britanni Christianismum ex Joannis Evangelistæ discipulis edocti, a monachis quos ætas illa adhuc eruditos et pios habebat, instuebantur. Ille, dum ad unius Episcopi Romani dominatum omnia revocat, ac se unum totius Britannię archiepiscopum edit, et disputationem de die celebrandi Pascha nec necessariam nec utilem introducit, magnopere turbavit ecclesias; ac disciplinam jam in superstitionem prolabentem ita cærimoniis novis fictisque miraculis oppressit ut sinceræ pietatis vix relinqueret vestigium.’

There cannot be a more unfair representation than this whole passage presents. It is indeed true that Augustin leant much upon the authority of the Church of Rome, and pressed an implicit adoption of its rites—no impolitic course in proselytism. It is also probable—so probable as to require no actual proof—that Christianity, introduced into Britain during the sway of the Romans (when Tertullian tells us ‘Britannorum inaccessa Romanis loca, Christo tamen subdita.’—*Contr. Jud.* c. 7), survived their departure, and continued to exist in some shape till the time of Augustin. But it was among the aboriginal people, not among the conquerors. The dominant tribes of Saxons were, with few exceptions, heathens, still sacrificing to Thor and Woden; and the Christian Britons had fled to the fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall, when the Roman missionary came to preach Christianity in England. Let it not be said, then, that he disturbed *their* churches, and loaded *their* religion, already getting superstitious, with ceremonies and feigned miracles.

Next, for the ancient Britons receiving their Christianity from the preaching of disciples of St. John. The learned annotator on Buchanan points to his authority, and thither too we follow him. Venerable Bede, in an interesting passage, describes a synod held in the year 665, in the abbey of Whitby, for settling in a friendly

friendly conference the question about the time of celebrating Easter. Thither came Osuiu, king of Northumbria, learned in all the learning, and even in the language of the Scots, from whom he had taken baptism, with Colman the bishop of Lindisfarn, one of St. Columba's family of Y. Thither, too, came Alchfrid the prince, with Wilfrid his tutor and spiritual guide, who had imbued him with reverence for the Roman ritual, and Agilberct, an Augustinian bishop of the West Saxons. Colman was first called to speak in defence of his practice. He said he celebrated Easter as he had been taught by his superiors at Y, who had sent him thither as bishop, and as it was observed by his forefathers, men beloved of God. He added, that their practice was not to be lightly blamed, since we read that John, the beloved disciple, in all his churches used the same. But for the authority of his own practice he rested on St. Columba and his successors—*'Quos ipse sanctos esse non dubitans, semper eorum vitam, mores, et disciplinam sequi non desisto.'* The discussion ended as in other cases of that age. To the practice of St. Columba Wilfrid opposed that of Rome, and clenched the argument with the usual quotation, *'Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram, &c., et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum.'* The king demanded of Colman, if Wilfrid quoted correctly: *'Vere, Rex,'* said Colman; which brought Osuiu to the conclusion,—*'Hic est ostiarius ille cui ego contradicere nolo, ne forte me adveniente ad fores regni cœlorum, non sit qui reseret, averso illo qui claves tenere probatur.'* In all the discussion there is not the least allusion to the Columban or British Church deriving its Christianity from the preaching of St. John's disciples; and, certainly, if any such tradition had prevailed, either in the time of Bede or at the period he is describing, only a little earlier, it would not have been passed over on such an occasion.

Columba is supposed to have died in the year 597. Protected by its situation and the sanctity of its inmates, Iona continued to flourish for two centuries after his death, the mother church of a wide, though scattered, Christian commonwealth. Of the bishops who came forth from that isle of saints, we chiefly hear from Bede; and, consequently, we hear chiefly of those whose ministry was in Northumbria; but many other bishops and martyrs, followers of Saint Columba, are commemorated in the liturgy of the old religion, and their names are preserved in connexion with the consecration of parish churches all over Scotland.

Of communities or 'families' like her own, planted from Iona, we have many intimations in the lives of the early saints, and good evidence of several. Among these were Melrose and Lindisfarn,

disfarn, both founded by Bishop Aidan; Dunkeld, by St. Adomnan; Abernethy, where it seems probable the Columbite settlement was the restoration of a ruined Pictish church; Brechin, Dumblane, Lochleven. A mystical love of retirement and courting of peril and hardship led missionaries also from Iona to the farthest isles; and we have intimations in the writings alluded to of Christian settlements, even in the lifetime of Columba, in the Zetland archipelago.

In the ninth century came the hordes of Northmen to ravage the coasts of Western Europe. Scotland in general suffered less from those barbarians than the fertile plains of England; but it fared ill with her coasts and islands. Their insular site and sanctity were no protection for the family of Columba against the Heathen Vikingr, any more than Lindisfarn could defend the bones of St. Cuthbert. The Irish annals record in quick succession,—‘the ravaging of Icolmkill’ (794),—‘the Hebrides laid waste by the Danes’ (798)—‘Icolmkill burnt by the Gentiles’ (801-2)—‘the family of Y slain by the Gentiles’ (806). That light was put out which had shed religion and civilization over Northern Britain and its islands, and the harassed successors of Columba found uncertain shelter in the monasteries of Ireland, the fatherland of their great founder. Internal commotions distracting Scotland and Northumbria at the same time that the religious community of Iona was destroyed, throw a double darkness over the ecclesiastical and civil history of the country for the next two centuries; and when we again become acquainted with Y (in the reign of William the Lion), it is the seat of a convent of Cluniac monks of unknown foundation; and the memory of St. Columba and his family is gone.

The light of history again dawns on Scotland in the beginning of the eleventh century. Of the few authentic memorials of Macbeth, one is a donation to the Culdees or Columbites of Lochleven. His queen joins in the grant,—the Lady Macbeth rejoices in the name of Gruoch. Malcolm Canmore was no great founder of churches, notwithstanding the influence of his saintly queen, the Saxon Margaret. He and his successor, however, were both benefactors to the Columbites.

But David I. was the great restorer and reformer of the Church of Scotland. The bishoprics that existed before his reign are scarcely to be reckoned royal endowments, with the exception perhaps of Aberdeen. The other bishops were really the successors of those saints, the founders of the Scotch church, who, after the general conversion of the country, had divided the kingdom into defined dioceses. This king added much to their number, and frequently used a Culdee or old Columbite community

munity as the foundation of the new see. This took place at Dunkeld, Dumblane, and Brechin. In each of these, and also at St. Andrews, the convent of Culdees acted as the bishop's chapter, and at Dunkeld the Columban abbot became the first bishop.

But this was not to last. The old disciples of Columba, though adopting many of the forms of monachism, still preserved somewhat of their primitive simplicity, and reluctantly submitted to the stricter rule introduced by the southern monks, with whom David peopled many of his foundations. The zealous king insisted on conformity. When he granted the island of Lochleven to the canons regular of St. Andrews, he conditioned that the Culdees who were settled there should be permitted to remain—*'si regulariter vivere voluerint;'* but added summarily—*'et si quis illorum ad hoc resistere voluerit, volo et precipio ut ab insulâ ejiciatur.'* The Culdees soon after disappear, either absorbed into the new monastic orders, and especially the canons regular of St. Augustin, or altogether 'outed.'

From the time of St. David—that '*soir Sanct* for the crown'—the Church grew and prospered in Scotland. At his death he left on the mainland of his kingdom ten well-endowed cathedrals, and within a short period after his death we count not less than fifty great houses of regular clergy.

However it may have become the fashion in later times to censure or ridicule this sudden and magnificent endowment of a church, the poor natives of Scotland of the eleventh century had no cause to regret it. Before, they had nothing of the freedom of savage life, none of the picturesqueness of feudal society. For ages they had enjoyed no settled government. Crushed by oppression, without security of life or property, knowing of the law nothing but its heavy gripe, alternately plundering and plundered, neglecting agriculture, and suffering the penalty of famine and disease; the churches venerated by their forefathers had gone to ruin, and religion was for the most part degraded and despised.

In such a state of matters, it was undoubtedly one great step in improvement to throw a vast mass of property into the hands of that class whose duty and interest alike inculcated peace, and who had influence and power to command it. Repose was the one thing most wanted, and the people found it under the protection of the crozier. But let us be just to those old churchmen, whether secular or regular, priest or monk. Their zeal for religious education was unintermitting, and spread everywhere. It was such as the advancement of the age would bear. A young society must be treated as young children, and happily it needs no abstruse theology to touch the heart.

It has been conjectured that the revenues of the Catholic Church of Scotland in her palmy state were equal to those of the whole laity. When we first find any established rule of taxation, the three estates appear to have contributed to the national necessities in the proportion of two for the clergy, two for the barons and freeholders, and one for the burghs. It is easy to conceive that a Church so richly endowed in proportion to the wealth of the country, must have drawn within it much of the talent and ambition, as well as of the rank, of the nation. It was the single path through which men could pass that dread barrier that parted the ignoble from the noble classes. But when a churchman of low birth had made the transit, he often carried with him a tribe of relatives. That in process of time the Church suffered the evils which have followed disproportionate wealth in other churches, scarcely the most zealous Romanist now denies. At the period of the Reformation, equally corrupt in manner and in doctrine, openly tolerating the concubinage of the clergy, and directing the Lord's Prayer to be addressed to saints, a large part of the Church of Scotland had indeed arrived '*ad hæc tempora quibus nec vitia nostra nec remedia pati possumus.*'

Now this being very generally granted,—the necessity of a reformation admitted, it may still be possible to find in that great establishment—the labour of so many centuries to rear—something, '*tibi tuæque reipublicæ quod imitere.*'

These ancient Church records suggest some serious reflections. We are no Roman Catholics, nor conscious of the least hankering after their tenets. But we find ourselves imitating the modern traveller through Scotland who passes the rectangular Presbyterian parish church to refresh his eyes with the ruined abbey or ivy-clad chapel beside it. Why should this be so? Why should the clergy of the Kirk, in most duties so exemplary, fill so small a place in the educated society of the country?

In the cathedral cities of Scotland under the old Church—that is, be it observed, in each of St. Andrews and Glasgow, in Whithern, Dumblane, Dunkeld, and Brechin; in Aberdeen and Elgin; in Rosemarky, Dornoch and Kirkwall—there was established a considerable society of learned and dignified ecclesiastics, living decorously for the most part, if not virtuously; attached to their order, and, through it, connected with other churches and foreign countries; drawing from abroad somewhat of the cultivation of continental society, introducing foreign arts and useful inventions, cultivating some sort of literature; and by their paramount attention to the solemnities of a gorgeous ritual, exalting the imagination, and refining the taste of the people. Two of these old cathedral cities—Glasgow and Aberdeen—have,
from

from accidental causes, grown up to wealth and commercial importance; and luxury, no doubt, has followed in their train—though it may be doubted if it has taken so graceful a shape, or so much refined society, as if guided by the admirable Bishop Elphinstone, or by that Archbishop Dunbar whose banquets, celebrated in the verses of Buchanan, give us an idea of Attic taste and chastened luxury beyond his age, and certainly at that time to be found only among churchmen.*

But if the influence of a splendid hierarchy may be missed even in the crowded walks of trade, how much more is its absence felt in those rural towns which formerly diffused some taste for learning and accomplishments through the remotest districts! Some of our readers, who on their way to grouse-shooting have wound down from Birnam (*Birnam wood!*) northwards, and looked over that wooded valley and that noble river, crowned with its village and ruined church-tower, have never thought that Dunkeld was once a bishop's see—that three hundred years ago, in that now ruined cathedral, presided Gawin Douglas, the son of the great Earl of Angus, the scholar, the poet, who has left a name for immortality—that there he devoted himself to the duties of his bishopric, exercised hospitality among the lairds of Perth and Angus, and completed the old bridge over Tay. Dunkeld was not the centre of civilization when Douglas went to adorn that society. But let us go still further a-field.

Robert Reid, the son of a good gentleman who fell at Flodden field, was one of a band of regular churchmen, zealously attached to the faith of their fathers, but no less zealous to purify it from error and superstition. With that view they laboured the reformation of the monastic houses, and as a first step tried to restore, by means of foreign teachers, the decayed learning of the Scotch

* *Præsulis accubui postquam conviva Gavini,
Dis non invidéo nectar et ambrosiam.
Splendida cæna, epulæ lautæ, ambitione remota,
Tetrica Cæcropio seria tincta sale.
Cætus erat Musis numero par, nec sibi dispar
Doctrina, ingenio, simplicitate, fide.
Ipse alios supra facundo prominet ore,
Qualis Castalii præses Apollo chori.
Sermo erat ætherii de majestate tonantis,
Ut tulerit nostræ conditionis onus;
Ut neque concretam divina potentia labem
Hauerit in fragili corpore tecta hominis:
Nec, licet in servi Dominus descenderit artus,
Naturam exuerint membra caduca suam.
Quisquis adest dubitat scolane immigrarit in aulam,
An magis in mediam venerit aula scolam.
Jupiter Æthiopum convivium solus habeto,
Dum mihi concedas præsulis ore frui.'*

—*Buchan. Epyg.*, lib. i. R. 43.
cloister.

cloister. Reid, at his own expense, brought over an Italian, who taught philosophy and the classics to the young monks and novitiates of his abbey of Kynloss and Beaulieu in Moray, and has left a minute record of his prelections. Our abbot secured also the services of a foreign artist—*pictorem in arte sua egregium*, (antiquarian reader, his name was *Andreas Bairhum*!)—to adorn not only the church of Kynloss, but the abbot's apartments; which last were done in fresco. He brought from France a gardener, who exercised his delightful art ungrudgingly for the benefit of the whole province, as well as for the monastery. Moreover, he collected a great library, at a time, be it remembered, when the books were MSS., or printed volumes almost as costly; and with a fitting care for his collection, he built a vaulted, fire-proof gallery at Kynloss for its reception. When promoted to the bishopric of Orkney (1541), his goodness found a wider field. He was frequently employed on distant embassies, and brought home splendid testimonials of the favour of foreign states and princes. He was made one of the Judges of the newly-established Court of Session, and soon its President. Without neglecting his duties as a servant of the Crown, he was assiduous in his care of his diocese. He carried into those remote islands the same zeal for the Church, and taste for the refinements of domestic life, which had distinguished him when Abbot of Kynloss. He made sumptuous additions to the bishop's palace at Kirkwall, and to that venerable cathedral, still entire, for building which all christendom is said to have paid a tax. He made a new foundation of the chapter, augmenting the number of prebendaries, and assigning ample funds for their maintenance. He built a college at Kirkwall for instructing the youth of his diocese in grammar and philosophy. And amid all these cares of the good bishop, he found means to leave a munificent endowment for a projected college at Edinburgh. Than such a prelate, religious, learned, and fostering learning, loving the arts, and encouraging them, religion has no shape more dignified and amiable. If we view him, moreover, as the statesman, conversant with courts and the favourite of princes, carrying to those wild isles the manners and usages of civilized life, we may understand some part of the blessed influence such a bishop exercised over such a diocese.

In endeavouring to recall the sources of influence of the ancient church in Scotland, it would be unpardonable to omit St. Andrews. In that primatial see, in the century preceding the Reformation, when the Church is usually thought to have reached its zenith of corruption, we find bishops worthy of the best times. We find Kennedy, the reforming bishop, the promoter of education, the honest and able statesman, frugal and temperate in private, says
Buchanan,

Buchanan, magnificent abroad; by his virtue commanding respect in the most turbulent period of Scotch history. He was followed by *Graham*, unfortunate indeed, but, says the bishop-hating historian, 'doctrinâ et virtute nemini sui temporis inferior.' To him succeeded *Scheves*, an astronomer, perhaps addicted to astrology, but evidently a man of genius, and one whom we may now be permitted to honour as among the earliest of book-collectors. The two princes who followed in succession, the brother and the natural son of *James IV.*, were promoted to the primacy so young, and held it so brief a space, that their character could have little influence on the province; yet the last, the favourite of his chivalrous father, and who fell with him at *Flodden field*, had the rare fortune to be celebrated in the prose of *Erasmus* and the verse of *Ariosto*.

In that age of boy-kings and clashing factions, the Archbishop, holding his state in his city of *St. Andrews*, supported by the dignitaries of the cathedral and priory, and surrounded by the numerous vassals of the church, afforded the semblance of a court more august and imposing than that of the Sovereign. As one tries to bring up to the fancy the scenes of those times, he had better avoid comparing them with the present state of that desolate city. The contrast is too painful.

While the clergy in the cathedral towns were exercising such influence upon society, the rural districts no less felt the civilizing effect of the Church, not only through the parish-vicars, but from monasteries scattered over every plain and valley of the lowlands. To pick out from the records before us the thousand particulars throwing light on the monastic life, would, we fear, be more amusing to us than to our readers. The monk of Scotland, after all, did not differ very much from those of other countries. *Scott*, with the intuition which taught *Shakspeare* to speak the language of the plebeians of the forum, has painted him to the life. His 'Monastery' and 'Abbot' will be no unsafe guides for those who have not leisure or inclination to detect and join the scattered fragments of the actual bodies. It can mislead no one, that the generosity of his nature has thrown a rich light over the last scene of a decayed and picturesque religion. He has not represented the inhabitant of the monastery higher than he was. On the other hand, we do not need the romance writer to inform us that the convent was the frequent nurse of lawyers and statesmen, and often sent forth her sons to the highest offices of State and the chief dignities of the Church. He has chosen to paint the middle and common state of monachism, and we shall not attempt to add to the portrait. One or two facts to illustrate the Church as a landlord, and we have done.

By a custom of the bishopric of Glasgow, certainly of considerable antiquity, but which tradition ascribed to St. Kentigern himself, the widow of a church tenant was entitled to her life-rent of the lands or possessions of which her husband died possessed. This custom, which is more interesting in a country almost devoid of local customary law, is called the custom of St. Mungo, and it received effect in the supreme civil court of Scotland the very year of its institution. An entry in the rental of a religious house secured not only the tenant so 'booked,' but his heirs, in the possession. Certain rights of inheritance were also ascertained in favour of another class, called 'kindly tenants;' and these claims seem to have had full effect; for we find many successive generations holding Church lands with no stronger title. Even the poor serf or native villain (the date of whose emancipation it is strangely difficult to ascertain) had his rights allowed. A curious document, printed in the Register of Dunfermlyn (No. 354), illustrates this. In 1320, the abbot and convent of Dunfermlyn submitted to certain arbiters or jurymen certain demands of their 'men' or villains in Tweeddale. The first demand was, that the serfs should have a bailiff of their own race to repledge them to the abbot's court, that is, to assert the abbot's privilege of exclusive jurisdiction within his territory, which, of course, they considered a friendly one. To that claim the jury was favourable. The second article is—that if any of their race be reduced to poverty, or incapacitated for work by age, he should have his living of the abbey. The jurors on their oath found the convent not obliged to this *ex jure*, but that they ought to do it of favour, 'ex affectione, quod homines eorum sunt.' The third demand was—that if any of their race commit homicide, or any act for which he is obliged to seek the protection of Holy Church, and come to Dunfermlyn for that protection, he shall be maintained at the expense of the monastery as long as he stays. The jury pronounced that the convent should do so for a stranger, much more for its own people. In the fourth article the petitioners rise in their demands. It is, that if any of that race should commit manslaughter, and compound for it, the convent should be bound to contribute twelve marcs towards the composition. The jury responded, 'quod nunquam tale quid omnibus diebus vitæ suæ audierunt'—and we cannot blame them.

The Protestant's estimate of the Reformation naturally varies with the point of view—according as he looks back to the sweeping and garnishing of a polluted tenement, or to the defacing of an ancient edifice not easily restored—as the termination of intolerable abuses, or the convulsion which for a time threw loose the bonds of society. The student of these records of the ancient Church

Church in Scotland may be disposed to look on the dark side. He has in his hands the evidence of a system of government by due gradations, and with internal discipline of admirable organization and efficacy, which during ages of civil violence and misrule saved the Church almost free from insubordination and the calamities that distracted the realm. While he fully appreciates the manifold blessings of the Reformation, he may be excused for withdrawing his eyes for a while from those grisly fathers of the Kirk, whose faults as well as their virtues have become hallowed for the popular imagination, till the nation—clergy and laity—seems to forget that Christianity existed before Knox, and exists beyond Scotland.

Since writing what is above, we have seen a prospectus of a *Monasticum Scoticum*, undertaken by the learned and zealous gentleman whose little work of fragments on the same subject is named at the head of this article. His *Monasticon* is intended to collect all such smaller ecclesiastical records as do not rank with the great chartularies, and at the same time to borrow from the latter, and all sources, satisfactory illustrations of the foundation and constitution of all the religious houses of Scotland. We wish all success to the enterprise. It is a good sign of the times that such a work should be undertaken by an individual, or by the Trade.

ART. IV.—*The Life of Sir David Wilkie, R.A.* By Allan Cunningham. 3 vols., 8vo. London. 1843.

IT would not be fair to subject this book to strict criticism; for it was begun after Mr. Cunningham's health had been shaken, and the closing page was written the very night before he died, and it is obvious that not one chapter had undergone that ultimate revision in the course of which repetitions may be expected to disappear, hasty thoughts to be suppressed, and vague roundabout paragraphs replaced by clear and compact sentences. Though never an accurate writer, we cannot doubt that if he had been permitted to superintend his last labour through the press, he would have presented it to the world in a shape very different from what it now wears. By far the most important part of his materials, however—Wilkie's own later letters—required no editor but the printer: they fill a large share of these bulky volumes; and if they had been published by themselves, without note or comment, they would have been sufficient to form a valuable

work—one calculated to raise essentially the general estimation of this eminent artist's mental powers and resources. Sir David's diaries, too, would probably, under happier circumstances, have remained much as we see them—though the extracts might have been greatly abridged without loss of interest. From Mr. Cunningham's very loose narrative, and these remains of the painter himself, we shall endeavour to put together a brief summary of his personal story; and a few specimens of his criticism on art may be introduced as we proceed.

We do not find that Wilkie was ever esteemed a *gentle* name in Scotland; but yet Sir David had a pedigree. It is stated that his progenitors had been for four hundred years proprietors of a farm within a few miles of Edinburgh, consisting of some sixty acres, which they cultivated themselves: and that various other small landholders of the same name, all traditionally connected in blood, were established in the same vicinity. It is, therefore, not improbable that they inherited in subdivisions the possessions of a once considerable family. The only person of any distinction among them previous to the painter's generation was the author of the 'Epigoniad,' who was minister of Ratho, in the midst of his kindred, before he attained a chair in the University of St. Andrews, and to whose kindness Sir David's father was under weighty obligations at the outset of life. The grandfather had been forced to sell his acres, but continued on the spot as tenant. It seems doubtful whether he could have educated his son for the Kirk (that great object of ambition to the families of Scotch farmers), but for the assistance of the poetical Professor; and to the same influence the young and worthy aspirant owed, in due season, his settlement as Minister of Cults, a small rural living near St. Andrews, and in the gift of the University. His stipend, at first 68*l.*, was never more than 100*l.* per annum, with a glebe of three or four acres; and no one of the good man's three wives seems to have brought him any dowry. The third of these, Isabella Lister, daughter of the farmer of Pitlessie Mill (one of the ruling elders of the parish), was the mother of David Wilkie—who was born at the manse of Cults, Nov. 18, 1785. The minister had a large family, and David was his third son.

The Rev. Mr. Wilkie published, in 1794, a volume entitled 'The Theory of Interest,' which, says Allan Cunningham, 'good judges have pronounced a profound and able work, and which Mr. Pitt, it is said, consulted in all his calculations.' For 'it is said,' it would probably be safe to read 'it was said—at Cults.' It does not appear that he ever again figured as an author, or that this book was in any way serviceable to his basket and store. 'Interest' remained with Mr. Wilkie a matter of theory.

David's

David's excellent mother was his sole teacher until he could read his Bible. He was then, at seven years of age, entered at the parish-school of Pitlessie, about a mile from his father's manse; and here (with the exception of a few months at another parish-school, where the master was supposed to be somewhat more active) the future R.A. continued a daily attendant until he reached his fourteenth winter; by which time, in the narrow circumstances of the family, it was necessary that he should make choice of his profession.

Not many callings were within the scope of his selection. By the kindness of a neighbouring peer his eldest brother had obtained an Indian cadetship; but the outfit and voyage had pressed heavily on the manse, and a start so expensive for any of the younger lads was out of the question. David had been anything but a forward scholar—he had shown no fondness nor aptness for either grammar or arithmetic:—if he had exhibited any lively predilection for his book, the worthy minister would, no doubt, have strained hard to give him a college education, and set him out in his own line of life, or as a surgeon. As things were, there was perhaps hardly any choice but between the plough and mill of his mother's family, and the hazardous, as it must have seemed, indulgence of his own early and only bent to the art of the pencil. This passion had begun to be visible even from his infancy. As soon as he could hold a piece of chalk, the walls of the nursery were scribbled over with dogs, cats, trees, and houses. At school the margin of every manual had more of his attention than the text. While his fellows played, he delighted to lie near them on the turf sketching their faces and figures on his slate. By degrees he attained such skill, that wandering beggars and pedlars sat willingly to him for their portraits. He gave his evening hours, whenever he could steal but unobserved, to the village smithy, where he fed his eye on the vivid contrasts of light and shade, and the strenuous attitudes of man and horse. Every rude wooden-cut that came in his way was copied and recopied. Late in life he mentioned, as an important event in his boyish history, the arrival at the manse, in company with a volume of the 'Statistical Account,' of a print of Sir John Sinclair represented in trews and plaid as colonel of a fencible regiment. This heroic figure made a powerful impression—from that hour, he said, his ambition was stirred, and its object fixed. We may infer that the manse of Cults was the barest of its kind. It could hardly have boasted the usual John Knox and George Buchanan over the mantelpiece.

It is recorded that young David in those days gave sad cause of offence, and excited grievous scandal in the parish. He must needs

needs carry his pencil with him to the kirk, and on the flyleaf of Bible or psalm-book would, while his reverend parent preached his best, be catching the features of some devout Mause Head-rigg or critical Andrew Fairservice in the congregation. These sacrilegious doings, if report may be trusted, attained their climax in a sketch of the minister himself, delineated in a moment of diabolical temptation, with a soft bit of charcoal, on the capacious bald head of the venerable miller of Pitlessie, whom David had perceived to be sunk in profound slumber before the sermon reached its 'nineteenthly'—a double, not to say treble, irreverence, which, if the limner had been a few years older, or had lived a generation sooner, would, no doubt, have introduced him to a personal acquaintance with the discipline of the Kirk Session. As it was, it probably cost him no supper or cold porridge, besides many a stern word and look at home—and abroad, in what was to him *the world*, a general chorus of the old Scots proverb, 'Manse-bairns are seldom *menseful*.'*

In all other points, however,—save indeed as to his school-learning—he was from the first a credit to the manse of Cults—a quiet boy, affectionate in his family circle, steady in all his ways. His father and mother being highly esteemed in their district, two or three of the principal families near them appear to have observed with interest his zeal and progress in the use of his pencil. He was admitted freely to see and examine whatever works of art their houses contained—but these seem to have been few. A couple of Sir Joshuas were within reach—nothing else of any consequence is mentioned—but the lad pricked up his ears when he was given to understand that the first painter of England was, like himself, a poor country clergyman's son. And there was other encouragement, not so high, but nearer home. Martin, then, or not long before, a flourishing portrait painter in Edinburgh, was brother to a Fife minister. One or two specimens of his skill were the distinction of a manse not far from Cults; and to David, no doubt, Martin seemed and sounded almost as great as Reynolds. He now brooded day and night over the possibility of getting access to the sphere of art, and making that the business of his existence.

He found by and by that gratuitous instruction in drawing and painting was to be had at Edinburgh. The board of Trustees for the Improvement of Manufactures maintained a small establishment for such purposes; their teacher, Graham, had already some promising pupils: but admission was guarded: the funds were designed to promote a definite object: in strictness, no candidate could be accepted unless he produced specimens of his

* *Anglicæ*, 'discreet, seemly, decent in conduct or manners.' See Jamieson.

handiwork,

handiwork, from which it might be fairly inferred that he possessed talents worthy of being cultivated at the public expense, with a view to the ultimate advantage of our muslins and crockery by the introduction of better *patterns*; and though it was impossible, and would have been absurd, to interpret such a regulation literally, considerable rigour was usual in the examination of the young pupil's preliminary drawings. The minister of Cults, regarding David's performances with a parent's eye, was not afraid of this ordeal: and it being at length settled that the boy should, if possible, be bred for an artist, he proceeded to Edinburgh with him and his tiny portfolio. Strange to say, the examination of the specimens was in those days entrusted, not to the teacher of the Trustees' school, but to their secretary—Mr. George Thomson, well known for his connexion with the poet Burns. Thomson pronounced the primitive of Wilkie quite worthless, and the minister and his son returned in distress to the manse. The great man of the next parish, the late Lord Leven, heard of their discomfiture; and intimated that if they would risk a second crossing of the Firth, with a letter from him in lieu of David's portfolio, he thought it likely they might have better luck. And so it proved. The Earl's recommendation was all-potent with Thomson, or with the Trustees; and David Wilkie, in his fifteenth summer, was installed among the pupils of Graham, and left to regulate his life out of the academy entirely by his own prudence; with, we may be sure, a full sense that, if he transgressed the very sharpest bounds in his personal expenditure, he must, as Cowper expresses it,

'Pinch his parents black and blue.'

Mr. Graham was a kind as well as clever man; if he had a large share of vanity about him, much of it took that direction which is fortunately usual among teachers. The assiduity of the boy conciliated his good-will, and he ere long began to prophesy that the Trustees would yet have reason to rejoice that their rules had not been exactly complied with at the day of his matriculation. Wilkie, on his part, retained to the last a feeling of what he owed to Lord Leven's intervention. He used to shake his head when any of his Presbyterian friends declaimed against 'patronage,' and tell them that was a cry in which he for one could never join.

The seminary was open for two hours before breakfast, and again for two hours in the evening, so as to leave the best part of the day at the students' free disposal; a necessary arrangement, since most of these were trades' apprentices, or subsisting by their labour in some shop or manufactory.—House-painters,

painters, engravers, weavers, &c.' Young Wilkie was one of the few who could afford to give all their hours to art—one of the very few who did so. The even, resolute steadiness of his diligence is attested by the master, and by two or three of his fellow-pupils, themselves in the sequel distinguished. He was the first at the school, and the last to leave it; and the intervening hours were spent in solitary labour in his little garret in the Old Town of Edinburgh, near the College—or in observing and sketching from life, moving, bustling life, in the market-place, the auction-rooms, on the quays of Leith, among the fishermen and their wives, in the vast stone quarries near the city—wherever he could see human beings exerting their strength, mixing with each other, and transacting real business. If he had a holiday, it was given to some fair or *tryste* for the sale of cattle in the neighbourhood, where mountaineers from the North or the South, Gael or Saxon, in their as yet picturesque diversity of costume, were trafficking or carousing in the midst of flocks and herds, and strings of rough ponies. From such studies he returned with quickened and enlightened curiosity to the casts from the antique at the Academy, which were not many, and 'so much the better for me,' said Wilkie, 'for I had to work on them until I had got every thing about them by heart.' He had a natural turn for mechanism—kept carpenter's tools always by him, and, while meditating on his teacher's lessons, delighted to occupy his hands by fashioning shelves, stools, a chair, or a table, whatever was wanted to make his nook more comfortable. The habit of measuring and adjusting things with critical nicety was excellent training for his eye—and he by degrees constructed little models of men and other objects in clay or wood, by drawing from which he was fast attaining accuracy in perspective, and the management of light and shade. There were then at the Academy no living models, nor as yet were there any persons in Edinburgh who made or eked out a livelihood, as many do now, by sitting to students of art in private. But David, as often as he could, cajoled some good-humoured fish-wife or venerable beggar into his garret; and even his blue-gowns seem to have been contented with no better payment than a *spring* on the fiddle—for he was also a self-taught musician, and could play the popular reels and strathspeys already to the admiration of such connoisseurs. Such was the education of Wilkie at the Edinburgh Academy—sedate, sober, thrifty, entirely inoffensive, for three or four years, from fifteen till he was near nineteen. He thus, in the midst of a great town, in the immediate neighbourhood of a crowded University, laboured on with one object stedfastly before him, seduced by no temptation, gradually winning for himself the respectful admiration

admiration of the youthful compeers, in whose tricks and jollities he refrained from taking any part. Such an example is indeed well worth preservation.

The most eminent of his fellow-students, the present President of the Scotch Academy, Sir William Allan, R.A., who was, we believe, rather his senior, says, 'he seemed to have even at that early period an innate feeling for character and expression;' and he instances a drawing of the master, Graham, done when he was under seventeen, 'so full of expression, done with such a masterly hand as seemed then little less than a miracle.' 'The progress he made was marvellous; everything he attempted indicated a knowledge far beyond his years; and he soon took up that position in art which he maintained to the last.'

The first of Wilkie's attempts in oil was done in competition for the annual prize at this little academy. The subject was to be from *Macbeth*—and the scene he selected was Lady Macduff defending her children from the murderers. He did not gain the premium; but his picture is said to have been more admired by the students than the successful one. When he appeared in London a few years afterwards, he seems to have been described as 'the young Scotchman that had done a remarkable thing from *Macbeth*.' The chief merit is said to have been in the head of young Macduff. The missing of the prize neither disquieted nor discouraged him. It is probable he already felt that this was not an attempt in the direction most suitable for his hand. Sir W. Allan tells us that though he had not seen any picture either by Teniers or Ostade, he hung over their etchings and engravings, whenever he could reach them—declaring that these were the true masters; and we hear without surprise that, before he quitted Edinburgh, he had settled in his own mind that the grand object which he ought to strive for was the application of art like theirs to the familiar domestic life and manners of Scotland—a wide field, as yet untouched save by David Allan, whose reputation was then high in the north, and who was unquestionably a man of strong powers, though rather a felicitous caricaturist than a Scottish Hogarth. In this department Wilkie made his first serious effort—to which probably Sir W. Allan alludes—in the course of his seventeenth year. It was a sketch on pasteboard, representing some rustics wrangling over a revolutionary newspaper—the germ of one of his master-works, the *Village Politicians*—and, according to Mr. Cunningham, in itself a most noticeable performance:—'the true first-fruit of his genius, ill-digested and crude, but exhibiting a singular force, and a sort of intrepid wildness of conception and character, much tamed down in the subsequent

quent picture.' We have not seen this curiosity. If, as Mr. Cunningham states, 'the central group' is nearly what we have in the *Village Politicians*, Sir W. Allan might well say that Wilkie soon took up the position in art on which his real fame was ultimately to depend. No finer group, none exhibiting a happier contrast of character, ever came from his easel, from Hogarth's, or from Jan Steen's.

Early in 1804 Wilkie returned to Cults. Perhaps he felt that he had learned as much as Graham could teach him—without doubt he was eager to relieve his parents from the expense of maintaining him at Edinburgh; and, strongly as he had fixed his ambition on the path which afterwards led him to fame and fortune, he conceived that he might keep that before him, and yet make enough meanwhile for his own support by portraiture. At nineteen he was established at the manse as an artist; and the respect in which his family were held, with the good report which preceded and followed him from the academy, procured him by degrees a variety of sitters. He painted several of the neighbouring gentry and clergy—some, miniatures on ivory—a few in life-size in oils—the most on small canvasses in dimensions about the same that we find in the best pictures of his prime. Several of these early productions were in the exhibition of his works here a year ago. It was impossible to doubt that he had caught staring likenesses; the drawing is stiff, but not false: what colour there was seemed hard enough. The best specimens were, we thought, from members of his own family—one, of his sister, showed real grace. When he had exhausted the patronage of the adjacent parishes, he transferred his easel to Kinghorn, thence to St. Andrews, and finally to Aberdeen: at all which places he is said to have received some encouragement, but it could hardly have been much, otherwise he would not have shifted ground so often in the course of a few months—nor painted a sign-post to defray a bill *à la* Morland.* This trade of likeness-making had not, however, been his only occupation. Before the year expired he had made a picture on canvass from his pasteboard sketch of the *Politicians*—a picture by no means equal to that which he subsequently did in London on the same subject—but still a very remarkable one, differing little indeed from that as to design and drawing. He had also painted a scene from the tragedy of Douglas, of which the biographer, who appears to have seen it, speaks coldly; and another, which he praises highly, from the *Gentle Shepherd*. But, above all, Wilkie had, during his leisure hours while at the paternal manse, conceived and

* This piece, a man watering a grey horse, was soon rescued from the sign-post. It is said to be a very good early specimen of Wilkie.

carried through innumerable stages of sketching and re-sketching, up almost to its ultimate completion, that rich performance—the richest in some respects of all that he ever finished—his *Pitlessie Fair*.

It is on a canvass of 44 by 25 inches: into this space the young artist has compressed such a panorama as never before was and never again will be produced of the whole rural life of a province. There are groups enough to have given the foundation of a dozen masterpieces: in fact we may trace here in embryo a very large proportion of all the forms that ever his genius animated: it is to Wilkie much what the *Border Minstrelsy* is to Scott. The figures, in number 140, are almost all portraits—for the greater part portraits from Cults itself and the two or three next parishes—the ‘old familiar faces’ which he had been studying and sketching ever since he could hold a pencil. The universal reality is so complete, in spite of the crude and raw colouring, that one feels hardly more temptation to artistic criticism than in the case of a photogenic fixture of living things, lurid and atmosphereless, but all, as far as it goes, literal fact;—no invention, no creation by rule, but the breathing world of Fife seen as through a glass darkly. A neighbouring laird, Mr. Kinnear of Kinloch, perceived that there must be something extraordinary in the awkward sheepish lad who had stereotyped so many evanescent glimpses of character and feeling—and he offered 25*l.* for the picture: a sum which Wilkie and all Cults considered as magnificent.*

Poor as Scotland is (or was) in works of art, Wilkie in the course of his peregrinations had now seen a few good pictures, and many engravings from the great masters. His exquisite eye spoke to a clear judgment—he had the courage of genius, saw distinctly that he wanted much which others had attained, and felt that he had within him a power which, with opportunity, could carry him far. The liberality (for such it was) of Mr. Kinnear was well-timed backing for his inward aspirations. He immediately called in whatever small sums were due to him from his sitters; and finding himself master of in all about 60*l.*, he thought he was now justified in prudence to start for London, and give himself the advantage of joining the pupils of the Royal Academy. His money seemed to him a little fortune—it would maintain him for a year, perhaps for two, in the great city—he might obtain some employment in portraiture amidst Scotch residents to eke out his resources—if the worst came to the worst, he had Fife to fall back upon, for there at least the *Pitlessie Fair* had now given

* We wonder the *Pitlessie Fair* has never been engraved. Surely a careful lithograph at least (from Mr. Joseph Nash) would be highly acceptable to the public.

him a name. The minister was alarmed at the suggestion of such a daring adventure—fears and trepidations manifold agitated the domestic synod—but David was resolute—the 60*l.* was his own—and he embarked.

He came up while the annual Exhibition (1805) occupied Somerset House, at which season the academy teaching was of necessity suspended; so he had leisure to examine the actual performance of his most eminent contemporaries, before entering on his own new career of study. The period was not a splendid one for his department. Neither of the elder painters of our time who alone will be mentioned hereafter with Wilkie had as yet displayed their capacities fully. He saw that many of the exhibitors were far before him, or any painter he had hitherto come into contact with, in the mechanism of their art: but poverty of spirit was as evident. From every morning in Somerset House he returned to his garret near the New Road with clearer perception of his own deficiencies, and with stronger conviction that he had that in him which might by and by command attention in the capital.

As soon as the professors resumed their teaching, he submitted a specimen of his drawing, and was accepted as a probationary student. He then conducted himself in all respects as he had done when at the feet of Graham—and was speedily remarked as the most pains-taking of the pupils. He submitted to every drudgery, not only without reluctance but with hourly growing eagerness; took his place among the regular students in December: and before he had exhausted his 60*l.*—that is before he had been nine or ten months in London—was recognised by his teachers and by his fellows as something very different from what was expected when he first appeared among them. For in truth his outward advantages, never great, were then of the smallest. His figure was tall but lanky, and seemingly nerveless; his firm square forehead, his keen bright blue eye, and the singular mixture of sagacity, determination, and rich quaint humour about his mouth, were not observed so quickly as the very ordinary Scotch character of the rest of his physiognomy—his pale but not clear complexion, sleek sandy hair, prominent cheek-bones, snubbish nose, and ill-drawn retreating chin.* His air was rustic, his accent broad, and the prudential brevity and coldness of his speech and address were not attractive among the gay decisive young southerners who already criticised their betters, and quizzed their teachers, as if themselves were all securely booked for the first niches in the Temple of Fame, and in the

*The best likeness of Wilkie is, we think, by himself—the Clown behind Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage.

irregularity of their personal habits asserted the claims of self-dubbed genius.

Wilkie had brought a few letters from Scotland, but none of them proved of any use to him;—the chilling reception of that from which he had expected most is understood to have suggested one of his cleverest minor pictures some years afterwards. Frugal and abstemious as he was—dining at a shilling ordinary and cleaning his own shoes to save a penny—London turned out a more expensive place than had been dreamed of at Cults. The diligent student's purse became lighter and lighter—and no sitter turned up for his leisure hours. He began to despond; but could not take heart to communicate all he feared to his father. He had, however, been obliged to draw on the old minister for 10*l.*, and moreover to incur debt to the extent of 20*l.*, before the school was again shut up for the recurring Exhibition. Two or three of his Fife sketches and pictures had been exposed at a shop window, and they had been sold, but for very small sums—and not one of them to any purchaser who thought fit to make inquiry concerning the artist. Wilkie's situation, in short, was becoming seriously alarming to him, when his father mentioned that there was great ambition in the manse to have a piano-forte for his sister, and desired him to make inquiry where a small second-hand one could be obtained at the cheapest cost. David in the course of his walks observed the shop of Mr. Stodart, instrument-maker to the royal family, and looked in, not in hope of finding what he was in quest of, but of gaining information where a humble article was most likely to be found. The master happened to be in the shop—Wilkie entered into conversation with him—the northern tongue did not displease Stodart, for he had married a Scotch woman—he asked the visitor's name, and, behold, it was the same as Mrs. Stodart's maiden one. The young artist was invited to take tea with his countrywoman—and this casual acquaintance proved the turning-point of his fortunes. We do not attach exaggerated importance to such an occurrence. It was impossible that Wilkie should have long been hid; but Mr. Stodart's kindness relieved him from immediate embarrassments, and saved him probably a hard uphill struggle.

He had luckily sent down for his Pitlessie in hopes of being able to improve it. All his other specimens were gone except this, and the first sketch of the Village Politicians. Mr. Stodart was surprised at what he saw—his wife delighted; and they lost no time in proclaiming the discovery to their friends and customers, known to have taste in the arts. This procured him some sitters: he worked hard, and was beginning to make a few guineas from time to time, when the late Lord Mansfield chanced

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to call one morning at Mr. Stodart's, and saw in the back-shop the pasteboard sketch. He was sufficiently interested to seek out Wilkie and the Pitlessie Fair. His lordship immediately asked him to paint on canvass the subject of the sketch, and desired him to name his own price. Wilkie named 15*l*. Lord Mansfield said, 'You had better consult some of your brother artists,' and so left him. Wilkie never intimated that he had found any reason to raise his estimate. Lord Mansfield and his lady came frequently to view the work in its progress, and made Wilkie's promising talents the subject of conversation, by which he was of course much benefited. Before the picture was done the petty studio had been visited by some of the most liberal patrons of art then in England—Sir George Beaumont, the Earl of Mulgrave, and the late Marquis of Lansdowne—and they had each commissioned a picture, agreeing to terms considerably higher than Wilkie would have ventured to hint at when Lord Mansfield first conversed with him. The upshot was, that when he had finished his *Village Politicians*, he was offered, from two different quarters, more money for it than he had thought of when the picture was begun; and—not quite clearly seeing that, as he had gone on with the work without whispering any dissatisfaction as to the price originally proposed, it was done and finished for nobody but Lord Mansfield, and was, in fact, his lordship's property the moment he chose to pay for it—the inexperienced artist conceived that he might have a right to accept the highest of the subsequent biddings. He forgot that 'silence speaks consent.' If he had fancied 15*l*. too little, he ought to have said so at an early stage. As things stood, had the picture turned out inferior to what Lord Mansfield anticipated from the sketch, his lordship would in law, as well as in honour, have been bound to accept it, and pay his 15*l*. Every bargain is two-sided. Wilkie referred the matter to his father, and he instantly decided that the paction was valid. David, on this, signified, in handsome enough phrase, to Lord Mansfield that the picture was his lordship's for 15*l*. The Earl sat down to write his cheque, and it was for 30*l*., the highest price that any one had bid for the piece. We should have been ashamed to bestow so many words on this story, but that Mr. Cunningham chooses to expatiate upon it as discreditable to Lord Mansfield. That the picture was worth intrinsically not only 30*l*., but a great deal more than 300*l*., is nothing to the purpose. Wilkie's fame was not in existence when the commission was given—it was this picture that established it. Allan Cunningham was, we apprehend, the best and manliest character that can be pointed out among our men of letters risen from lowly life; but we regret to see that he had

had not altogether escaped one unworthy strain of feeling, too often exemplified in such men's writings. Throughout this book he misses no opportunity, and seizes many a most absurd one, for a sneer at 'the aristocracy,' to whose patronage no British artist was ever more conspicuously indebted, first and last, than David Wilkie.

At the dinner on the opening of the Exhibition in 1806, Mr. Angerstein took occasion to point to the Village Politicians as the star of the collection; and such it was all but universally esteemed and proclaimed. At the age of twenty-one, Wilkie found himself acknowledged as in the very first rank of his profession.

During his period of anxiety and penury, his health, never robust, had been a good deal shattered. The success that kindled his eye left his cheek hollow. He excited a real interest as well as admiration. Sir George Beaumont, in the most delicate manner, intimated that he was ready to advance the full price of one or even of two pictures; and not only Sir George, but several others whose commissions he had soon accepted, Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Whitbread, Lord Lansdowne, all suggested that the paintings ordered might be executed with convenience to him and to the advantage of his health, at their country seats, to which they themselves were about to retire for the summer. We need not observe that neither talent nor distress, nor both together, could have produced such invitations from such persons: there must have been something that commanded respect and confidence in the manners and bearing of the youthful artist. Such friends as these knew the world and their own place in it too well to stand upon little trifles of address; they knew the only danger was of his being too soon master of all the superficial nothings that he wanted—too soon not only initiated, but over much enamoured in the silken labyrinth. In this new sphere his accent was no disadvantage—rather the contrary; for English ladies and gentlemen never can accurately distinguish between what is merely national in the northern intonation and what is vulgar; and we dare say Wilkie's Fife brogue was to them on a par with the ancient forensic dialect of Henry Dundas, or the mellowed Doric of Walter Scott. But, above all, his habitual taciturnity did so young a man no damage. Such patrons as his must have seen enough of life, public as well as private, to be of King Solomon's opinion, that 'By the multitude of words shalt thou know the voice of a fool.'

He who but a few months ago was wandering from one sea-port to another, thinking himself a lucky man when a skipper indulged his wife by sitting for his picture, price twenty shillings—had made
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one step over formidable barriers, and was domesticated, during as many weeks as he pleased, in one palace after another—his mornings occupied with the art which was his constant delight (as indeed it is to almost all who practise it, even the sorriest Tinto of the tribe), while his evenings were spent in society the most elegant that ever this country or this world could produce, and often also the most instructive. In Sir George Beaumont especially he had before him the very model of the English gentleman of the highest class—a far-descended opulent man, devoted to literature and art as enthusiastically as any who must live by the brain and the hand, but dignifying his rank and his fine talents by every social and domestic virtue; as full of sense and worth as of learning and taste, polished with all the grace of courts, yet like Chaucer's knight, 'as modest as a maid.' It is not too much to say that Sir George treated Wilkie with a paternal kindness; he opened not only his purse to him but his mind—was always ready to countenance and support—and, utterly incapable of officious dictation, dropped ever and anon hints of advice and warning, both as to art and mankind, whereby Wilkie profited largely: all which (though not, to say the truth, a man remarkable for warmth of feeling) he remembered to his dying hour with reverential gratitude.

Of the many wise and far-sighted passages in Sir George's early letters to his young friend, we quote one or two (July and August, 1806):—

'I hope you make liberal use of the inestimable privilege of denying yourself: I know what importunities must beset you. Nothing, I think, can hurt you but being too soon satisfied, and fancying yourself at the end of your labours, which will never be; but you bore the gust of applause so steadily and sensibly that I am satisfied you never will forget what is due to your art and to yourself.'

Again:—

'Though I shall have great pleasure in possessing the picture you are painting, I have ten times more in the prospect of seeing you improve your talents to the utmost. Pursue your studies without intermission. Associate with older men than yourself: do not suffer poor-minded and interested persons to render you discontented. Remember yours is a liberal profession—never suffer it to degenerate into a trade: the more you elevate your mind the more you will be likely to succeed. *Be not persuaded to deviate from the line Nature and inclination have marked out for you.*'

From one only of these precepts did Wilkie ever swerve, and we know the result of that aberration, but it was yet distant.

The reader of Mr. Cunningham's book will be satisfied that Sir George had seen reason for thinking that every one of these admonitions

admonitions might be serviceable at this critical period. It is obvious enough that Wilkie was beset with all the indicated dangers. Especially it was to be feared that—fresh from the sole society of young aspirants, not one of whom had made, or probably ever would make, a grand leap like his—he might concede too much sympathy to their impatience with the unappreciating world, and fancy himself neglected as well as them, because all the external honours of his craft were not heaped on him at once by the constituted organs of authority in art, as the rightful ratification of the general verdict. At all times, in this department as in others, there is a government and an opposition. In those days the latter was unusually violent, and it had influential supporters out of doors. Newspaper criticism—almost the only printed criticism that artists think of—was flourishing. Very clever, but very conceited and coxcombical persons—all bitterly dissatisfied with whatever belonged in any shape to the established system of things—were the prominent manufacturers of the paragraphs on which young painters and sculptors gazed with awe and terror, as the very oracles of judgment—to them the sibylline leaves of destiny. Some of the ablest of Wilkie's fellow-students at Somerset House appear to have early pledged themselves to the views and doctrines of this 'poor-minded and discontented' fraternity; and one or two of them lament at this hour, we suspect, the infatuation that enthralled them. From some scattered circumstances it would seem that there was a serious risk of Wilkie's being led astray with these the companions of his shilling ordinary and shoe-brushing days. It was to this Sir George Beaumont alluded in his counsel to associate with men older than himself; and Wilkie had sense enough to understand, and firmness enough to adopt, that counsel. And though Allan Cunningham includes the Royal Academy among the incarnations of hateful 'aristocracy,' and drops sundry indignant hints about reluctance, and coldness, and disfavour, in the reception of Wilkie and his earlier performances by the governing powers of Somerset House, it is to be observed that he does not allege one distinct fact or authenticated testimony in support of his sentimental insinuations. On the contrary, it seems evident that the heads of Wilkie's profession welcomed him cordially, and treated him as one in the sure path to all its honours, from the very first hour that brought any adequate specimen of his talents within their view. They, already admitted to the advantages of superior society, felt none of that petty jealousy at seeing another of their own order invited to maintain its distinction in the eyes of the world, which may very probably have rankled in the bosoms of the modern Salvators and Guidos whose claims had not yet been

recognised, except among the *dilettanti* of the green-room and Aristarchs of the Sunday print. Wilkie did exactly as Chantrey did, in the face of similar temptations, about the same time, and with the same consequences. He perceived that the *radicalism* of art was part and parcel of the then ludicrously imbecile Jacobinism of the empire, and backed out on precisely the grounds on which Horne Tooke himself had the candour and manliness to recommend a similar step to the rising sculptor of the age.

Perhaps the chief advantage derived from this procedure was that he escaped from those playhouse-haunting habits which ruined for ever so many ardent spirits then entering on the kindred careers of the fine arts and the belles-lettres. His notes often point to the difficulty he had in separating himself from young brother-artists whose paradise was the pit. He went occasionally, like other sensible people, to the theatre, and enjoyed the high pleasure it could then yield when Cooke, and Young, and all the Kembles were in their splendour, and the comic stage could show at once Bannister, and Liston, and Mathews; but he never became a habitual hanger-on of the scene, so as to lose, as many did, all sense of the difference between real life and manners and the lamp-lit counterfeit—in England generally, as respects the sort of life that his genius naturally pointed to, a most coarse and tawdry caricature—or, if the difference remained perceptible, fancy that the mimicry bodied forth an ideal worthy of being seriously aimed at and of course preached and painted up.

‘The more you elevate your mind,’ says Sir George, ‘the more you will be likely to succeed;’ and both diary and letters teem with evidence how diligently and delicately his friend strove to excite Wilkie to make it the grand business of his leisure hours to remedy the obvious deficiencies of his general education. When he reached London—when he produced his picture of 1806—he was a very illiterate young man: far more so than is at all usual with Scotchmen of rank inferior to his. He had hardly had any schooling—the majority of his equals in the north do not enter life without having spent two or three years at an university. He could not mingle in the society of the Beaumonts, Mulgraves, and Lansdownes, without being made painfully aware of the unfurnished condition of his mind. Sir George encouraged and advised him. Wilkie under his direction read not many books, but the few and good, carefully.* The progress he made in acquisition is shown by his letters. At first confined to the most commonplace topics, and treating them with stiff, jejune poverty, they by degrees

* On Beaumont's suggestion, a Don Quixote was usually near Wilkie's easel—to be taken up whenever the spirit fainted or the hand flagged.

exhibit fluency of expression answerable to expanding thought, and long before the close may often be cited as masterly vehicles of refined observation and profound reflection.

Neither society nor reading, however, interfered with Wilkie's diligence in the practice of his art. Within another twelve months he finished that charming little piece, *The Sunday Morning*, for Lord Mulgrave; five portraits (all of personal friends); and one of his greatest works, *The Blind Fiddler*, for Sir G. Beaumont. The engravings of the Fiddler have been so multiplied, and Waagen's skillful eulogy is so well known, that it would be idle to quote Mr. Cunningham's long analysis of the composition: but we must, in justification of some preceding remarks, extract the paragraph in which he, *more suo*, contrives, without risking any direct assertion, to convey the impression that Wilkie was unhandsomely dealt with by the Academy, in reference to the Exhibition of 1807, when his canvass was again hailed by the public as the prime ornament of their walls. The biographer says:—

'Now those who imagine that the Royal Academy is wholly composed of high-minded men of genius, who are not only generous by nature and free from envy, but proclaimed "Esquires" by letters patent, are really gentlemen one and all, can know but little of human nature, and less of bodies corporate. The fame of Wilkie, which was almost on every lip, was not heard, *it is said*, without a leaven of bad feeling on the part of some of the members whose genius ought to have raised them above such meanness, and whose works, being in a far different line of art, were fairly out of the embittering influence of rivalry. We know not how this was of our own knowledge, but we know that in arranging the pictures on the walls of the exhibition-rooms, an envious academician can make one fine picture injure the effect of another, by a startling opposition of colour, while a generous academician can place the whole so as to avoid this cross-fire of colours, and maintain the harmony which we look for in galleries of art. When the doors of the Exhibition were opened in 1807, while painters, as usual, complained, some of pictures being hung in an unsuitable place, and others of works placed in injurious lights, the public were not slow in observing that *The Blind Fiddler*, with its staid and modest colour, was flung into eclipse by the unmitigated splendour of a neighbouring picture, hung *for that purpose* beside it, *as some averred*, and painted into its overpowering brightness, as *others more bitterly said*, in the varnishing time which belongs to academicians between the day when the pictures are sent in, and that on which the Exhibition opens. There must be some mistake, *we trust*, in this; the arrangement, of which we know complaints were openly made, *must* have been accidental, for *who can believe* that a studied attempt could be made to push back into darkness a youthful spirit struggling into light, or that an able artist could not but know that he might as well try to keep the sun from rising as a genius such as Wilkie's from shining? *If such a thing occurred,*

Wilkie was amply avenged in the praises of his picture,' &c. &c.—vol. i. pp. 143, 144.

We might safely leave Mr. Cunningham's confutation to himself—to this very passage—and to the acknowledged facts that however placed and neighboured, the *Blind Fiddler* proved the chief attraction—was more looked at by visitors of every class than any other picture in that Exhibition, more carefully studied by the connoisseurs, more loudly praised by learned and unlearned. But when we are invited, however sily, to believe that it is quite in the nature of the Royal Academy, as 'a corporate body,' to allow of its leading officers carrying out a conspiracy for the purpose of injuring a rising artist, not yet of the corporation, by so hanging his picture as to deprive it of its natural chances of success as a part of the annual show—we are in fact called upon to believe the ruling powers not only knaves but fools. And in a case like the present the absurdity is doubly glaring. Before the picture was sent in, it was known to have been painted for and approved by Sir George Beaumont—one of the most munificent as well as enlightened patrons of art then living, a man whose influence over the leading members of the Academy was very great—whose slightest complaint of their proceedings would perhaps have been more dreaded at Somerset House than the sternest censure of all the dukes and marquesses in England put together. But waiving all this, unless the 'Hanging Committee' were selected, from a body of men skilled in art, for the express purpose of doing discredit to their body, the procedure which Cunningham ascribes to them was an impossibility. Even if they had hung the *Blind Fiddler* at such a height on the wall that its merits could not be discovered by the naked eye, curiosity would have been excited by the article in the catalogue announcing a second piece by the painter of the *Village Politicians*, and magnifying glasses would have been put into requisition. But Mr. Cunningham does not even venture to hint that it was placed inconveniently high. He merely insinuates that it was designedly hung beside some other performance, the colouring of which made it look colder than it otherwise would have done. The colouring! As if the *Blind Fiddler* was a furniture picture, valued and considered with reference to the general arrangement and contrast of tints and shadows on a pannel or a wall. Whoever pays any attention to such a work begins with isolating it. It demands and commands minute scrutiny—the deliberate study which admits of no interference or interruption from a blazing daub hung beside the canvass, any more than from the gilding of its own frame, or the red or green paper of the saloon.

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At the same time, we admit there are pictures which may be damaged by such juxtaposition as Cunningham hints at—pictures of the class that must be looked at from a distance: and we certainly have always inclined to the opinion that the Royal Academicians would act wisely in abandoning the custom which Cunningham mentions, of allowing members of the body an exclusive privilege of working on their pictures after the Hanging Committee have completed their arrangements. As long as that system is adhered to, there will be eternal allegations of practical unfairness; and no temporary advantage to individual performances can counterbalance the continued thwarting of general opinion, which we think has been for some time sufficiently pronounced as to this point of detail.

With respect to Allan Cunningham's general sneer at the Academy on this occasion, we shall dismiss it by quoting from his own next page part of a memorandum in which the able artist Andrew Wilson, who had then just returned from a first visit to Italy, describes the reception of the *Blind Fiddler*:—

'The *Blind Fiddler* excited great admiration in the Exhibition; it was regarded as a vast improvement even upon *The Village Politicians*, and one of the most perfect works of the kind ever produced by any British artist. His great youth and his extraordinary merit induced several eminent persons, lovers and patrons of art, to consider the best means of encouraging a painter of such wonderful promise. I was a frequent visitor of the gallery of Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy, and by accident was present one day when several noblemen and gentlemen met, seemingly for the purpose of consulting West on the subject. One of them, I remember, observed, that perhaps it might not be prudent to give Wilkie too many commissions at once, as he would probably exert himself beyond his strength: besides, a young man wrought better from hope sometimes than from certainty. To this remark the President replied, "Never in my whole experience have I met with a young artist like Wilkie: he may be young in years, but he is old in the experience of his art: he is already a great artist:—therefore do not hesitate in offering him commissions and all the encouragement in your power. I have the most perfect confidence in his steadiness, as well as in his abilities. I consider him an honour to his country.'

About Wilkie himself, whom Mr. Wilson met frequently and familiarly at this time, the Memorandum supplies a trait well worthy of notice:—

'When any thing was said that Wilkie did not clearly understand, he did not hesitate to stop the conversation till it was explained: this to me seemed odd, especially as some of the explanations required were about simple matters in art. Most young men I then thought would have scrupled to appear ignorant; but I have since seen enough to set down this practice of his as a proof of superior understanding.'

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In keeping with this is Cunningham's statement that Wilkie continued, after these pictures had established his name, as regular as ever in his attendance on the lectures at the Academy, especially those of Flaxman, and in drawing with the students both from the cast and the living model. He also attended Charles Bell's course of anatomy, and his intercourse with that ingenious and amiable man did more, we believe, to open and improve his mind generally than any other connexion he ever formed, except that with Sir G. Beaumont. He thoroughly imbibed Bell's views as to the 'Anatomy of Expression;' and was indebted to him for innumerable happy suggestions in the course of his subsequent performances. It might, we have often thought, have been, on the whole, a fortunate thing for Bell himself, if he had turned at this time to art as the main business of his life. There can be no doubt at least that, if he had done so, he must have attained the highest rank as a painter. His sketches indicate talent of the richest sort, both for design and colouring. And his natural temperament was obviously that of an artist; the stuff was not stern enough for the department to which he adhered.

While the Exhibition of 1807 was still open, Wilkie obeyed the dictates of affection and revisited his parents. When he left town he had, he says, orders for not fewer than *forty* pictures; yet, working so laboriously as he did, he had as yet gained hardly more than was sufficient for his frugal maintenance. Whatever surplus he at any time found appears to have been expended in little presents to the good people at the Manse of Cults. Mr. Cunningham's account of his reception there now is very pleasing—we give its opening sentences, which are beautiful:—

'May had not well begun when Wilkie was on his way to Scotland. He had a twofold joy to taste of the purest and sweetest kind; he had to meet his father and his mother with fame on his brow, and to visit the friends of his native place, to bestow rather than receive honour. Genius is seldom so happy; before it has risen to distinction almost all who loved it in youth, or hoped its ascent, or desired to rejoice in its joy, have passed to the dark and narrow house, and left its welcome to a colder generation. Wilkie was more fortunate; and the few weeks he spent at this time in Scotland he called the happiest of his life.'

On his return Wilkie removed to a better lodging, and resumed his usual industrious course of life. His diary begins shortly after this: no doubt it contains much that may be useful to students in art; but to the general reader it is about as dull a diary as ever was produced. We shall give a fair specimen by and by. He presently finished, besides some more portraits, and two minor pieces (the *Clubbists*, and the *New Coat*), his *Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage*, and the *Rent Day*—the *Alfred* a subject not well adapted for his hand, demanding a dignity of feeling which he

he never could reach—the other, in every respect one of his most sterling works.

To pass over for the present some other pictures, in November, 1809, he was elected an Associate of the Academy. Hereupon says Mr. Cunningham,—

‘One would suppose that genius alone, and those proofs of genius—works of a high order—were all that was necessary. *Far be it from me to say* that such is not sufficient; but members *might be named*, who won their election more through a fortunate legacy than their fine limning, and who were indebted more to the charms of their wine than their works for their admission among the Forty.’

We should like to know why all this is introduced *here*, since Mr. Cunningham proceeds to favour us with the important information that ‘to give dinners to those accustomed to the splendour of titled men’s tables’ was ‘a flight beyond the means of Wilkie:’ that he dreamt of no such nonsense; and was nevertheless voted an Associate almost immediately on reaching ‘the academic age.’ Nor are any of our difficulties removed by the next paragraph:—

‘It is not uninteresting to trace the progress of Wilkie towards this distinction. His punctual attendance as a student had been observed by many of the academicians: the amenity of his manners had even touched the fierce Fuseli and the surly Northcote; while the vigour and variety of his genius—acknowledged by the mob—had *at last exacted* approbation from the Academy, a body *ever afraid* of giving *undue* influence to young merit by early praise.’—vol. i. pp. 252, 253.

When the next Exhibition approached, Wilkie sent in a small picture, which was called at first the Old Man with the Child’s Cap, then No Fool like an Old Fool, and finally, the Wardrobe Ransacked. The committee advised him to withdraw this weak and fantastical thing—and he complied with their advice. The picture was, Mr. Cunningham says, much improved afterwards—he admits that at best it can only rank with Wilkie’s minor efforts. But the exhibition of that year had nothing from Wilkie; and—though, in October, 1811, Wilkie, not yet 26 years of age, within five years after he first sent anything to Somerset House, was elected unanimously a Royal Academician—Mr. Cunningham cannot account for the advice to keep back the Old Man in the Child’s Cap, otherwise than by attributing jealous and hostile feelings to the committee of April, 1810. He tells us that Bird had ‘created a sensation’ by one or two pieces somewhat in the Wilkie style—that not a few of the Academicians, themselves addicted to the ‘high historic’ vein, were, ‘it was supposed,’ delighted with the prospect of seeing Wilkie supplanted by this new rival: one of them ‘is said’ to have prophesied the speedy downfall of the ‘long thin Scotchman, as proud as Lucifer and

as cold as granite;' and in feelings such as these originated the implied rejection of the Old Man and the Cap. We should surmise that, if there had been any unfriendly feeling towards Wilkie in the committee (whose opinion of the Old Man, Cunningham himself hardly ventures to dissent from), it would have dictated the admission of the new picture, not the counsel to withhold it. But our friend himself states a small fact which entirely demolishes the whole of his story, or rather theory. He tells us that Mr. Phillips, one of the most accomplished and influential Members of the Academy, called on Wilkie and advised him to acquiesce in the hint of the committee at once—avoid by all means any step that might disparage the authority of the body, 'for,' said he, 'you will very soon be one of us yourself.' So much for the coldness of Somerset House. As to Bird, he was one of the Sam Slicks who make a lucky hit, and are then found to have exhausted themselves. That Wilkie himself ever felt any uneasiness at Bird's transitory success—far less that it made him suffer in point of physical health—is what we do not feel ourselves called on to think credible, notwithstanding all Mr. Cunningham's shrewd guesses and delicate suppositions—for he does not produce one syllable of evidence on the subject one way or another.

On the election as R.A., Mr. Cunningham has another magniloquent paragraph:—

'Wilkie, who had looked up to the Royal Academy with something of the reverence of a son, obeyed all its rules, listened to all its maxims, treasured up its counsels in his heart, practised them in his life, believed that its members rivalled the prime ones of the earth, and that *the chair of the president outshone the thrones of Ormuz or of Ind*, received this intimation with a sober joy peculiar to himself. Not so the lovers of art: they rejoiced aloud to see this admission of fresh life's-blood into the Academy, and that so great a favourite, and one so worthy, had been elected while he was yet vigorous and young.'

One would suppose that Landseer, Leslie, Eastlake, Grant, Stanfield, Maclise, Roberts, had all been venerable old fellows before the Academy adopted them!—The biographer adds, however, with truth and propriety:—

'To the Academy Wilkie brought fame, acquired by works reflecting as in a mirror the manners, customs, and feelings of the people of Britain, in the invention of which neither party nor history could claim a share; the domestic character of the land was again in the hands of a consummate dramatist—the only one who had appeared since the days of Hogarth.'—vol. i. p. 331.

To get over at once this anti-academical story, we omitted some labours of 1808 and 1809. In that period Wilkie painted a portrait of the Marchioness of Lansdowne; his Sick Lady, or the
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Only Daughter—a delicately finished picture, and showing great tenderness :* his Jew's Harp and his Cut Finger—both so well known, that we will not criticise them. From his diary, while the latter was in hand, we may take our sample :—

' *November 1st*, A little girl sat for the hands and feet of the boy ; the painting of which occupied me till twelve.—2nd, Began to paint from nature the girl looking over the old woman's shoulder, and then began on the cap of the taller girl.—4th, Began to work at ten, and continued till four, and put in the dress of the girl looking over the old woman's shoulder.—5th, Had a letter from my sister Helen, telling much that I loved to hear from my native Cults. Altered the gown of the old woman in the Cut Finger ; put into my picture the apron, and a piece of white drapery on the knee of the old woman.—6th, Walked to Camden Town : Haydon came to breakfast ; we went to church together, and heard a good sermon from Sydney Smith. Had a call from Lord Mulgrave. Took a look at the Elgin marbles.—7th, I began to alter the effect of the sketch of the Cut Finger ; painted in part of the petticoat of the old woman.—8th, Painted from ten till four ; put in the blue handkerchief of the tallest girl, the ribands of her cap, and touched the petticoat of the old woman.—10th, Went to the Academy : the only thing I painted at home to-day was the pinafore of the boy, which I am not sure but I must rub out.—11th, Rubbed out to-day what I had done yesterday to the pinafore, and painted it in again of a bright yellow colour, which, with the dark coloured trousers, improved the look of the picture greatly.—12th, Haydon came to breakfast ; approved of the boy's clothes, but objected to the blue apron of the old woman, on account of its being too cold for that part of the picture. When he was gone I finished the cap of the old woman, and put in the cat at her feet.—13th, Seguer called : he liked the Cut Finger, as far as it goes, better than any thing I have done.—14th, Altered the boy's pinafore, as Seguer had suggested, from a strong to a pale yellow.'

There are two or three hundred pages of this sort of thing : but Mr. Cunningham makes no apology—so we presume there must be more in them than we are qualified to understand.

' 23rd, Began to paint after breakfast, and continued till four ; during which time I finished the part under the table at the window, and glazed the purple petticoat of the tallest girl, and painted the fire.—24th, Went over the wall behind the old woman's head, for the purpose of working it ; I also put in a small looking-glass in the wall to bring her hand out from the back-ground.—25th, Did a little more to the white-washed wall, and put in some little articles about the fireside.—26th, Haydon came to breakfast ; when he was gone I began to paint, but first sent out the girl of the house to buy a fowl, which was plucked for me to paint from ; put in the fowl, with the oil bottle on the white wall.

' *December 1st*, Put in the tongs and poker at the side of the fire.

* In this piece a cloth is hung over the singing-bird's cage, as if the mother had feared even that favourite note might disturb her suffering girl. Compare this with the cobwebs over the poor-box and the crack across the Commandments in Hogarth's picture of the Rake's Wedding.

I happened to try to-day a little white colour which had grown fat by standing, and found it to work in a rich and very easy manner.—2nd, The only thing I did to-day was the chair in the corner of my picture. Haydon approved of the pewter basin very much.—5th, Painted from ten till four, and put into my little picture the small ship on the chair, and finished the floor and the small pieces of wood upon it.—7th, Began to paint at ten, and continued till four, interrupted only by a call from Seguier. Put in the flower-pot in the window of my picture, with the shining of the sun on the wall.'—vol. i. pp. 203-212.

One extract more—'Douce David' is puzzled for once:—

'26th, A young lady called, and made use of the name of one of my friends to see my pictures. She expressed in strong terms her regret at not finding any picture of mine in the Exhibition, and said she had seen a print of me, but it looked much too youthful. Though she said nothing at all improper, I am inclined to doubt her character, as well as her motive for calling on me. It is altogether a strange matter.'—vol. i. p. 298.

Such was Wilkie's laborious life. Now and then a dinner at Lansdowne House, with Lord Mulgrave at the Admiralty, Sir G. Beaumont, or some other patron; the like at West's, Beechey's, or Dr. Baillie's: all the rest is made up of the regular routine—work in the studio during five or six hours every morning—drawing at the Academy in the evening: a most exemplary diligence. By degrees we have glimpses of accumulation—stock is bought;—a keen eye is kept on the money market—*pawky* friends in the City are consulted—no opportunity of turning a trifle by a well-timed transaction on a small scale is neglected. But one rule appears never to have been infringed. From the opening to the closing page of this journal there occurs no hint of his touching his brush on a Sunday. Whenever Mr. Sydney Smith was in London, Wilkie appears to have made one of his congregation: a preference which in this anxious student of human nature it is not difficult to understand.

In 1810 he painted the Gamekeeper for Sir G. Beaumont: in 1811 the Rat-hunters, his diploma picture for the Academy—and the Village Festival for Mr. Angerstein: in 1813 he exhibited the Bagpiper (Sir F. Freeling's), and another of his greatest efforts, the Blindman's Buff, for the Prince Regent (500 guineas): in 1814 came Duncan Gray; the Pedlar (for Dr. Baillie); and the excellent Letter of Introduction—a reminiscence of 1805: in 1815 his memorable Distraining for Rent, purchased by the directors of the British Institution (600 guineas): in 1816 the Rabbit on the Wall: in 1817 the Broken Jar; the Sheepwashing, for Sir Thomas Baring; and the Breakfast (400 guineas), for the Marquis of Stafford: in 1818 the Errand Boy—and the slight picture of Sir Walter Scott and his family, in which we never could see much to admire
except

except the likeness of Sir Adam Ferguson: in 1819 the *Death of Sir Philip Sidney* (another failure)—the *China Menders*—the *Whiskey Still* (both good in their style)—and a true *chef-d'œuvre*, the *Penny Wedding*, for King George IV. (500 guineas): 1820, the *Veteran Highlander*—the *Bacchanals* (another abortive attempt)—and that truly splendid work, the *Reading of the Will*. This happy subject was suggested by Bannister the actor, and it was purchased by the King of Bavaria for 400 guineas: a recognition of spreading fame which must have given Wilkie high delight. In 1821, came the *Athole Highlander*—the *News-mongers*—and the capital *Guess my Name*. In 1822, the perhaps most elaborate and finished of all his works, the *Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of Waterloo*, for which he received the sum of 1200 guineas from the Duke of Wellington: in 1823 we had, besides some minor things, the *Parish Beadle*—another masterpiece: in 1824 the *Sportsman* (for General Phipps)—the *Cottage Toilette* (for the Duke of Bedford)—and Sir Robert Peel's very clever picture of the *Smugglers*: in 1825, the *Highland Family*, for the late Lord Essex (350 guineas).

It seems proper to give a specimen of the style in which Mr. Cunningham describes these works. We select a genial paragraph or two on the *Village Festival*:—

'The *Alcouse Door*—or, as it has since been called, the *Village Festival*—exhibits England in her most joyous mood: tippling brown ale of her own brewing, and making merry under the shadow of broad-leaved elms of her own planting. Her sons, under the influence of the spigot and faucet, bid the holiday hours fly past, till quiet glee bursts into noisy humour; and her daughters, touched with mirth, and perhaps with liquor, take part in the scene, only to watch till their mates begin to fall from sociality into sottishness, that they may move them home by gentle force and good-humoured persuasion. There are none of the moody groups here which give gloom to the pictures of the Dutch painters. Wilkie has no men who argue with knives and dirks; nor women who scold and scratch faces. The place where this festivity occurs has a country look, remote from spruce towns and regular cities; the inn with balconies and doorways seems once to have sheltered a race a step or two higher into gentility than its present occupants; fruit trees are here and there on the walls, and the elms have been allowed to grow unlopped to the girth and stature of trees. It seems a summer day, when men and women, before harvest begins, have leisure for fun; on the cool side of the inn seats of all kinds, but especially settles and benches, are placed, as if at random, rather than regularly, and there, gathered into knots and groups, are all the drinking and noisy spirits of the district, waited on by three ministers of joy, a jolly landlord, a bustling landlady, and an attractive handmaid. The ale circulates in black bottles, in shining pewter, or in burnished flagons, till some sit because they cannot stand, and others lie because they cannot sit.

'On

‘ On one side of the picture, right against the alehouse door, from the step of which the landlady casts her eye over the whole scene of her profit, are seated four very drouthy customers, to whom the landlord stands decanting a bottle of his best, inducing the ale, by his art in pouring, to foam over the crystal into which it is descending ; it flows almost audibly, speaking more of the malt than of the Thames. A negro is listening to the sound with a face which all but reddens through its tan with enjoyment. The second or central group is composed of a man who

“ Is na fou, but just has plenty,”

and who has been most reluctantly persuaded by his wife and daughter to leave the first group while he has feet to carry him : the descent of the strong ale from the landlord’s bottle sparkles in his eye ; the remonstrances of his friends, who are adding force to entreaty, sound like music in his ear, yet still his feet move homeward : such is the happy influence of wife and weans. His very dog is a lover of propriety, and joins against those who seek to detain him ; while even his tippling associates seem, from their awkward and mirthsome manner of pulling at him, to be scarcely in earnest, and to think that his quiet and modest housedame is in the right. Partly behind this central group are three or four rustics, who acknowledge the double charm of the housemaid and her ale, and detain her, not reluctantly on her part, to listen to such palaver as rises uppermost (like froth) when drink prevails. The landlady sees all this as if she saw it not ; and says, or seems to say, like a Nance Tinnock of the north on a similar occasion, “ Sic things maun be, if we sell yill.” The group at the other end of the picture is of darker and more painful meaning : a rustic, too tipsy either to walk or stand, has fallen down between the hog’s trough and the sink, while his children, evidently motherless, gather around, and regard him with great sorrow. There are auxiliary groups at door, and window, and balcony, laughing over the humour or the beauty of a scene which words are not light enough to describe in its glow of colour ; or the skill of the graver equal to the task of transferring, with true effect, its full character to copper.’—vol. i. pp. 300-302.

Into the spirit and composition of such pieces as this—the pieces on which Wilkie’s true fame rests—Allan Cunningham enters *con amore* ; and making allowance for the false finery of occasional phrases, and the wearisome recurrence of northern illustrations when southern characters and manners are alone in hand, he often produces pages not unworthy of his theme.* We are obliged to say that we cannot always recognise similar merit in Mr. Cunningham’s remarks and reflections on the incidents of Wilkie’s personal life during the period to which the works above enumerated belong. The incidents themselves are few and unimportant :—when we have them from his own diary they are

* We beg to refer to an article on ‘ Art and Artists in England,’ in vol. lxii. of this Review (p. 142), for Waagen’s general estimate of Wilkie’s early and original style. It is a masterly and generous piece of criticism.

placed soberly and unaffectedly before us :—Mr. Cunningham too often interferes in the attitude, as it were, of a trumpeter at the booth of a raree-show. The merest trifle must be exalted : feelings totally alien from Wilkie's sedate nature and sagacious common-sense views of the world, and his own business and position in it, are introduced like the 'purple patches' of some heavy novelist; and the ignorance betrayed of the society that Wilkie habitually moved in after his fame was ripe, is only equalled by the innocent ease of its manifestation.

Wilkie in his earlier days of celebrity makes an excursion into Devonshire, in company with his friend Mr. Haydon, to visit that artist's family and enjoy some of the finest scenery in the island. Among other objects of interest were of course the birth-place of Reynolds, and the specimens of his juvenile talent still preserved in that neighbourhood. Hereupon we are treated with a profusion of romance, which Mr. Cunningham himself, after he has trimmed his inellifluous sentences, cannot help feeling to be out of place, and in fact confesses to be so—*e. g.* :—

'Devout Catholics go on pilgrimage to the shrine of a favourite saint. The battle-field where empires have been lost and won is visited centuries after by the enthusiastic soldier; the poet goes to the banks of the Avon or the Ayr, and thinks, when he touches the birth-places of our most inspired bards, he is walking on holy ground: nor is a painter of any warmth of soul at rest till he has, in a like manner, visited Plympton, in Devonshire, where Sir Joshua Reynolds, *the apostle of his art*, was born. Stimulated, perhaps, by Haydon, as well as warmed by his own *temperate enthusiasm* about Sir Joshua and his genius, Wilkie began his pilgrimage to the *Devonshire shrine* on Thursday the 22nd day of June.'—vol. i. p. 239.

'Escorted by Haydon, Wilkie visited the wooded scenes on the banks of the river Plym, rode to the top of Mount Edgumbe to see the sun set, and was *almost persuaded* by his companion to sit up all night to behold a Devonshire day break and a cloudless sun arise.'—p. 241.

'On the 7th July, after having bathed in the sea, he went with Haydon to Plympton, and visited the house, then occupied by Haydon's schoolmaster, in which Sir Joshua was born: he was shown, he says, the room in which Sir Joshua first saw light, and the school-room where he was educated. As Wilkie was a man of no affectation, he felt himself inwardly cheered, but exhibited no rapture.'—p. 240.

No road-book was ever drier than the corresponding pages of the painter's Diary. It is obvious enough, we think, that the enthusiasm and the rapture throughout this tour were not Wilkie's, but Haydon's—a man of high aims and high talents—with warm and glowing feelings as remote from the temperament, as his career in a worldly view has been from the success, of his early comrade.

Another autumn Wilkie spends a fortnight at Southampton, where

where the late Lord Lansdowne had fitted up some apartments in the ancient castle, and, being fond of yachting, usually resided in them at the season of the year most suitable for that healthful diversion—one in which most *modern* English noblemen of large fortune now and then indulge themselves. That a ‘high and puissant prince,’ in possession of palaces and parks, should choose to put up with the accommodations of a marine lodging, even for a month at the fall of the leaf, appears to our friend Cunningham something so eccentric as almost to warrant an insinuation of mental obliquity.—How little did he know of the feelings that great lords have for great houses, and the charm the grandest of them find in being emancipated for a while from the burden of Morning Post pomposity!* Wilkie sleeps at the inn, but paints in the mornings at the castle, and almost uniformly dines and spends the evening there.

‘It will be remembered that the late Marquis shared in some of the fine taste of his half-brother, the present Lord Lansdowne; nor can it be forgotten that he was odd, *though* stately, in his manners—that he deserted the beautiful Bowood, fitted up a whimsical residence in the old crumbling castle of Southampton, and maintained a sort of eccentric elegance, in which he imagined that he revived the splendour of the old Saxon and Danish sea kings, who had dwelt there of old. There was much in this to please *the politest fancy*; the walls of the castle were washed by the tide; the windows looked upon that fine sheet of water which lies so calm between the coast of Hampshire and the beautiful Isle of Wight; and when the Marquis, in a moonlight evening, spread the sail of his splendid yacht, and with his lady and train moved into the bosom of the bay, he had not much to do to imagine himself an earl in the train of Rollo or of Hastings. *Be that as it may*, he wished to have a portrait of his lady; and to afford Wilkie full time, he was invited to the hospitalities of the castle of Southampton. Wilkie’s visit and his doings there are recorded by his own pen.’

Yes; and his own pen drops no hint about either oddity, or stateliness, or eccentricity, or splendour, or ‘train,’ or Rollo:—but merely records day after day such ‘sayings and doings’ as these—

‘2nd Sept.—Dressed at six, and went to the Castle to dinner, where I met a Mr. Stewart, a Scotchman: went with Lord Lansdowne and family to the play, and saw Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble in a very pleasing little piece, which amused us greatly.’

‘4th.—Chalon called, and went with me to the Castle; we afterwards crossed the ferry; met a gentleman, who told us of a great victory gained over the French by Sir A. Wellesley; walked to Netley Abbey, a noble ruin. Returned at four to the inn, and found an invitation to dine at

* We have heard that one of the Dukes of Bedford used to say he was never so happy, on awaking in a morning, as when the first thing he saw was a diunity curtain—for then he was sure he was not at Woburn.

the Castle ; went at six, and saw the lord and lady arrive from a pleasure sail ; dined, and remained late, allured by music.'

' 6th.—Had a walk in the morning along the beach ; then went to the Castle, prepared my materials, and sent up to her ladyship requesting her attendance : she came at once, and was so kind as to sit for three hours, in which time I went completely over the face and made it better. After dinner went to the drawing-room, and had an account from her ladyship of all she had seen in Paris : we began drawing sketches and caricatures of the young ladies.'

' 12th.—The marchioness, when I came back, sat for an hour, and I put in the hand holding the cup ; and after she was gone I painted the velvet gown, which I all but finished by five o'clock. A violent storm of thunder and lightning and rain came on in the evening while we were in the drawing-room.'

' 14th.—Went to the Castle—prepared my colours and went up stairs to paint the window with its stained glass. Having done this, I began to pack up my painting matters for departure, and contrived, with a carpenter's help, to secure the wet picture from the touch of its case. Showed Lord Lansdowne the picture, who told me he would pay me after the 1st of January on his return.'—p. 195.

And what is Cunningham's own *envoy* for this portion of Wilkie's diary ?

' The conduct of the eccentric lord of Southampton Castle seems not at all eccentric in these modest records of the great artist : the noble lord and his lady lived, it is true, in a romantic place ; but, save in having forsaken Bowood, and *displayed their banner* in this old worm-eaten hold, their way of life seems to have been polite and hospitable—nay, elegant.'—vol. i. p. 196.

' Polite and hospitable—nay, elegant !' Had Mr. Cunningham really anticipated that he should find Lord and Lady Lansdowne described as '*displaying their banner*' for any other purpose but to signify that they were 'at home' in their 'worm-eaten hold'—sending Chalon and Wilkie to dine with the 'train' as a couple of skalds might have been in the fortalice of a Norse Pirate, and sitting down by themselves to a banquet of porpoise and mead ?

Wilkie revisited his native place in 1812, and then, himself in a feeble state of health, saw for the last time his father, who was fast breaking, and died in the course of the following winter. Upon this, he invited his mother and only sister to come up and share his home ; and they did so. He took a house in Philimore-place, Kensington—and his head-quarters were ever after in that immediate vicinity. Genuine homely kindness, some touches of even romantic tenderness of association, may be seen in his letters at this time to Miss Wilkie (who to the last took charge of all his domestic arrangements) ; and they lose none of their effect from being intermixed with evidences of the rising, but not yet wealthy artist's considerate thriftiness.

' You

'You know it has been long my wish to take a house in London or its neighbourhood, and that I have been chiefly prevented doing so by the want of furniture; and as my mother may now be able to provide me with that, there will no longer be any difficulty. And another requisite that I am (perhaps fortunately) not yet supplied with—a person to take care of my house—will also be amply supplied by my mother herself.

'I know you will regret selling many things; but I do not think there will be any great loss, as the same money will nearly purchase as good ones here. Of the kitchen furniture I do not know that you should bring any, except the old brass pan for making jelly, and any thing else you may consider of value. There is an old Dutch press in one of the closets that my mother got from Mrs. Birrell; what state is that in? If it were not an article of great weight, might not that be brought?

'I do not know that there is a Scotch church near this, but there is a chapel close by, that Mrs. Patterson, an old acquaintance and cousin of my father's, goes to. I think if my mother were once accustomed to the Church of England service, she would like it very much.

'I wish every thing of the smaller articles to be brought that looks like a curiosity. The pictures, such as the two I got premiums for, may be taken off the frames, and rolled up together; any thing else that seems curious you may bring, but the old drawings I made at Graham's Academy I really think it might be as well to burn. My father's manuscripts you may bring with you, and any old china you may have would certainly be of use. The old lay figure I would rather like you to bring.'

This letter is indeed a true *Wilkie*—a more curiously accurate picture was never drawn even by his *pencil*. We venture to suggest a *Manse-flitting* as a good subject for some painter of the Scotch school now so flourishing. The old brass pan should not be forgotten.

The removal did not take place for some months: and another letter in the interim, May, 1813, describes what occurred at the 'grand Commemoration Dinner of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds.' Here we have Wilkie's first personal interview with the Regent: and nothing could have been more princely than his Royal Highness's reception of him:—

'When we were in the Exhibition room before the dinner began, his Royal Highness, much to my surprise, came up and spoke to me. He told me he was delighted with the picture I had painted for him [Blind-man's Buff], and wished me to paint, at my leisure, a companion picture of the same size. I of course bowed, and said I was highly sensible of the honour. The Marquis of Stafford, who was with him, then said that I had promised to paint him a picture for several years, but had never done it, and he was afraid he should never get a picture from me; when his Royal Highness said, by way of apology, that his Lordship should consider I had been very long ill; and added, turning to me, that he would be very glad to have another picture from me after I had satisfied the

the Marquis of Stafford. You may believe it is very gratifying to me to find the Prince so much pleased with the picture.*

Wilkie, like most other men, took advantage of the great change in the spring of 1814, and in company with Haydon made a rapid visit to the Louvre. The journal, however, does not tempt us. That continental excursion does not seem to have had any considerable influence on his art.

The closing chapters of volume first show little variation from his usual routine. In 1817 he again was in Scotland; now at last a prophet honoured in his own country. Among other places he visited Abbotsford, and Scott's friend, William Laidlaw, acted as his cicerone from thence through the classical valleys of Ettrick and Yarrow. Mr. Laidlaw communicates his account of the invasion of 'the Shepherd' at Altrive:—

'We found my old friend Hogg at home, and exulting not a little from a flattering letter he had received from Blackwood, to whom he had sent his Chaldee Manuscript. The cottage which Hogg at that time inhabited had been the *but* and *ben* of the former tenant, and he dwelt in the kitchen, for it was the preferable part: but the kitchen was large and roomy, and better lighted than such abodes used to be then, and was moreover wonderfully clean. The kettle was hanging over a cheerful peat-fire, and soon began to simmer; and James, then a bachelor, dispatched a shepherdess to borrow some loaf-bread, to which she added some kneaded cake. I felt pleased at the comfort *the poet*, as he was commonly called, had around him; and having several times accompanied Wilkie among the cottages of Gattonside and Darnick in search of the picturesque, I began to point out what I thought might amuse him while Hogg busied himself preparing breakfast. The poet on this began to look and listen: I had not introduced Wilkie as an artist; and it is probable he had taken him, as he did a great poet,* for a horse-couper: he however turned suddenly to me, exclaiming, "Laidlaw! this is no' the great Mr. Wilkie?" "It's just the great Mr. Wilkie, Hogg," I replied. "Mr. Wilkie," exclaimed the Shepherd, seizing him by the hand, "I cannot tell how proud I am to see you in my house, and how glad I am to see you are so young a man." I was delighted with the natural readiness and fine compliment of my friend, and pleased with the breakfast, which was now ready. We had, I remember, *rizzart* trouts—yellow fins, as Hogg used to call them—from the Yarrow, and a fry of parrs from Douglas burn, the most delicious of all fish, thousands of which Hogg and I in our youthful days had caught together in that mountain burn, almost the native stream of both. After breakfast we visited together the tower of Dryhope, had a beautiful view of St. Mary's Loch and "those hills whence classic Yarrow flows,"

* Mr. Laidlaw alludes to the laughable story of Mr. Wordsworth's early visit at Altrive. Some days after, the Shepherd, being asked what he thought of his guest, said he seemed a very intelligent man, "for a horse-couper." He had taken the author of 'The Excursion' for a certain Tattersall of Edinburgh, his namesake.

and returned to Abbotsford. When I told Scott of Hogg's reception of Wilkie, "The fellow!" said he, "it was the finest compliment ever paid to man!"—vol. i. p. 486.

There is only one passage in the book that opens the least glimpse of the tender passion. One of Mr. Cunningham's many contributors of shreds of reminiscence, Mrs. Thomson, among other little circumstances about the year 1821, says:—

'Wilkie had his moments of anxiety, almost of despondency, as many artists have. He worked slowly—so slow, that he used to say he would never become, through the rapidity of his work, a rich man. I think he regretted this the more, as certainly he had at that time a decided partiality—to call it by no warmer name—for a young and beautiful friend of mine: her character was of the same quiet turn as his own. She never suspected his strong interest in her; and as at that time the difference in station was great, he thought it insurmountable. One evening, after dining with us, he accompanied us to a little dancing party, where he and I chose to look on. On a sudden, he said to me, as the young lady moved before us, "I think her head and throat the most perfect I ever saw: they are matchless!" As we had not been speaking for some time, I said, "You don't mean her: yet I guess whom you mean—why not try your fortune?" "Oh!" he answered, "she would never think of an artist—I would not—I would not presume." I thought he was right, and made no reply.'—vol. ii. p. 55.

Allan Cunningham's commentary is rich:—

'Though I regard ladies as first-rate judges in all matters of the heart, it is, I fear, doubtful whether painters, when they exhibit any rapturous emotion in the presence of beauty, regard "the matchless head and throat" as matters professional or matrimonial. While the painter may be meditating on a Madonna or a Nymph, his rapt looks may be set down as an affair of the heart, when it is only one of the eye; and the fair one before him may expect an open declaration, when the artist is but imagining the lustre her charms will give to canvas, and how glowing she would look in colours akin to those of Murillo or Titian.'

The first of English painters in such terrible awe at the idea of asking the daughter of some—knight and alderman perhaps—to sit for her picture! Charms! and canvas! He could not—he would not presume! She would never think of an artist! For what?—to make her matchless throat glow in colours like Murillo's!

If he was to be in love, he had done well to fix his fancy on a fair one of 'a quiet turn.' According to an Academy story (for the literal exactness of which we do not vouch), the following dialogue once occurred between Mr. Stewart Newton, R.A. (a pleasant voluble Yankee), and this serious brother, as they walked home from a dinner party:—

Newton.—Well, we have had a pleasant evening, Wilkie.

Wilkie.—Raily.

Newton.—

Newton.—But you were very silent.

Wilkie.—Raily?

Newton.—In fact, you said but one word.

Wilkie.—Raily?

Newton.—There it goes again!—Why, Dawvid, you never do say anything but *raily*.

Wilkie.—Raily!

We have already carried down the catalogue of his works to 1825—a remarkable epoch in his life—and the remaining years of that period need not now detain us. He twice again visited Scotland—once when George IV. was there in 1822, upon which occasion he was commissioned to paint two portraits of his Majesty in the highland dress, and the scene of his reception at the palace-gates of Holyrood. These pieces were not, however, carried beyond the sketch stage, until much later. The large portrait is a splendid piece of colouring—such as Wilkie could not have produced until after his travels in Spain; but it cannot be classed, as a portrait, with the master-works of that branch of art; for Wilkie could not combine rivalry of his then idol Velasquez, in the massing of lights and shadows, with the Spaniard's noble simplicity and fidelity in the preservation of the individual image. Nor can we admire much the Holyrood Reception, except as to its *chiaro scuro*. The sentiment of the real scene was at once elevating and pathetic. Wilkie, from feebleness, caricatures both his elements of interest: as in a paralytic patient the smile becomes a broad laugh, and a kind word draws tears. Next to the King, whom (though his bearing was manly and kingly) Wilkie makes to strut like a decorated drum-major, the most prominent figure was the premier peer of the northern realm, who presented the keys as hereditary keeper of Holyrood—the Duke of Hamilton—himself, after the descendants of Mary Stuart, next heir of the royal blood of Scotland—but, if it were only as the male representative of the Douglasses, ranking certainly behind no magnate or grandee in Europe for the distinctions of an historical ancestry. It would have been well for Wilkie had he never meddled with pictures of this class, but since he was to paint the Reception of August, 1822, his Grace's title to the second place in it was just as indubitable as the King's to the first. Mr. Cunningham, however, thinks fit to intimate a different opinion; and he sneers at the Duke as 'exhibiting the blazonry of a pedigree which had little to boast of save a long descent.' (vol. ii. p. 120.) One might have expected some little acquaintance with Scotch history in a writer who has hardly a sentence without a Scotticism: and it might also have been expected that a Scotchman who spent the best years of his life in Chantrey's studio,

would show some respect for the only Scotch nobleman of these days at all distinguished as a patron of the arts. But not so—no occasion must be missed for betraying our good friend's anti-aristocratical prejudice.*

In 1823, on the death of Sir Henry Raeburn—a portrait-painter inferior in nothing to any of his day except Lawrence, and in some of the higher requisites superior even to him—Wilkie was appointed to the ancient office of 'Limner' in the establishment of the royal household for Scotland: the salary, we believe, not more than 150*l.*; but the compliment graciously conferred, and even the salary at an aftertime of real consequence.

With 1824 we turn to a darker chapter. In the midst of a career of hourly expanding brightness, distresses great and manifold began to gather about him. His aged mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, died under his roof. Two brothers also died: he had been security for one of these who held an appointment under the Ordnance, and it was found that a considerable deficit must be made good by the artist. Though Wilkie had received what may seem large prices for some of his pictures, and was a careful man all along, what proved ultimately the chief source of his emolument had as yet barely opened. The engravings of but a few of his best pictures had been completed—nor could anything but experience teach even him the best methods of turning the publication of prints to account. A painter at starting in that way is like a young author, who must usually submit to many sacrifices before he can hope to be initiated in the mysteries of dealing. Wilkie had just begun to understand his position as a pictorial *author*, and entered on a variety of engagements which, had there been no break in the general prosperity of the publishing trade, must, in a few years, have rendered him a wealthy son of art. He saw at last that, by preferring to the line of portraiture, as his regular profession, the indulgence of his natural genius in another style, he had not necessarily embarked in a career quite so unlucreative as might have at first seemed. The portrait-painter is well paid for his picture, and can finish many pictures in the year: but when this

* A few years later, the Duke of Hamilton presides at a public dinner given in honour of David Wilkie; and in what a different style does *he* then speak, in a Scottish assembly, of their premier-duke—

¶ Who, in his own person, represents the noblesse of three great kingdoms—the generous chivalry of France, the baronial aristocracy of England, and the chieftains and thanes of our own ancient kingdom: the first of our peers, the first of our cognoscenti, and in his palace possessing the first gallery of art our country can boast of; whose family is, from their taste, dear to the Scottish artist, as the family of the Medici is to the Italian; and whose ancestors are dear to the poet and historian, as well as to the painter, for the distinguished part they have taken, side by side with royalty, in the romantic history of our country.—vol. ii. p. 388.

is done, he may in general balance his books, and know exactly what the labour of a year has produced for his purse. It is only in rare cases, such as we need not point out, that he has any chance of gaining much from engraving. It is very different with the creator of a *Blind Fiddler* or a *Waterloo Gazette*. The sum he receives for his finished canvas, however liberal, would be but a very moderate recompense for the long months of toil it has cost him. It is from the multiplication of the design that his real gain is to be accomplished. At first his great anxiety is to be popularly known—he has not capital to justify risk—he accepts whatever a print-publisher offers for a copyright, rather than have his production confined to the knowledge of those who can see it in his own handwriting on the walls of some noble gallery. By and by he perceives to what the chances amount, and insists on an adequate participation in the profits of the imprint. David Wilkie, in the sequel, brought to bear on all this business a very uncommon shrewdness and dexterity.

The year 1825 found him in the midst of many arrangements of this nature. No one needs to be reminded of the disasters that befel our commerce, especially our publishing traffickers of every class, in the course of that and the following year. Wilkie, already shaken by domestic grief and pecuniary loss, could not stand up against the accumulating waves of disappointment and danger that now rolled towards him. His early experience of poverty had never been forgotten: it is in that alone we find the apology for various not agreeable traits in him throughout middle life—indications of a degree of smallness and *canniness* which, under other circumstances, must have been considered as pitiable enough.* The prospect of renewing acquaintance with the old enemy was now too much for Wilkie. His nervous system yielded: he had some slight symptoms of paralysis in his hands and feet: and when these disappeared, which they did slowly, there could be no doubt that the malady had reached the brain itself, and the consequences of this proved much more lasting.


Satisfied, after some months of painful suspense, that it was in vain for him to think of resuming the practice of his art, Wilkie wisely followed the advice of his physicians to try what might be done for him by a total change of scene and habits, in the course of a protracted tour on the continent, in company with a young relation, a student of medicine. In coming to this resolution he

* On one occasion Wilkie receives intelligence from his brother that a picture has been sold—well sold—during his absence from Kensington. He answers that he is delighted with the bargain—but begs his brother to observe that, if nothing was said expressly about the frame, the picture need not be sent home in the gilt frame the purchaser had seen—a plain wooden rim would do! Eheu!

was greatly supported by the appointment of Royal Limner for Scotland; but that was not his only support from the same quarter. Mr. Cunningham, without directly impeaching the kindness of George IV., finds means to insinuate that his Majesty's conduct to Wilkie on this occasion was anything but royal. A parliamentary grant—another pension (the Limnership was one)—or a munificent donation at least from the privy purse—these were, Mr. C. thinks, the obvious resources: Parliament made no grant, and the King gave neither donation nor second pension:—

‘The nation is not easily stirred in the cause of the genius which adorns it: the sovereign, though pensions abounded in the land, and he was a generous and open-hearted prince, thought of no better way than a proffer of money to support him when ill, to be repaid in pictures when he grew better. This was refused by the painter with much meekness of heart.’—vol. ii. p. 406.

We do not know whether the phrase ‘meekness of heart’ is an ironical one—but the book tells the whole of this story inaccurately. In the first place, we have the statement just quoted under date of March, 1827, as if the King's interference had occurred long after Wilkie left England—was in fact delayed until there were symptoms of restoration in his case. Had this been so, there would have been nothing to complain of; the natural inference must still have been that his Majesty came forward as soon as he was given to understand that Wilkie might stand in need of pecuniary advances. But we are satisfied that the erroneous date would have been set to rights had Mr. Cunningham revised his MS.; for it is hardly possible that he should have been ignorant of that important particular. When the King was informed, which he was in the summer of 1825, that Wilkie's physicians apprehended him to be labouring under a paralytic affection, which did not indeed obscure the rational faculties, but made it impossible for him to exert his mind on any serious subject for more than a very short interval, his Majesty sent his private secretary, Sir W. Knighton (himself a physician of eminence, and much attached to Wilkie), to convey to him the regret with which he had received such intelligence, and his anxiety that no thought about the two or three pictures for the royal gallery left unfinished, or about anything else in the shape of business or money, should be allowed to disturb him in the arrangements judged most advisable with a view to his health. As we heard Sir William Knighton himself tell the story—the King said to him, ‘Go to Wilkie—he is proud and shy—he may not want money at all, and it would not do to offer him that: say to him, however, that on your report I entertain a confident expectation of his recovery by-and-by, and have no fear on that score—if he will but consent to be idle for the

the period recommended by his medical men. Tell him I am so sure of this, that he has my permission to consider me as his banker—so long as he continues to travel, and *does not work*. He may draw for what he wants, and repay me when he comes back, at his leisure, in the shape of pictures. I can never have too many Wilkies in my collection.’ Sir William added, that nothing could surpass Wilkie’s gratitude—he felt the generosity not more than the delicacy of the King’s whole proceeding. He had no occasion to accept money at that moment—nor afterwards. Travelling at a ry moderate expence, the linner salary and the interest of some small deposit secured in the 3 per cents. supplied all that was necessary for his purposes until the commercial storm subsided—some of his pictures were rescued from the insolvent publishers—and in various ways light began to dawn again on his pecuniary affairs;—at which time, and in consequence mainly, we doubt not, of the mental relief thus afforded, his health again underwent a favourable change, and he once more applied his hand to the pencil. But most undoubtedly, all through his illness and his travels, he received internal comfort from the knowledge of the feeling that existed towards him in the breast of his sovereign. We happened to meet Sir William Knighton at Wilkie’s house a few days after he returned to England, and can never forget the display of his emotions on that occasion; for it was indeed so remarkable in a man of his usually reserved demeanour, that Sir William, on our leaving the house together, told the whole story, we believe simply to do away with what might have been a natural apprehension as to the completeness of the painter’s mental restoration. We can only account for Allan Cunningham’s omissions and misrepresentations on this subject by the melancholy recollection that that worthy man himself had sustained a paralytic seizure some time before he put together these Memoirs; which fact is of course the too sufficient apology for many other imperfections.

The details of Wilkie’s grievous malady, and the numberless medical experiments he submitted to, may have interest for students of pathology; but we shall not trespass on such pages. There is enough of present evil and sorrow always in the world, without lingering needlessly over dreary records of past suffering.

During nearly two years, though his personal appearance was little affected, he remained incapable of the continued exertion of any mental faculty; yet, as we already said, there is no symptom of any faculty having been even temporarily enfeebled in its essence. For many months he could not look at pictures with any capacity for judging them, during more than ten or fifteen minutes at a time; nor could he write to a friend, or make entries in his diary, for a longer time, without feeling him-
self

self exhausted, bewildered, compelled to pause: but both letters and diaries show that, while actually examining works of art, he kept entire possession of his powers, and he records his impressions, however slowly and painfully, in language rarely obscure, often beautifully expressive of clear perceptions and sagacious criticism. To follow the workings of a mind so entire and vigorous, and see them overshadowed ever and anon by so dismal an eclipse from failure of stamina in some part of the physical machinery, is one of the most touching lessons in the book of man.

He staid some weeks at Paris (August, 1825) and then proceeded into Italy. He visited all the chief towns and galleries there, and spent several months of two successive winters in Rome: the intervening summer having been given to a perambulation of the most celebrated of the German baths, which he tried with no more benefit than he did alternate courses of low diet and high diet, moxa and mercury. No doubt the frequent locomotion did him good; we question if anything else did so, except the pleasurable excitement he had from viewing famous works of art—the great attention he experienced from his countrymen and from enlightened foreigners everywhere—and latterly, and most especially, from the better news that reached him about the fate of particular pictures and engravings, and publishing firms with which he had connected himself in the commerce of the burin. One piece of intelligence gave him naturally great delight. When the late King of Bavaria died, the Reading of the Will, being a piece of personal property, was to be disposed of by auction; the new King bought it in at the price of 1200*l.*, three times what his father had paid Wilkie. His absence extending to three years, of course his news from England could not but have now and then been of a less cheering tendency:—

‘Condemned to Hope’s delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blast or slow decline
Our social comforts drop away.’

He heard, while at Rome, of the death of his best friend, Sir G. Beaumont. This blow the invalid felt acutely. He had accepted a present of 100*l.* from Sir George at parting; and now he received a bequest to the same amount.

We must make room for a few specimens of Wilkie’s Italian criticism—selecting passages that appear to deserve special consideration with reference to what was either done or not done by himself in the sequel of his career; but even as to this most interesting series referring every student to the details of the book;—and reluctantly passing over entirely a world of remarks, intrinsically as valuable, as to other matters in the wide domain of art.

From Rome he writes in January, 1826:—

‘The

‘ The masters who preceded the time of Da Vinci, whom our friend Northcote used to speak of with such respect, attracted my attention at Pisa and at Florence ; and to those who have seen art in its declension, it is interesting to observe the qualities which distinguish it in its infancy and its manhood. The works of Cimabue and Giotto, humble almost as those of the Chinese and Hindoos, had yet the living principle of expression and of thought, which, down to the time of Masaccio, furnished their only means of arresting the sympathies of man. The refinements of fore-shortening, of contrast, and of intricate composition, with which the followers of the Caracci have so incumbered art, were to them impossible. *In sentiment alone they excel. To this they appear to owe their advancement, and to this even the mighty men who brought art to maturity appear to owe their pre-eminence.*

‘ The great works of Raphael and Michael Angelo in Rome (my chief study) evince this in a high degree. No artist can either be so high or so humble in his aim as not to be benefited by their contemplation. The divine Raphael indeed, though shorn by time of his original freshness, *all* can understand, and *all* would wish to imitate. With M. Angelo it is different : his works, incapable of being repaired or refreshed, present with their high reputation a great enigma to most people. Dulled with smoke and natural decay, the admired contour and relief, the great inspiring cause of grandeur and of deep thought, which Raphael imitated, and which drew forth the dying eulogium of Reynolds, is lost entirely to the common eye ; and it is only by making allowance for these that the artist can see their great qualities, and, combined with them, what I least expected to see, a refined light, shadow, and colour.’

This is a very remarkable passage ; but there are many others in which he expresses the same sense of the pre-eminence of sentiment over everything in the style of execution, especially the artifice of colour.

In the subsequent extracts we have *underlined* some sentences not less noticeable as to colouring *per se*. Observe, especially, how he feels the effect of broad, fearless handling, and remember with wonder the evident marks of painful touching and re-touching in Wilkie’s later works.

At Parma in April, 1826, he says :—

‘ I have this morning been perched up in a pigeon-hole on the cupola of Correggio, perhaps the most beautiful work I have ever yet witnessed. Around the top of the dome is a garland of angels, in forms and combinations the most elegant, and in expression the most fascinating to be conceived—luxurious and brilliant even amidst the decay of the material. This is the most original of all the works I have seen of this great master. And here, I observe, hot shadows prevail, and not cold, as some with us would have it ; this he had to a fault, making parts of his figures look like red-chalk drawings ; but the sunny and dazzling effect of the whole may be attributed perhaps to this artifice. This, though painted to be seen from the body of the church, is, except for general effect, lost unless seen near. Besides frescoes in various other churches, the

the public gallery has five pictures by Correggio, of which three are of quality sufficient to form each the attraction of any collection ; but the famous St. Jerome (or the Day) takes the lead : this, for force, richness, beauty, and expression, makes everything give way. *Hundreds of copies have been made ; but all poor compared with the fearless glazings, the impasted bituminous shadows of this picture.* Yet who that could paint like this would venture to exhibit at Somerset House!!!'

At Venice, May 1st, 1826 :—

' I have seen the Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian : with this, even had I not been told it was his master-piece, I should have felt disappointed. This is a severely damaged picture : it has, on the face of it, evidence of a complete scouring ; indeed its history says so. It, however, neither wants in tone nor force. It is tremendously powerful—scarcely anything could stand by it ; but the colours are too much cut out, too unbroken and artificial, giving to the whole a coarseness unlike others of this great master. The Peter-Martyr appears his best-considered and most successful work : this, in its place, looks duller than it did in Paris. Oil pictures in churches suffer from lights coming in front of them, and this, besides, is much sunk in ; but it is a work of great power. And here, if this be the standard, what a scale of colours ! The whites are yellow, the blue sky is a green, and the green trees the deepest brown. I have seen Ostade often on this scale ; and if successful effect constitutes authority, how practically terrible is the tone of this work,—but how removed from the practice of modern times ! The Miracle of St. Mark is the great favourite with the artists ; and for richness and depth of tone nothing could more effectually correct the errors now going than this masterpiece of Tintoretto. *But this is mere technicality, the workshop of art ; cleverness in the highest degree, but without sense or sentiment, and to all but the artist incomprehensible.*

' May 2nd.—On seeing the Assumption a second time it improves : besides being a strong, it is also an impressive picture. The great Crucifixion of Tintoretto I have also seen : far more sketchy than I expected, being vigorous and clever in the extreme—the *Taking of Seringapatam* in Venetian art ; but if this is what English artists are to follow, then farewell to our influence on the public mind. Titian seems here lost, and alone in addressing himself to the thinking part of our nature ; and I never felt more strongly the justness of the estimate Sir Joshua makes of Venetian art, as compared with the other schools of Italy. *The rest seem merely ornamental painters.*'

At Genoa (May, 1827), he says of the Correggio in the Palazzo F. Spinola :—

' *Simplicity of tint and of colour prevails ; no staining or mottled varieties : the flesh, both in light and shadow, is produced by one mixed-up tint, so melted that no mark of the brush is seen. There is here no scratching or scrambling—no repetitions ; all seems prepared at once for the glaze, which, simple as the painting is, gives to it with fearless hand the richness and glow of Correggio. All imitations of this master are complicated, compared to this ; and how complicated and abstruse does it*

it make all attempts of the present day to give similar effects in colouring! Here is one figure in outline, upon the prepared board, with even the finger-marks in colour of the painter himself. Here is the preparation of the figures painted up at once, and, strange to say, with solid and even sunny colours.'

Again, in August, he writes thus to Mr. Collins—

'With us, as you know, every young exhibitor with pink, white, and blue, thinks himself a colourist like Titian; than whom perhaps no painter is more misrepresented or misunderstood. I saw myself at Florence his famous Venus upon an easel, with Kirkup and Wallis by me. This picture, so often copied, and every copy a fresh mistake, is, what I expected it to be, deep yet brilliant; indescribable in its hues, yet simple beyond example in its execution and its colouring. *Its flesh* (O how our friends at home would stare!) *is a simple, sober, mixed-up tint, and apparently, like your skies, completed while wet. No scratchings, no hatchings, no scrambling nor repetitions—no ultramarine lakes nor vermilions—not even a mark of the brush visible; all seemed melted in the fat and glowing mass, solid yet transparent, giving the nearest approach to life that the painter's art has ever yet reached.*

'This picture is, perhaps, defective in its arrangement; but in its painting quite admirable. Now, can nothing like this ever be done again? Is such toning really not to be reproduced? I wish to believe the talent exists, and am sure the material exists. But we have now got another system; our criterion of judging is changed: we prefer a something else, or, what is still more blinding, there is a *something else we mistake for it.*'

We have not room for more;—some of the most striking passages in the Diary bear a German date, and record his now profound veneration for Rembrandt—a worship in which he continued stedfast to the end.

At Rome, about the opening of 1827, Wilkie began again to use his pencil—at first only for a few minutes at a time. His journal, presbyterian as he was, never exhibits any disdain for the religion of Italy—on the contrary, he acknowledges that it seemed to have a deeper hold on the people than that of Protestantism has anywhere in our northern atmosphere in these later days—and evidently regards even its grosser superstitions with the leniency of one who had seen the cities, like Ulysses, of many men, and *knew their manners.* His new attempts all bespeak an artistic, but more than an artistic sympathy, with the devotional rites and feelings of the region he was in. These were the Confessional—the Pifferari Playing Hymns to the Madonna—the Cardinals and Priests and Roman Citizens washing the Pilgrims' feet; and a sketch, from which he afterwards finished a picture, of a Roman Princess washing the feet of a Pilgrim. In all these we see the influence of Wilkie's recent study of Rembrandt, combined with that of the Italians, especially of Correggio. They were greatly admired at Rome—

Rome—and well might they be so, considering what painting had long sunk to in Italy. Wilkie sold some of them on the spot; and the grave calm letter in which he tells his brother that he hopes he shall henceforth be more likely to remit than to draw on home, is (from him) the natural expression of the deepest pleasure.

He retired, when the hot season approached, to Switzerland, and at Geneva again painted a little, with much approbation of that critical community. From thence he proceeded to the south-west of France, and at length found himself on crossing the Bidassoa in a new world: a sensation which he says he had only thrice in his life, the other two occasions being when he first touched the continent at Dieppe in 1814, and again when in 1840 he landed from the Danube steam-boat in a village of the Moslem. He was now in Spain, 'the game-preserve of art in Europe:'—the first English artist that had visited the territory since the conclusion of the war.

We shall quote one fragment of his Spanish diary:—

'*Madrid, Oct., 1827.*—Saw again to-day the Spanish school in the Museum,—Velasquez a surprising fellow! The Hermits in a Rocky Desert pleased me much; also a Dark Wood at Nightfall. He is *Teniers on a large scale*: his handling is of the most sparkling kind, owing much of its dazzling effect to the flatness of the ground it is placed upon. The picture of Children in Grotesque Dresses, in his painting-room, is a surprising piece of handling. Still he would gain, and indeed does gain, when he glazes his pictures. He makes no use of his ground; lights and shadows are opaque. Chilliness and blackness are sometimes the result; and often a cold blue or green prevails, requiring all his brilliancy of touch and truth of effect to make tolerable. Velasquez, however, may be said to be the origin of what is now doing in England. His feeling they have caught almost without seeing his works; which here seem to anticipate Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Jackson, and even Sir Thomas Lawrence. *Perhaps there is this difference: he does at once, what we do by repeated and repeated touches.*'—vol. ii. pp. 486, 487.

Wilkie's letters and journals throughout all these travels show a mind occupied exclusively with his own health, his own worldly affairs, his art: no wonder that this should have been so; but the exclusion of all other topics, and the repetition of whatever occurs as to these over and over again, often the very same words being used in the diary and then to three or four correspondents, give a heavy monotony to many chapters—which might have assumed a very different aspect if the painter had carried with him a little more of general curiosity, or even if his biographer had selected judiciously from the materials here presented in a crude mass.

While in Spain, Wilkie was so fortunate as to make several trips in company with Mr. Washington Irving (then attached to the American legation at Madrid) and with Lord Mahon; and he

he owed, no doubt, to the former the suggestion of his Columbus, and to both much instruction and guidance in the direction of his researches: yet his papers barely name them. It does not seem to have occurred to Allan Cunningham to apply to either of them for reminiscences. We have heard both tell some amusing anecdotes of Wilkie in Spain. Mr. Irving, in particular, used to have a rich story about his appearance *en Turc* at a masked ball in Madrid, when he forgot his part on entering the room, and made his salaams with his turban under his arm like an opera-hat. But such awkwardnesses were always quite in his line. Another friend of ours was once on a visit with him for some days at a great house not far from London. One day some neighbouring gentlemen were invited to dine, and entered the reception-room with gloves and hats in hand. Sir David started off in great confusion, and presently reappeared from his bed-room with hat and gloves.

Art is not all extinct in Spain. If they produce nothing worthy of their old fame in painting, they engrave admirably—perhaps better even at this moment than anywhere else, for the rage for small cheap multiplications by steel-plates has not reached the Peninsula. When Wilkie set up his easel and produced *The Spanish Mother*, he created a powerful sensation at Madrid. It was a most happy imitation of Velasquez, as respects arrangement of colour. They admired greatly also his sketches illustrative of the war of Independence. Their recent history had inspired no native artist of any mark whatever in any department: the exquisite cleverness of all he did was apparent—and they could not know how far all this dexterity was from reaching what he had achieved in earlier days, when obeying the natural impulse of his genius on its own soil.

Wilkie, however, had now fixed his aim to rival the broad effects of the great Italians and Spaniards, Rembrandt, and our own Sir Joshua: he had laid aside the microscopic delicacy of his earlier detail, and, amidst the applauses of a foreign community, reflected with satisfaction on the superior facility with which, in case his new style were equally approved of at home, he should now be able to meet the demand for his productions. He anticipated that henceforth he should find it quite easy to paint half a dozen pieces in the time that one had been used to cost him: and this was very true. But he had not foreseen that, however initiated enthusiasts might delight in the fruits of his maturer mastery of colour and *chiaro scuro*—however eager wealthy Englishmen might be to have such pictures as he was now meditating on the walls of their galleries—there was a very slender chance of their arresting the general sympathy like those, however comparatively cold and poor in tone and tint, which

which bodied forth in permanent shapes the fleeting, evanescent indications of national and domestic character, temperament, emotion, *sentiment*—what his eye required no light but the light from heaven to read, and his hand little teaching to translate and fix with a felicity which, if ever equalled (and we doubt that it ever was), had certainly never been surpassed. Failing such revival of the old universal eagerness, he must henceforth bid adieu to the prospect of large gains from engravings; but on this he did not calculate at Madrid. And though Wilkie was slow in making up his mind on any important subject, his adherence to the view that he had once fairly adopted and taken home was quite as strong a feature.

He returned to Kensington in the autumn of 1828; and the sketches and pictures, whether finished or in earlier stages of progress, that he brought with him, amidst unhesitating recognition of a master's hand, were received with anything but a general feeling in favour of the change of plan and system everywhere apparent. He was sent for immediately by the King, who was delighted—and delighted Wilkie by his ready appreciation of the approaches to the effects of Velasquez. Wilkie's vanity had got into a false strain when he was pleased with this; but he might well be gratified with the extent of the Sovereign's patronage. His Majesty desired that he should send him, or finish for the royal collection, no fewer than six of the fruits of his exile: and they were well paid for. For the Pifferari the King gave 150 guineas; for the Princess washing Pilgrims' feet, 250; for the Spanish Posada, or Guerilla Council, 800; for the Guerilla and his Confessor, 400; for the Guerilla's Return to his Family, 400; for the Maid of Saragossa—(in our opinion a pompous piece of imbecility)—800:—in all, from the King for these foreign works, 2800 guineas; while he had from Sir William Knighton, for a small Spanish piece 40—for a small Italian one 30—and for the Spanish Mother and Child 200 guineas: 150 from Mr. Morison for the Roman Confessional; the like from Mr. M'Connell for the Infant Sancho Panza: for the large Pilgrim Picture, 300 from Sir Willoughby Gordon; for the Columbus 500 from Mr. Holford; and 300 guineas from Lord Lansdowne, for the best, according to our recollection, of all the Spanish series, the Monks in a Capuchin Convent of Toledo. For the pictures belonging to those travels therefore he received, within about three years—but the far greater part very speedily after his return—the sum of 4620 guineas.

On the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence in January, 1830, there is little doubt that George IV. nominated Wilkie to the vacated post of Painter in Ordinary, in anticipation that the Royal Academy

Academy would also elect him their President; and that Wilkie himself had long ere then fixed his ambition on one day filling that station, we have sufficient evidence in six Lectures on Art, now printed from his MS.—compositions of high merit, obviously elaborated upon the model of Reynolds's presidential addresses. What his hopes now amounted to, we know not; but he had only one vote, and Sir Martin Shee was called to the chair by a very large majority. Mr. Cunningham, as might be expected, is fierce against 'the forty' on this occasion. He complains bitterly of the succession going so much in the line of portrait painters. We wonder he did not rather take broader ground, and ask why a painter should always be chosen, never a sculptor. In January, 1830, surely Chantrey might have been thought to deserve this elevation not less than Wilkie. However, the Academy could have found no one whose enlarged and elegant accomplishments would have reflected more honour on their body than it has continued, and we hope will long continue, to receive from the presidency of Sir M. Shee. We do not say Wilkie would have made a bad President; but his illustrious eminence as a painter was only one of many things that his brethren had to consider. He might have been as unfit for the place as Burke would have been to lead the House of Commons. The electors had seen Wilkie in aspects and circumstances remote from our or from Mr. Cunningham's cognizance. The *sine qua non* for such a post lies in the combined possession of eminent learning and taste for the fine arts *generally*, with skill for the management of sensitive men and delicate business—the temper, the tact, the high feeling, and imperturbable courtesy of a gentleman. It was no light thing to fill adequately, as to all these points, the chair of the gentle and generous Lawrence.

There was one important qualification in which Wilkie would not have been found deficient. The most hide-bound of mortals in talk, he had, we presume with an eye to the chair, taken considerable pains with himself as a speaker. Cunningham says he always prepared himself very carefully when he thought there was a chance of his being called up. We can believe this—but the effect was good. We have heard him acquit himself with laudable point on such occasions. He was not indeed to be compared to Sir Martin—but we think he at least equalled Sir Thomas.

George IV. soon followed to the grave that great artist by whose hand so many of the ornaments of his Majesty's period in arts and arms are recorded for posterity. But King William continued Wilkie both as limner and as painter in ordinary; and as many royal portraits must of course be executed, for home and abroad, on the accession of a new sovereign, Wilkie was thus suddenly involved, to a very large extent, in a department

ment of practice for which he had no natural liking, and never attained much aptitude. His multiplied pictures of William IV. and Queen Adelaide brought him much money, but no increase of reputation. Nevertheless, the death of Lawrence had left such a vast blank in the realm of portraiture that Wilkie was beset with extra-official demands also of this nature; and as it could hardly happen that a man of his talents should fail always in anything he set himself to, he did now and then produce a portrait of high stamp. Such are those of the late Earl of Kellie, the Earl of Tankerville, and Lord Melville. That of the Duke of Sussex, a grand and gorgeous piece of painting, was not ill described at the time as the finest picture that ever was done of—a dog;—a magnificent animal of that species throwing his royal master quite into the shade. His head of the late Lady Lyndhurst is also a rich specimen of colouring, but it can hardly be said to present any resemblance of the beautiful original:—indeed we are not aware that *female beauty* ever was represented by Wilkie, either within or out of the department of portraiture.* His pictures of the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of York are in much the same unsatisfactory category. It is well that, like Lady Lyndhurst, they had sat to Lawrence.

Among other commissions of this class Wilkie received one, in the height of the reform season, to paint Mr. O'Connell for some admirer named in the Catalogue 'the Rev. H. Cholmondeley,' whether Anglican or Romanist we are not told. The royal Limner, it seems, hesitated, and would not accept until he had privately consulted with his Magnus Apollo, Knighton. Sir William had too much sense not to point out the absurdity of carrying politics into such matters; and Wilkie produced a full-length which Cunningham extols as an immortal image of the agitator in the attitude of 'demanding from Justice, what he could not hope from Mercy, for Ireland.' The cloak and other adjuncts are most skilfully done: in labouring to refine the physiognomy almost all resemblance has escaped. Mr. O'Connell, like many other illustrious people, must be contented with the immortality of 'H.B.' We well remember how uneasy Wilkie was while this picture remained in his studio; he always kept it with the face towards the wall, and could hardly be persuaded to show the progress of his handiwork. It must be allowed he had sufficient reverence for the powers that be. His letters to people of rank and consequence are awfully full of 'booing';—and what is melancholy, though common enough, he seems to have been getting worse and worse on this head as he grew older and richer.

The honour of knighthood was conferred on Wilkie by the

* The like has been said of Hogarth—but there is at least one charming exception—*The Lady's Last Stake*, in the Earl of Charlemont's collection.

late King in 1836; and in the same year he removed to his last house, a good and large one, in Vicarage-lane, Kensington. A few summer trips to Scotland, one to Ireland, and occasional visits to patrons in the English counties, are the only other incidents that diversify his career between the return from Spain in 1828, and his departure for the East in 1840. The other noticeable works of his pencil during this period were the Holyrood picture, finished in 1830, price 1600 guineas—of which perhaps we said enough when recording the commission in 1822: in 1832, *The Preaching of Knox*, for Sir Robert Peel, (1200 guineas); in 1835, the *First Earring*, for the Duke of Bedford (260); in 1836, the *Whiteboy's Cabin* (350)—and *Napoleon and Pius VII. at Fontainebleau*, for Mr. Marshall of Leeds (600): in 1837, the *Cotters' Saturday Night* (400)—and the *Queen of Scots' Escape from Lochleven* (600): in 1838, *Josephine and the Creole Prophetess* (500 guineas)—the *Bride at her Toilette* (400)—Sir David Baird discovering the body of *Tippoo Saib*, for which Lady Baird gave 1600 guineas—and *Queen Victoria Presiding at the Council on her Accession* (600): in 1839, the *Grace Before Meat* (400); in 1840, the *Irish Whiskey Still* for the Duke of Bedford (400 guineas);—with two unfortunately not finished pieces, *John Knox administering the Sacrament*, and *The School*.

Something was said in this Journal, while Wilkie was yet among us (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxii. p. 143), on the more prominent performances of these busy years. The fault may be in us—we make no pretension to technical skill—but we can see in several of them scarcely more than a clever, but servile, and after all not a very successful, imitation of that illustrious master, but most dangerous model, Rembrandt. In these the attempt to work miracles with hardly more than one colour is sometimes very disappointing in its results: the magical richness of Rembrandt's favourite brown is certainly never reached. We like better the pieces in which the imitation, not less obvious, is of Velasquez chiefly. For harmonious breadth of effect, some of the larger of this class (the *Columbus* especially, the *Hatfield Wellington*, and the *Scene at Fontainebleau*) may be hung, without apprehension, beside the noblest canvasses of the Spaniard; leaving therefore at a great distance all other efforts of the English School, except only Sir Joshua. But amidst all this felicity of arrangement and fullness of projection, neither in his large portraits (generally), nor, we think, in any one of his larger historical pictures, does he seem to have at all approached Sir Joshua, or Velasquez, or any other of his higher models, in the treatment of the human face divine—the very point of his marking excellence

when he established his own proper fame by humble groups within narrow compass. To the service of this later ambition the original cunning of his hand was not available; he had wandered from the native path of humour—easy genial humour, reaching sometimes pure pathos, hardly ever trespassing beyond the border of satire—but he could make only timid and uncertain steps in any region of elevated sentiment. Profusely as our extracts have shown his feeling for what he could not rival, the streaky profusion of lines in which he takes refuge, so unlike the bold transparent blendings of Sir Joshua, conveys near at hand the painful impression of conscious weakness and anxious toiling, and when seen at a distance (if we must trust our own eyes and not Mr. Cunningham's), conveys no impression at all, but that 'tis pity such meaningless misty heads should float amidst such admirably-toned masses of drapery and scenery.

This unfortunate *streakiness* is apparent even in his later pictures where the figures are on the old scale; but always least apparent where the sentiment and character of the heads come nearest the boundaries of the old department. No great painter ever made less of a fine subject than Wilkie did of the Queen's First Council at Kensington. The pathetic, romantic interest which might have inspired the coldest alien, could not kindle him—or he could not express his emotions. This is besides a poor composition even as to the *chiaro scuro*. On the other hand, a finer one as to *that* than his Preaching of John Knox, has most rarely been produced anywhere. In the merits of his later style it is foremost; and undoubtedly it has much to remind us of the happiest vigour of his untravelled pencil. His youthful recollections and associations qualified him to enter thoroughly into the energy of the zealot, and the enthusiasm of his disciples: and so far as the main group is concerned, to gaze on it is like rising from the Drumclog and Bothwellbridge Chapters in 'Old Mortality:' but there the parallel stops. The personages on the other side are melodramatic. It is scarcely worth while to remark on some flagrant anachronisms in the detail.

We can hardly doubt, however, that had Wilkie been spared to us, he must by and by have become alive to the sense of what he could, and what he could not do with the new elements, so to speak, that he had brought within the grasp of his hand. We believe the only very popular and lucrative engraving done from his later works was that of the Knox Preaching. Could he have failed to take such lessons home? What might he not have done, had he devoted himself, with all his acquired command in atmosphere, disposition, and relief, to a series of pictures somewhat, but not very much, elevated in point of subject above his early masterpieces!

masterpieces! The *Sacrament of Knox* is indeed, even in its unfinished state, one of the most precious of all his legacies. That he had begun to have some hankerings after his first ground itself, too, is obvious from *The School*—a composition left still *less* finished, but of much greater compass and complexity, and full everywhere of life, ease, and strength. This seems to have been the last thing he laboured on before he once more left England.*

Wilkie's motives for undertaking this expedition are explained by himself in his *Journal*, and in perhaps a dozen letters now printed; all telling clearly and precisely the same very simple story. But that simple story will not satisfy our amiable biographer: so we have, as usual, a page or two of mysterious hints and wise conjectures, the upshot of which seems to be that Allan Cunningham guesses him to have been dissatisfied and disappointed somehow or other with his treatment here; and is inclined to believe, on his own part, that Sir David had sufficient reason for thinking himself ill-used by the upper world. Not the slightest shadow of any such feeling can be traced in anything written, or distinctly recorded as said, by Wilkie; if he had entertained any such feeling, he must have been one of the silliest, in place of what he was, one of the most sensible of mankind. Three sovereigns had successively showered their favours upon him;—none of them more liberally than the young queen whose reign had recently commenced, to whom he had been personally known as a Kensington neighbour all her days—who received him, he tells his brother, when first presented as an officer of her household, 'as if glad to recognise an old friend'—and whose own taste and talent for the art of the pencil, and lively appreciation of Wilkie's merits, were not state secrets. Mr. Cunningham's 'words, words, words,' about the neglect of the 'sons of genius' in our time, are on a par with his groanings over the 'oppression' suffered by 'the children of the clouted shoe,' as he Miltonically expresses himself, at the hands of 'the aristocracy.' The nobility and political leaders of all parties had struggled against each other, for more than thirty years, to obtain specimens of Sir David's work—the prices, from a very early period, being left wholly to his own discretion; nor had the cotton-lords been in this, any more than in other departments of costly indulgence, a whit behind the corn-lords. Far above the childish folly of hunting after what is called gaiety, he was well received, as often as suited his leisure and inclination, in highly elegant and intellectual circles of society. And, finally, having been by the accidents of commerce stripped, in 1825, of almost all the hard-won

* At the sale of Wilkie's relics last year the *Sacrament of Knox* brought 84*l.* :—the *School* 75*6*l.**

earnings of his youth, the result of his career between his resumption of painting and the autumn of 1840, was, that—living in a handsome house, in which he latterly exercised, we believe, a suitable measure of hospitality—what with the prices of new works, and (far more important) the proceeds that came in steadily, year after year, from engravings of his early domestic pictures, Sir David Wilkie had found means to accumulate a fortune of 30,000*l*. In short, he was now, for a bachelor with his ideas, rich; if he ever had thought of marrying, which we much doubt, such dreams must have been over with a bachelor of his ‘quiet turn’ *Ann. Ætat.* 55; nor can we think it at all surprising that, with his notions of the stride consequent on his visit to Spain and Italy, he should, now that his independence was secured, have felt disposed, and in every way entitled, to another change of scene, such as might prove not less serviceable to the advancement of his art.

Sir David had received in youth religious impressions which, happily for him, appear never to have been obliterated: his desire was to devote the closing years of his life to paintings illustrative of the sacred history; and it occurred to him, as it might naturally occur to any one who had so well studied men and Englishmen, that if anything could make scriptural paintings popular among us, it would be the investing of them with something of that aspect of actual truth, that regard for the literal reality and matter of fact, which has been found to command our broadest sympathies in arts and in letters—a legitimate manifestation of the pre-eminently practical character of the people. We shall have to quote his letters from Palestine by and by. For the present hear a brother Academician:—

“ ‘When I went,’ says his friend Collins, “to bid Sir David Wilkie farewell, a day or two before he left home for his last journey, I found him in high spirits, enlarging with all his early enthusiasm on the immense advantage he might derive from painting upon holy land, on the very ground on which the event he was to embody had actually occurred. To make a study at Bethlehem from some young female and child seemed to me one great incentive to his journey. I asked him if he had any guide-book: he said, ‘Yes, and the very best;’ and then unlocking his travelling-box, he showed me a pocket Bible. I never saw him again; but the Bible throughout Judea was, I am assured, his best and only hand-book.”’—vol. iii. p. 393.

Leaving home in August, 1840, and travelling over old ground to Vienna, he embarked on the Danube, and reached Constantinople early in October. As soon as he had satiated himself with the novelties of architecture, and the outward aspects of Mussulman life, he prepared his easel, and was readily honoured with
sittings

sittings by the young Sultan for a portrait requested by the Queen of England. While at Stamboul he executed some other portraits on a small scale, and various sketches of what would probably have been very striking pictures, suggested commonly by scenes that met his eye in the streets or bazaars; but by far the best we take to be chiefly from imagination—the reception of the news of the fall of Acre, before the fleet of the infidels, among the motley company of a Turkish coffee-house. This is an exceedingly clever thing, and it is very well represented in the publication of Mr. Joseph Nash, which indeed forms the liveliest and most interesting *Journal* of these Eastern travels.*

Wilkie's letters from Constantinople are few. In one of them he adapts his description, with some tact, to his countryman and kind friend—the zealous upholder of granite and Macadam against wooden-pavement innovation—Sir Peter Laurie:—

‘To you this capital would recal in many things, particularly its vast size, London; but in how many things what a contrast! What you, as a civilian, would think indispensable to keep together so large a community, has never been known. The houses are not numbered; the streets have no names; the coaches are very few, many of them dragged by oxen, and can only pass through a few of the streets. There is no post-office; the town is not lighted by night; many of the streets are unpaved, and those that are, so ill, that by the mud with which they are encumbered it is quite an adventure to get along. Sweeping or cleaning the streets is never thought of. . . . So uncouth, unexpected, and strange was every object, in the first week of our arrival, that I could not help exclaiming to my English companions, what Dandie Dinmont said on his first view of Pleydell in the chair of High Jinks, “Deil the like o’ this I ever saw.”’

On the 12th of January, 1841, Wilkie embarked for Syria; and in his account of the brief voyage there are two interesting passages:—

‘*Smyrna, Jan. 30th.*—Observed about the bureau of the steamer a number of persons of remarkable appearance. These were grave and elderly individuals in robes and long beards, belonging to the scattered remnant of Israel, come from the distant parts of Germany and Poland on their way to the land of their forefathers. This is the first symptom that our journey is more than a mere travelling excursion; but, though made with a different aim, is yet made with those who, from age, pursuit, and family descent, give to this wayfaring progress the most sacred character. They have but a part of the interest that we have, but have reason to feel it more intensely: they return from a land of strangers to

* ‘Sir David Wilkie's Sketches in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt: drawn on stone by Joseph Nash.’ Imperial folio; London, Feb., 1843. These engravings, in number twenty-six, are so well coloured that they really all but amount to fac-similes of the originals.

their ancient home; and, like their ancestors, from bondage and captivity, return to the same land of promise which, in happier times, was the possession and portion of the chosen race. We again, who make the same pilgrimage, do not attach so much importance to the time and place, except in their power of fixing the attention upon higher objects, yet we cannot help being struck with the feeling of attachment which, under many circumstances of privation, makes so distant a country, and a glory departed, so eager an object of contemplation. The question then is, whether an interest, both with Jew and Gentile, so deep-rooted and so universal, may not be helped by the faculties of art being pressed into the service; and while the pursuits of learning and of war have, in former times, been so familiar with the sacred land, it seems but reasonable that the powers of art should try, from the localities now existing, to revive indeed the impression of those events that have, in so lively a manner, been handed down to us from former ages.

'Feb. 8th.—Was called by the mate to come on deck at half-past six o'clock: dressed in haste, and, on mounting the cabin stairs, found the Holy Land in sight, extended right and left, far and wide, with Mount Lebanon and its extended range right ahead.

'On deck all was stir and preparation: various aged persons of the chosen people were decorating themselves with the sacerdotal robes of the sacred office, and though tranquil, were yet apparently deeply moved. Some with the Bible in hand, with a black strap twisted round their naked left arm, and with a small ark or tabernacle tied round their brow, were, with an oscillating movement of the head, repeating some appropriate prayers or thanksgiving upon the near accomplishment of the object of their voyage. Their appearance, though they were meanly dressed, was imposing in the extreme.'

On the 26th of February the party travelled from Jaffa to Ramla (Arimathea). On the 27th Wilkie writes to his brother:—

'With hue and cry, and noise, we were all in movement by six o'clock, before sunrise, recalling to me strongly the preparations for the journey we used to make in early life, to be in time for the tide at Petticur, on our way to Edinburgh.'

The diary says—

'We travelled some hours through wide wastes, with some patches of cultivation and village, till we reached the defiles of the hills of Judea, where the close valleys we entered to ascend the highlands were most beautiful, though savage and wild. We were, however, armed; so that the chance of interruption was greatly diminished. In this way we proceeded up hill and down dale, through places verifying the expression in Scripture of a land that was a splendid possession and an inheritance. After stopping at a well, we descended through valleys, when, to our surprise, we had to ascend again to a height, which, on reaching, was a kind of table-land, from which we yet saw nothing; and it was not till after we had travelled a minute or two that, on turning a corner, we saw—and, oh, what a sight!—the splendid walled city of Jerusalem. This struck me as unlike all other cities: it recalled the imaginations of

Nicolas

Nicolas Poussin—a city not for a day, not for the present, but for all time, as if built for an eternal Sabbath: the buildings, the walls, the gates, so strong, and so solid, as if made to survive all other cities.’

His last and best letter from Jerusalem is to Sir Robert Peel (March 18th):—

‘It is a fancy or belief that the art of our time and of our British people may reap some benefit that has induced me to undertake this journey. It is to see, to inquire, and to judge, not whether I can, but whether those who are younger, or with far higher attainments and powers, may not in future be required, in the advance and spread of our knowledge, to refer at once to the localities of Scripture events, when the great work is to be essayed of representing Scripture history. Great as the assistance, I might say the inspiration, which the art of painting has derived from the illustration of Christianity, and great as the talent and genius have been this high walk of art has called into being, yet it is remarkable that none of the great painters to whom the world has hitherto looked for the visible appearance of Scripture scenes and feelings have ever visited the Holy Land.

‘What we therefore so much admire in the great masters must be taken from their own idea, or from secondary information. In this, though Paul Veronese, Titian, Giorgione, and Sebastian del Piombo, all Venetians, have by commerce, and immediate intercourse with the Levant, succeeded in giving in their work a nearer verisimilitude to an Eastern people; * yet who is there who cannot imagine that such minds as Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, great as they are, might have derived a help had they dwelt and studied in the same land which Moses and the prophets, the evangelists and apostles, have so powerfully and graphically described, and which they would have described in vain to the conviction of their readers, but as witnesses and participators in the events which form the subjects of their sacred writings?

‘In my journey hither, desirous of taking a review of some of the great works in Germany of Rubens and Rembrandt, I was deeply interested at Munich by the great and meritorious efforts now making by the native painters of that city. These I believe you have seen, and I doubt not with high admiration of the genius of the artists, and munificence of the sovereign who has called them forth. To you, therefore, I speak with deference, and under correction; but as they profess to revive a style of art that has formerly existed, whether Byzantine or early Italian, I have doubts if such a style would either suit the disposition of the English painters or awaken the attention of the English public, to whom it would be like bringing forward the Talmud and the fathers of the Church instead of the Pentateuch and the New Testament.

‘The time is now come when our supply in this walk of art must be drawn from the fountain head. The facility of travelling, as well as

* Sir David says again: ‘The back-ground of the *Heliodorus* of Raphael is a Syrian building; the figures in the *Lazarus* of Sebastian del Piombo are a Syrian people; and the indescribable tone of Rembrandt is brought to mind at every turn, whether in the street, the synagogue, or the holy sepulchre.’

recent public events, favour our pursuits in this sacred quarter; and I am highly grateful at being permitted to see, with my own natural eyes, what Jerusalem in our day can still present to us.

‘Here, after centuries of ruin and suffering, Jerusalem exists in her greatness. She is elevated on the high table-land of Judea, 2500 feet above the level of the sea. Except the Mount of Olives, scarce any hill near rises above her. Her walls, which encompass her on every side, are higher and more superb than any city walls I have ever seen. The square towers of her gates recall those of Windsor Castle; while their lengthened elevation, with the spires and cupolas they enclose, would have arrested the Poussins and Claudes in preference to all other cities. Her streets are stone-built, massive, surmounted by arches, through which the solemn vista claims the painter’s art, though by that art still unknown and unrepresented; and the people, the Jew, the Arab, and the more humble and destitute, who never change, recall, by their appearance, a period of antiquity in everything removed from the present time.’

It is in vain to conjecture, from Wilkie’s rapid sketches at Jerusalem and elsewhere, what might have been his success in the great object he contemplated, had his life been prolonged. He has both written and drawn enough to show how deeply his mind and feelings were impressed by the Holy Land; and the sketch of an *Ecce Homo* in its main figure has a divine sadness which, we confess, we should have thought beyond his reach.

‘We mentioned some time ago, in reviewing Dr. Robinson’s ‘Biblical Researches in Palestine,’ that Wilkie personally superintended the scientific experiment by which the long-contested problem of the depression of the Dead Sea and the adjoining region far below the level of the Mediterranean was at last solved. He details this interesting day’s proceedings in a letter to Professor Buckland.

Proceeding to Alexandria, he, at the pasha’s own request, drew his very flattering likeness of Mehemet Ali; and, but for admonitions of internal malady, he would no doubt have ascended the Nile to Cairo and the Pyramids. But this was not to be. He embarked for Malta on the 21st of May, had an access of sharp fever there, and on the 27th resumed his voyage in a very feeble state. The vessel reached the bay of Gibraltar on the 1st of June, but Sir David Wilkie was by that time insensible. A stroke of palsy proved fatal. He expired on board at mid-day, and his remains were the same evening committed to the great deep.

He had reached but the 56th year of his age when he was suddenly cut off in the midst of high and pious aspirations and designs. If anything could console his affectionate relations for such a loss, it must have been the knowledge of the manner in which

which his last thoughts were occupied. All honours were paid to his memory. The most eminent of our senators, at a moment of hardly surpassed political excitement, came like mourning brothers to take the lead in a public meeting, to commemorate his talents and virtue, and concert measures for the erection of a monumental statue in Westminster Abbey.

Great Britain has produced no artist superior to Wilkie. We doubt if Europe has produced so great a painter since Hogarth : and allowing him to be much below Hogarth in boldness and fertility of invention, he has, on the other hand, such a delicacy of sympathy with many of the better parts of human nature, as marks an intellect of happier and, we believe, higher order than ever found its chief gratification in satire. The truth and sobriety of Wilkie's dramatic delineations, in his native style, indicate a masculine breadth of apprehension, a repose of conscious power, a gentle calmness of mind and temper, such as the experience of mankind attests to be the privilege only of pure genius.

We cannot close this paper without again expressing our regret in having been compelled to find fault with many things in Mr. Cunningham's book. We knew him long, and regarded 'Honest Allan' with sincere and affectionate respect. But it is a hasty, and in not a few points a rash, compilation. We have already suggested where the true, the sad apology must be found.

One unlucky omission must still be mentioned. He does not print, nor even give any account of, Sir David Wilkie's last will. An Appendix, no doubt, had been designed ; but we have a specific reason for noticing the silence of the text. Mr. Cunningham intimates his opinion (vol. iii. p. 357) that there had never existed any cordiality of personal regard between the two greatest artists of our time—Wilkie and Chantrey. They were neither of them at all addicted to sentimental effusion—but the biographer produces not one circumstance in support of his unpleasant suggestion. We often saw them together, and should have drawn a very different conclusion. Never, we must think, was there a man of simpler, more thoroughly manly manners, than Chantrey—one more incapable of carrying hypocrisy into his connexion with his fellows. If he was not a genuine cordial John Bull, we fear we shall never see one. As to Wilkie—in his few letters to the sculptor—few, of course, since they were near neighbours almost all their days, and met each other constantly—the tone is, we should say—for Wilkie—remarkably kind ; and there is one fact which, we apprehend, will be considered as settling the whole affair as respects *him*. Wilkie left Chantrey one of his three executors !

And, by the by, what a rebuke does Chantrey's own will give to

to all our friend's diatribes against the Royal Academy! Sir Francis, we all know, left a large fortune—he destined it most generously, most nobly, to the service of the fine arts of Great Britain; and, with that great object in view, to what hands did he intrust the management of his munificent bequest? He constituted the President and Council of the Royal Academy his trustees for ever! He did so after thirty years' close observation of the body; and no shrewder observer ever lived.

ART. V.—*Theognis Restitutus. The Personal History of the Poet Theognis deduced from an Analysis of his existing Fragments.* 4to., pp. 117. Malta, 1842.

IF we were not in the secret, this fanciful and ingenious essay would have betrayed its parentage. It is one of those graceful amusements with which Mr. John Hookham Frere occupies himself in his retirement at Malta. We recognise at once the translator of Aristophanes, whose successive plays reach us at such uncertain intervals as to keep us in a state of constant expectation, and to delay, perhaps too long, that respectful notice which, in our opinion, will be best paid to the complete work.

The translation of *Theognis*, however, is a humbler task, and no one can be more fully aware of its relative worth and difficulty than Mr. Frere. Here there is nothing of the poetry with which the wildest revel, the most grotesque invention, of Aristophanes is instinct; nothing of that exquisite Atticism of language which, even in its most daring liberties, its strangest combinations of composite words, preserves an infelt but undefinable purity, and which requires the most consummate mastery of vernacular and idiomatic, but unvulgar, English to echo it to our ears; nothing of that unrivalled melody of versification, not merely in the short lyric pieces, but infinitely various as the tone of the subject may require, to which it is still more difficult to bend our rough and inflexible metres. In the elegiac—as distinguished from the amatory—poets, all is unimaginative, common life. Their merit consists in an easy and perspicuous terseness of language, with now and then a pleasing image, occasionally a quiet and gentle melancholy, a touching complaint of the uncertainty or the sorrows of life, or a simple and vigorous moral precept. Their strength, indeed, lies in this happy and pregnant sententiousness, which Mr. Frere has caught with extraordinary skill. In itself it is curious to observe this more prosaic period interposing itself between the two rich and prolific ages of Grecian poetry. Above
it

it is the Homeric epic, where all, the legends of gods and men, is equally mythic; an ideal elder world, where everything is of a higher order, even of a higher stature and greater physical strength, than the existing race of men. Below it is the age of the more poetic lyrical writers and of the tragic dramatists—a second birth of poetic and religious legend—if not so boldly creative, yet reviving all the Homeric or Cyclic traditions with the same earnestness of faith. The deeds of gods and godlike men, the crimes, the calamities, the fortitude of the divine or half-divine ancestors of all the tribes, are no longer, it is true, the actual present, as the epic poets produce them; they are the hoary and venerable past, but they still demand and receive the same implicit credence.

For in this lies the strong point of contrast between the imaginative and unimaginative poetry of Greece. Making due allowance for the manner in which the fragments of Theognis and his school have been preserved by the gnomologists or collectors of moral sayings and precepts, we cannot but be struck by the difference of the religion in the elegiac poets—on the one hand from the bold Anthropomorphism of Homer's deities, with the dim and majestic Fate hovering over gods and men—and on the other, from the sedate and awe-struck piety of Pindar or Sophocles, or even from the bolder wrestlings of Æschylus against more profound mysteries—with that later Fatalism, which is the Nemesis of the gods for some great ancestral crime, the inevitable visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children. In the fragments of Theognis there is no mythology, no calm and undoubting faith; there are one or two invocations of Jupiter, and of Apollo, the tutelar god of the Doric city of Megara, some religious commonplaces on the providence of the gods; but still more of a kind of querulous arraignment of Jove for his partial dispensations; an expostulation against the depression of the *good* (the aristocracy of Megara), and the elevation of the *bad* (which, in the language of that day, is synonymous with the popular party); an enforced submission—which is anything rather than submissive—at best is that acquiescence in the inevitable state of things, which may arise from worldly experience; and from the sad conviction that it is as useless as unbecoming to struggle or to repine.

In what, then, consists the interest of these elegiac fragments? In the personality of the poet, which appears to have been the characteristic of this kind of poetry; in the allusions to his own life and fortunes—to his own share, in the revolutions in which his country was involved—to his hopes and fears, his dangers and reverses. We have here a citizen of one of the old Grecian republics—just at the crisis of the great struggle between the old

old oligarchic families, and either a single tyrant, or the democracy of the town and the neighbouring villages—expressing in easy, perspicuous, sometimes graceful verse, his thoughts, feelings, sufferings, passions; his aristocratic indignation at the levelling doctrines of the day; his grave advice to a young friend, Kyrnus, to whom he looked for the constitutional settlement of his country; his repinings at the loss of his property; his sorrows in banishment, with allusions to the countries which he visited as an exile; his philosophy sometimes inspiring manly courage and patience, sometimes bewailing the inevitable and hopeless wretchedness of life, sometimes desperately taking refuge in the Epicurean consolation of the banquet, the pipe, and the song. We are reminded of Dante by the similarity of the circumstances, both as to the poet and his times, but still more by the total contrast between the antique and the mediæval poetry. Dante is involved in factions as fierce; he, too, is an exile from his native land; but his refuge is another world. Instead of the cities of Italy, to which he fled for safety, Hell, Purgatory, Paradise expand before him—the religion, the rich, mythological Christianity of the dark ages, is the animating soul of all his poetry. He, too, is constantly betraying his individuality—the whole poem is the impersonated poet, with all his thoughts, his passions, his attachments, his hatreds; but it is at the same time a great theologic system; all his allusions to history, remote or contemporaneous, are raised above ordinary and common life; his worldly thoughts and feelings are invested in an unworldly language and imagery. He is at once the most true and most daringly imaginative of poets.

This view of the peculiarities of this race of bards has induced Mr. Frere to attempt his present task. *Theognis*, in his words, belongs to that class which includes some of the earlier lyric as well as most of the elegiac poets, Archilochus, Alcæus, Sappho (?), ‘who were decidedly and peculiarly the poets of active life, differing in this respect from their epic predecessors, and from the dramatic tribe which succeeded them:—

‘With these poets verse was the vehicle of their feelings and passions, excited as they were by the tumult of an agitated existence: feuda, factions, expatriation to distant colonies, sudden usurpations, revolution, and exile were the elements by which they were surrounded, and of whose influence they partook; and they themselves appear sometimes to have been among the leading spirits of these tempests: the faculty of composing animated and popular poetry giving to the person who applied it to party purposes a power of producing impressions, less forcible indeed in the first instance, but more durable and diffusive than the effect of oratory. Hence their poetry, turning wholly upon the feelings and passions produced by the events and characters with which they

they were surrounded, contained what we should call materials for an autobiography.'—*Preface*, p. 1.

Such an autobiography it is Mr. Frere's object to frame out of the 1400 lines of *Theognis*, the poet under whose name are preserved by far the largest remains of the Grecian elegy. These fragments are thrown together in utter confusion, having been preserved by the collectors of *gnomæ* or moral apophthegms, who, if they studied any order, it would be an ethic not a poetic sequence and connexion. They contain passages from longer elegies, which we know were written by *Theognis*, with short poems apparently complete in themselves; amatory verses, sometimes of a highly objectionable cast, mingling with grave moral sentences. Mr. Frere compares them to a curiously blazoned old window, purchased on the continent by a gentleman of Norwich, who unfortunately forgot to include the lead in his bargain. The window arrived 'a chaos of painted glass, of all shapes, sizes, and colours.' By patience, however, and judgment, Mr. Stevenson succeeded in recomposing the whole into the original picture.

But Mr. Stevenson had an advantage over Mr. Frere; he had seen the painted window when complete, and had only to rearrange the fragments according to the original design, which he might remember more or less perfectly. But of the original outline of the life of *Theognis* we know nothing except from his own scattered lines—and we are almost as imperfectly acquainted with the order of events in *Megara*; so that we have no clue whatever to guide us in the grouping and disposing the several fragments. Mr. Frere has shown great ingenuity in working out a consistent story; his fancy has connected the thoughts and sentiments of the poet with the supposed events of his day with wonderful subtlety; and, on the whole, he has given us a very scholar-like and pleasing essay; but we are bound to acknowledge that his ingenuity appears to us to have betrayed him at times into far too great confidence; his fancy has woven links and threads quite undiscoverable and untraceable by our inferior discernment. We find in his elegant translations much which we seek in vain in the original—dim hints brighten into distinct allusions, very faint probabilities quicken into proofs; and in some points we think that the groundwork of his arguments entirely fails. At the close of his work Mr. Frere observes,

'It is recorded of persons who have long been confined in situations of apparently total darkness, that they have by degrees acquired the power of distinguishing objects, and that ultimately time and habit have enabled them to enjoy the faculty of vision in a medium so obscure as to present no distinguishable object to a stranger newly introduced into the same abode. The author of this Essay has subjected himself to voluntary

tary confinement in one of the darkest cells in the whole dungeon of literature; being persuaded that by time and patience he might adapt his vision to the obscurity in which he was placed, and that some object of interest and curiosity would be finally discoverable. At his first entrance everything was obscure; by degrees, however, many points became dimly discernible, and finally distinctly manifest; but he cannot expect that the same objects, even when they are pointed out and described, should be at once recognised by a stranger, however acute his natural power of vision may be, who passes at once from the broad glare of daylight, and transfers himself suddenly into the situation in which the writer has been so long secluded.'—p. 116.

There is much truth in this; but, on the other hand, there is a faculty which is very apt to offer itself to clever men who wish to see in the dark, and to pass itself off for clear and distinct intellectual vision. The imagination, precisely under such circumstances, delights to give form and substance to the dim and flickering lights; it connects together what is broken and confused, supplies what is wanting, discards what is incongruous; and, in short, frames such a charming picture that it is almost impossible not to believe it to be reality. Still, as Mr. Frere allows us, whose eyes are not yet purified for his beatific vision, ample indulgence for amicable difference, we can have no objection to read the fragments in the order in which they are here disposed; it is no doubt better for their poetic interest than the wild confusion in which they have hitherto lain. Though the arrangement may be altogether arbitrary, and wanting therefore in authority, yet as at the same time we acknowledge our own uncertainty and ignorance, we shall not think it necessary to enter into a formal contest against his theory, but shall take his verses as we find them, in order to impart to our readers the pleasure which we have derived from some of his graceful, and faithful, when not too paraphrastic versions.

As, however, the fragments of *Theognis* must almost entirely depend for their interest on the relation of the poet to his native city and to his times, we must briefly touch on these points. Megara, the Grecian, not Sicilian Megara, no doubt the city of *Theognis*, was ruled by a Doric nobility, the privileged families and land-owners of the republic. As in the neighbouring cities, Corinth and Athens, in Megara likewise, a tyrant, *Theagenes*, by espousing the popular cause, overthrew the oligarchy. The nobility rallied, and expelled *Theagenes*, as it has been conjectured, with the aid of the great patrons and maintainers of the Doric oligarchies, the Lacedæmonians. The city enjoyed, after the fall of *Theagenes*, a short period of order and prosperity, when an insurrection of the commonalty, drunken, according to Plato's expression, with the wine of freedom, not merely shook off the aristocratic

tocratic rule, but conducted the revolution with unusual violence. The poor entered the houses of the rich, and forced them to provide costly banquets (possibly to admit them to their *sussitia* or clubs), and maltreated those who refused to comply. They went farther, and not merely cancelled their debts by a public edict, but forced the aristocratic creditors to pay back the whole interest which they had already received. Such was Greek *repudiation*. But the iron yoke of the demagogues led to anarchy; the expatriated nobles returned in arms, and re-established their supremacy. It was not, however, till after long struggles and convulsion, that Megara settled down again under a permanent aristocratic constitution. It is the opinion of Bishop Thirlwall, 'that the oligarchy which followed the period of anarchy had been unable to keep its ground, and that a new revolution had taken place, by which the poet, with others of the aristocratical party, had been stripped of his fortune and driven into exile: '*—it seems rather, we should say, that the city was distracted by one long revolutionary struggle, of which Theognis witnessed the commencement, suffered in its progress, and survived to its conclusion.

Unhappily the date of our poet's birth is by no means certain; whether Olympiad 59, about 544 B.C. be that of his birth or his celebrity is a grave question—the best authorities, such as they are, assign his birth to Olympiad 55. Mr. Frere attempts to bring it down to the later period by an ingenious process of argument, from which we are constrained, with great regret, to dissent. It rests on certain verses addressed to 'Simonides,' and 'Onomacritus,' whom Mr. Frere identifies with the two celebrated Athenians, the former the great poet of that name; but there is nothing in the verses which in the least degree favours this notion. We are more inclined to think with Otfried Müller (in his excellent 'History of the Literature of Greece,' p. 123) that the Simonides of Theognis was the president of an aristocratic Megarian club, or *sussition*, and Onomacritus one of his boon companions; and in his addresses to Kyrnus (of which so much of his poetry consists), Theognis assumes a paternal tone, and speaks of his own age in a manner scarcely consistent with this late date of his birth.

Mr. Frere naturally assigns most of the verses upon love and wine to the youth of the poet. He has, however, to settle this point with Professor Welcker, who infers, from a passage in Xenophon, that Theognis wrote nothing but grave and serious moral poetry:—*οὗτος ὁ ποιητὴς περὶ οὐδενὸς ἄλλου λόγον πεποίηται ἢ περὶ ἀρετῆς καὶ κακίας ἀνθρώπων*. Accordingly, in his edition

* History of Greece, vol. i. p. 439.

Welcker has separated all the more tender and symposiac or convivial verses, and assigned them to some other nameless person. Mr. Frere would no doubt, with ourselves, gladly relieve our poet from some of these verses, but there appears to us something arbitrary in Welcker's proceedings, and we do not see that the passage in Xenophon need be interpreted so very rigidly. In the mean time Bekker has given us above one hundred and fifty more lines, chiefly in an amatory tone, some of them very objectionable. We will therefore, right or wrong, discard the cold criticism of the Professor, and decline to adjudge away from *Theognis* all these graceful lines. No doubt he became more wise and sober during his reverses (though we must say that, at the close of his life, there are some suspicious, and, as poetry, distressingly beautiful, symptoms of a return to his old habits). We will suppose him, then, with Mr. Frere, 'a prosperous young heir just entering into life, and looking forward to the enjoyment of pleasure and happiness, and making this the object of his devout song to the gods.'

Ἡθης μέτρον ἔχοίμι. 1115.*

'Guided and aided by their holy will,
Jove and Apollo, may they guard me still,
My course of youth in safety to fulfil:
Free from all evil, happy with my wealth,
In joyous easy years of peace and health.'

Nor will we cast any doubt on 'his amusements and accomplishments at this time of life, his fondness for the pipe, which he delighted to *accompany* (for it was not allowable for a gentleman to *play* upon so ungainly an instrument), and the pleasure which he took in playing on that graver and more decorous instrument, the lyre.'

Αἰεὶ μοι φίλον ἦτορ. 531.

'My heart exults, the lively call obeying,
When the shrill merry pipes are sweetly playing:
With these to chaunt aloud, or to recite,
To carol and carouse is my delight:
Or in a steadfast tone, bolder and higher,
To temper with a touch the manly lyre.'

In the next fragment our poet is much further gone; but preserves, nevertheless, more self-command than is usual in topers so conscious of their state—

* Mr. Frere has not given any reference to the passages which he has translated. As we have had some trouble in hunting them out in the ordinary editions, we subjoin the first words of each piece, with the number of the verses, from Gaisford's edition of the *Poetae Minores Graeci*:—Oxford, 1814. These references nearly correspond with the edition of *Theognis* by Bekker. That of Welcker, which follows a different and arbitrary arrangement of the editor's, has an index table, in which the numbers of his own and of Bekker's edition are given in parallel columns.

οἶνοβαρῶ κεφαλῇ· 503.

‘My brain goes dizzy, whirled and overthrown
With wine, my senses are no more my own;
The ceiling and the walls are wheeling round.
But let me try! perhaps my limbs are sound;
Let me retire with my remaining sense,
For fear of idle folly and offence.’

How Professor Welcker will bear the next charge against his grave and solemn moralist, we are not prepared to say; we must admit that Mr. Frere gets a little scandalous.

‘Young Mr. Theognis, as it should seem, from his own poetical statement, had succeeded in seducing a woman; unfortunately after a time his delicacy was alarmed by the discovery of a rival or rivals; hereupon he resolves either to transfer the same virtuous attachment elsewhere, or to diffuse it liberally and promiscuously. These circumstances and this resolution, so singularly calculated to attract approbation and sympathy, are here recorded by the author, both as a credit to himself and an example to posterity; according to the worthy practice of what are called amatory poets.’

ἔστε μὲν αὐτὸς ἐπινον. 953.

‘My thirst was sated at a secret source:
I found it clear and limpid: but its course
Is altered now, polluted and impure!
I leave it, and where other springs allure
Shall wander forth; or freely quaff my fill
From the loose current of the flowing rill.’

But there is another piece of private history, unnoticed by Mr. Frere, which has been pointed out by K. O. Müller. It is well known that, in the ancient republics, the surest sign of the breaking up of an old oligarchy was the enforced concession of the *connubium* (the right of intermarriage) between the popular or lower orders, and the *gentes*, the gentlemen, or aristocratic houses—the *exclusives*. Theognis in a passage, undoubtedly genuine, speaks with the utmost bitterness of this change in public manners: this misalliance between the good and the bad.

Κριὸς μὲν καὶ ὄνους· 183.

‘With kine and horses, Kyrnus, we proceed
By reasonable rules, and choose a breed
For profit and increase, at any price;
Of a sound stock without defect or vice.

But in the daily matches that we make,
The price is every thing; for money's sake
Men marry—Women are in marriage given;
The Churl or Ruffian, that in wealth has thriven,
May match his offspring with the proudest race:
Thus every thing is mixed, noble and base.

If then in outward manner, form, and kind,
 You find us a degraded motley kind,
 Wonder no more, my friend! the cause is plain,
 And to lament the consequence is vain.*

According to Müller, 'Theognis doubtless made this complaint on the debasement of the Megarian nobility, with the stronger feeling of bitterness, as he himself had been rejected by the parents of a young woman whom he had desired to marry; and a far worse man, that is a man of plebeian blood, had been preferred to him;—yet the girl herself was captivated with the noble descent of Theognis; she hated her ignoble husband, and came disguised to the poet, with the lightness of a little bird, as he says.* Here Müller refers to a fragment, not translated by Mr. Frere; we venture therefore a paraphrase rather than a close translation, for we must confess that we are baffled by the meaning of the third and fourth lines.

οὐ μοι πίνεται οἶνος. 261.

Wine I've forsworn, since that sweet gentle maid
 Is to a base plebeian lord betrayed;
 Though cold her parents to my suit might be,
 In secret still I know she pines for me;
 Once was she in my arms, I kissed her neck,
 And her soft words my boldness did not check.

With this fragment Müller has connected another, according to his reference in Bekker's edition, line 1097. But there is here an insuperable difficulty—*ἄνδρα κακὸν προφυγῶν* and *βεροχον ἀπορρηξας*, clearly cannot apply to a female. Mr. Frere has translated this passage as relating to Theognis himself, but appears to have indulged in more than his usual licence of paraphrase:—

Ἦδη καὶ περὺγισσιν. 1093.

'Now like a liberated bird I fly,
 That having snapt the noose, ranges on high—
 Proud of his flight, and viewing in disdain
 The broken fetter, and the baffled swain,
 And his old haunt, the lowly marshy plain.'

There are, however, two lines in which the same sentiment is

* We quote the excellent translation of Mr. Lewis. Many of our readers may not be aware that among the sixpenny publications of the 'Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,' to be found the best, we may say, the only history of Grecian literature in our language. When we add that it is worthy of its author, the lamented Karl Otfried Müller, and its translator, George Cornwall Lewis, it is sufficient praise. The work was written expressly for this publication, and, though it has since been published in German, its first appearance was in its English dress. We have understood that, since the death of Müller, the continuation has been entrusted to Mr. Donaldson.

expressed, which Müller probably intended to refer to, and where the gender is right.

Ἐχθαίρω κακὸν ἄνδρα, καλυψαμένη δὲ πάρεμι,
μικρῆς ὄρνιθος κούφον ἔχουσα νόον. 579.

'I hate my base born lord, and veil'd I flee,
Light as a little bird, and come to thee.'

Before we leave this part of the subject, we may express our regret that Mr. Frere has found no place among his translations for two or three fragments among the most elegant of those ascribed to Theognis, and which, if indeed his, belong to this state of his mind. We give the Greek, as not wishing to rest our judgment on our own version. They are but common sentiments, but expressed, to our taste, with uncommon purity and sweetness.

Ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν θαλίῃσι φίλον καταθώμεθα θυμὸν,
ὄφρ' ἔτι τερπωλῆς ἔργ' ἐρατεινὰ φέρῃ.
αἰψα γὰρ ὥστε νόημα παρέρχεται ἀγλαὸς ἦβη·
οὐδ' ἵππων ὄρμη γίνεται ὠκωτέρη,
αἶ τε ἄνακτα φέρουσι δορυσσόον ἐς πόνον ἰνδρῶν
λάβρως, πυροφόρῳ τερπόμεναι πεδίῳ.—v. 983.

Ever be ours the banquet and the feast,
While pleasure still may thrill the happy guest!
Soon like a dream our brilliant youth is past;
The coursers of the battle-car less fast
The spear-arm'd king whirl to the warrior fight,
Trampling the corn-clad plain in stern delight.

The following fragments seem to belong to each other:—

v. 871—*Bekker*. v. 1067, 1065, 967—*G*.

Ἠβώοις, φίλε θυμέ· γάχ' αὖ τινὲς ἄλλοι ἔσονται
ἄνδρες, ἐγὼ δὲ θανῶν γαῖα μέλαιν' ἔσομαι.
ἰφρονες ἄνθρωποι καὶ νήπιοι, οἳ τε θανόντας
κλαίουσ', οὐδ' ἦβης ἄνθος ἀπολλύμενον·
οὐδεὶς ἀνθρωπῶν, ὃν πρωτ' ἐπὶ γαῖα καλύψῃ,
εἷς τ' Ἐρεβος καταβῆ, δώματα Περσεφόνης,
τέρπεται οὔτε λύρης οὔτ' αὐλητῆρος ἀκούων,
οὔτε Διωνύσου δῶρ' ἔσσαιράμενος.
ταῦτ' ἐσορῶν κραδίην εὖ πείσομαι, ὕφρα τ' ἐλαφρὰ
γούνατα καὶ κεφαλὴν ἄτρεκέως προφέρω.

Enjoy thy youth, my soul! Another day
Shall bring another race, and I be clay.
Vain mortals and unwise! that mourn the hour
Of death, not that of youth's decaying flower.
For they whom once black earth hath covered o'er,
Gone down to Erebus' unjoyous shore,

Delight no more in pipe or lyre's sweet sound,
Nor pass the laughing cups of Bacchus round.
Thou then, my soul, of joyance take thy fill,
While the brain works, and limbs obey the will.

The political and most of the moral verses are addressed to one person, Kyrnus, the son of Polypas.* Kyrnus was a man who, either from station or ability, had gained great weight in public affairs; and Theognis appears to have looked to him for the re-establishment of order and tranquillity—the supremacy of the *good*, the discomfiture of the *bad*. But the poet's views were gloomy. According to Mr. Frere, Theognis

‘distinctly prognosticates an approaching revolution, originating in the misrule of the party to which he himself naturally belonged, and of which his friend Kyrnus was, if not the actual, the anticipated chief; for we shall see him driven from his country at an early age, after having been for some time at the head of the state. He warns him of the rising intelligence and spirit of the lower orders; the feebleness, selfishness, and irresolution and falsehood of the higher, and the discontent which their mode of government was exciting.’—p. 27.

Mr. Frere might have added that the verses which he translates show further the nature of the revolution which had begun—that common change in the Grecian and in other republics, the enforced admission of the *periœci* (the inhabitants of the country) to the rights of suffrage, and to a share in the political government of the state.

Κύρνε, πόλις μὲν. 53.

‘Our commonwealth preserves its former fame:
Our common people are no more the same.
They that in skins and hides were rudely dress’d,
Nor dreamt of law, nor sought to be redress’d
By rules of right, but in the days of old
Flock’d to the town like cattle to the fold,†
Are now the brave and wise; and we, the rest,
Their betters nominally, once the best,
Degenerate, debased, timid and mean.
Who can endure to witness such a scene?’

* Elmsley had observed, and Otfried Müller assents to his observation, that Polypedes must be a patronymic. Welcker, and even Bode, in his ‘Geschichte der Hellenischen Dichtkunst,’ make him a different person.

† Mr. Frere says that, in the sixth line, he does not profess to have given an exact version of the original, which, ‘to say the truth, he does not quite understand.’ With submission, he has given the reverse of the sense: ἔπει δ’ ὅσον ἔλαφον εὐνὴν βίμνοντο πόλιν (Bekker reads, εἴθε δ’—πόλιν) means that, like the deer of the forest, they lived aloof, and shared none of the rights or duties of active citizenship; they knew nothing—not of the protection, but—of the administration of rights and laws. They are now become the *ἀγατοὶ*—the actual governing aristocracy.

Their

Their easy courtesies, the ready smile,
 Prompt to deride, to flatter and beguile!
 Their utter disregard of right and wrong,
 Of truth and honour!—But of such a throng
 (For any difficulties, any need,
 For any bold design or manly deed)
 Never imagine you can choose a just
 Or steady friend, or faithful in his trust.
 But change your habits! let them go their way!
 Be condescending, affable, and gay!
 Adopt with every man the style and tone
 Most courteous, most congenial with his own!
 But in your secret counsels keep aloof
 From feeble paltry souls, that at the proof
 Of danger or distress are sure to fail,
 For whose salvation nothing can avail.'

In the following lines the significant distinctions between the two parties—the *ἀγαθοί* (the aristocracy), who never endangered a city, and the *κακοί* (the popular party), who pervert justice and corrupt the people—are rather lost in the vaguer words, the 'noble spirits' and the 'feeble minds.' Mr. Frere would, however, expand the sense of the passage into the following commentary:—

'The governments by an aristocracy of caste, such as ours, have never been overthrown while they have been directed by men of generous character, and resolute magnanimous spirit. The danger does not arise till they are succeeded by a poor-spirited selfish generation, exercising the same arbitrary authority with mean and mercenary views.'

Κύρνε, κύει πόλις. 39.

'Our state is pregnant, shortly to produce
 A rude avenger of prolong'd abuse:
 The commons hitherto seem sober-minded.
 But their superiors are corrupt and blinded.
 The rule of noble spirits, brave and high,
 Never endanger'd peace and harmony.
 The supercilious, arrogant pretence
 Of feeble minds; weakness and insolence;
 Justice and truth, and law, wrested aside
 By crafty shifts of avarice and pride:
 These are our ruin, Kyrnus!—Never dream
 (Tranquil and undisturb'd as it may seem)
 Of future peace or safety to the state:
 Bloodshed and strife will follow soon or late.
 Never imagine that a ruin'd land
 Will trust her destiny to your command,
 To be remodell'd by a single hand.'

This is paraphrastic, but the last line certainly seems to be a warning

warning addressed to Kyrnus that the city will not submit to 'monarchy'—

Μούναρχος δὲ πόλει μήποτε τῇδε ἴδοι.

The repeated admonitions against the danger of arrogance, of ὕβρις, we must acknowledge seem like remonstrances against a ruling caste.

ὕβρις καὶ Μάγνητας.

'Pride and oppressive rule destroy'd the State
Of the Magnesians! Such was Smyrna's fate—
Smyrna the rich, and Colophon the great—
And ours, my friend, will follow soon or late.'

We cannot enter into the minute and ingenious particularity with which Mr. Frere works out every shade and variation in the character of Kyrnus, from the scattered fragments of moral advice which form a considerable part of the poetry of Theognis, nor the very fine and subtle allusions to the changes in domestic and external politics which he perceives or imagines. The following passages will show, however, the kind of high and honourable, in some degree parental, friendship which Theognis entertained (according to Doric usage) for this well-born and distinguished youth:—

Ἀργαλέως μοι θυμὸς. 1086.

'My mind is in a strange distracted state:
Love you I cannot! and I cannot hate!
'Tis hard to change habitual good-will,
Hard to renounce our better thoughts for ill:
To love without return is harder still.
But mark my resolution and protest:
Those services for which you once profess'd
A sense of obligation due to me,
On my part were gratuitous and free;
No task had I, no duty to fulfil,
No motive but a kind and friendly will.
Now like a liberated bird I fly,' &c.

The next are among the best verses preserved to us from Theognis, and in our judgment are rendered with great spirit and sufficient fidelity.

Σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ. 237.

'You soar aloft, and over land and wave
Are borne triumphant on the wings I gave—
The swift and mighty wings, music and verse:
Your name, in easy numbers smooth and terse,
Is wafted o'er the world, and heard among
The banquetings and feasts, chaunted and sung,
Heard and admired; the modulated air
Of flutes, and voices of the young and fair,

Recit

Recite it, and to future times shall tell :
 When closed within the dark sepulchral cell
 Your form shall moulder, and your empty ghost
 Wander along the dreary Stygian coast ;
 Yet shall your memory flourish green and young,
 Recorded and revered on every tongue :
 In continents and islands, every place
 That owns the language of the Grecian race,
 No purchas'd prowess of a racing steed,
 But the triumphant Muse, with airy speed,
 Shall bear it wide and far, o'er land and main :
 A glorious and imperishable strain :
 A mighty prize, gratuitously won,
 Fix'd as the earth, immortal as the sun !

But for all this no kindness in return—
 No token of attention or concern !
 Baffled and scorn'd, you treat me like a child,
 From day to day with empty words beguil'd.'

We come now to those fragments which relate to the personal misfortunes of the poet. We cannot but think that the most simple explanation of the total loss of his property is, that in one of those political revolutions that not uncommon event took place—a new partition of the lands of the republic ; Theognis, being absent on an *unfortunate voyage*, lost his estate. From this time, whether he was still at home in Megara, striving no doubt by a counter revolution to regain his confiscated lands, or abroad, an exile, poverty (down to a late period of his life) is the sad burthen of his song.

Πιστει χρήματ' ὄλεσσα. 829.

' Bad faith hath ruin'd me ; distrust alone
 Has sav'd a remnant ; all the rest is gone
 To ruin and the dogs ! The powers divine,
 I murmur not against them, nor repine :
 Mere human violence, rapine, and stealth,
 Have brought me down to poverty from wealth.'

Τόλμα, θυμὲ, κακοῖσιν. 1023.

' Learn patience, O my soul ! though rack'd and torn
 With deep distress : bear it—it must be borne !
 Your unavailing hopes and vain regret,
 Forget them, or endeavour to forget.
 These womanish repinings, unrepress'd,
 (Which gratify your foes,) serve to molest *
 Your sympathising friends. Learn to endure !
 And bear calamities you cannot cure !
 Nor hope to change the laws of Destiny
 By mortal efforts. Vainly would you fly
 To the remotest margin of the sky,

Where

Where ocean meets the firmament: in vain
 Would you descend beneath, and dive amain
 Down to the dreary subterraneous reign.'

But this kind of desperate resignation is constantly giving place to bitter expostulations against the divine government. Theognis is clearly of opinion that Jove ought always to take the aristocratical side. Virtue, and the privileges of his order, are with him convertible terms. He reminds us of the good old Tory in Washington Irving, who thought 'that, somehow or other, God was always on the government side of the question.'

Ζεῦ φίλε, θαυμάζω. 373.

'Blessed, Almighty Jove, with deep amaze
 I view the world, and marvel at thy ways!
 All our devices, every subtle plan,
 Each secret art, and all the thoughts of man,
 Your boundless intellect can comprehend;
 On your award our destinies depend!—
 How can you reconcile it to your sense
 Of right and wrong, thus loosely to dispense
 Your bounties to the wicked and the good?
 How can your laws be known and understood,
 When we behold a man faithful and just,
 Humbly devout, true to his word and trust,
 Dejected and oppress'd—whilst the profane
 And wicked, and unjust, in glory reign,
 Proudly triumphant, flushed with power and gain?
 What inference can human reason draw?
 How can we guess the secret of thy law?
 Or choose the path approv'd by power divine?
 —We take, alas, perforce the crooked line,
 And act unwillingly the baser part,
 Though loving truth and justice at our heart;
 For very need reluctantly compell'd
 To falsify the principles we held;
 With party factions basely to comply;
 To flatter, to dissemble, and to lie!
 Yet he, the truly brave, tried by the test
 Of sharp misfortune, is approv'd the best.
 While the soul-searching power of indigence
 Confounds the weak and banishes pretence;
 Fixed in an honourable purpose still,
 The brave preserve the same unconquer'd will,
 Indifferent to fortune, good or ill.'

'The misery of the heathen (says Mr. Frere) is singularly manifest in the preceding lines. They were unable to find in their national belief any sanction even for those imperfect notions of right and wrong, which natural reason suggested to them; and the

the concluding passage shows that the better and nobler minds among them framed to themselves a rule of conduct more elevated than that which their religion authorised. This kind of piety, consisting in patient submission to the dispensations of an irresistible and inexplicable destiny, is exemplified in the lines which follow.' They are fine verses, and do more *than justice* to Theognis:—

Οὐδεις, Κύρνε. 133.

' Kyrnus, believe it! Fortune, good or ill,
No mortal effort, intellect, or skill
Determine it; but Heaven's superior Will.
We struggle onward, ignorant and blind,
For a result unknown and undesign'd,
Avoiding seeming ill, misunderstood,
Embracing evil as a seeming good:
In our own plans unable to detect
Their final, unavoidable effect.
Tormented with unsatisfied desire,
The Fortunate to further aims aspire,
Beyond the bounds of mortal happiness;
Restless and wretched in their own success.
We strive like children, and the Almighty plan
Controls the froward children of weak Man.'

The passages which we shall now quote belong still more clearly to the personal history of the poet. Among the miseries of his reduced circumstances, one of the most grievous is, that he can no longer afford to exercise those rites of hospitality which connected together the great Grecian families in the different cities of the same race. Yet, even in his poverty, Theognis will not shrink from this sacred obligation, or close his humble doors against the stranger, who was perhaps an exile, an aristocratic exile, from his own city.

Ἥλθεε δὴ, Κλεάριστε. 511.

' In a frail bark across the seas you come,
Poor Clearistus, to my poorer home.
Yet shall your needy vessel be supplied
With what the gods in clemency provide;
And if a friend be with you, bring him here,
With a fair welcome to my simple cheer.
I am not yet a niggard, nor by stealth
Dissemble the poor remnant of my wealth:
Still shall you find an hospitable board,
And share in common what my means afford.
Then should inquirers ask my present state,
You may reply, my ruin has been great;
Yet, with my means reduced, a ruined man,
I live contented on a humbler plan:

Unable now to welcome every guest—
But greeting glad and freely, though distrest,
Hereditary friends—of all the best.'

The next two fragments are very touching: the allusion to the return of spring, which is to send the plough in the hands of strangers over his hereditary fields, is of a more imaginative style than is usual with Theognis.

"Ορνιθος φωνήν. 1197.

'The yearly summons of the creaking crane,
That warns the ploughman to his task again,
Strikes to my heart a melancholy strain—
When all is lost, and my paternal lands
Are till'd for other lords, with other hands,
Since that disastrous wretched voyage brought
Riches and lands and everything to nought.'

The second is the autumnal scene of the harvest-home, in which the husbandmen are employed in conveying the produce of the same 'paternal acres' to the granary of others.

Πῶς ἡμῖν τέτληκεν. 823.

'How could I bear it?—in the public place
To chaunt and revel! when before my face,
Seen in the distance, I discern the train
Of harvest-triumph, and the loaded wain,
And happy labourers with garlands crown'd,
Returning from the hereditary ground,
No more my own! My faithful Scythian slave,
Break off this strain of idle mirth, and shave
Your flowing locks, and breathe another tone
Of sorrow for my fair possessions gone.'

The new division of lands, in which the poet lost his estate, did not tend, apparently, to the restoration of order or of peace. According to Mr. Frere—and the verses seem to bear him out—there was still a fierce and desperate struggle among the rival factions. The state of men's minds grew more violent, treacherous, and unprincipled.

Ἀσπῶν μῆδενι. 283.

'Stir not a step! risk nothing! but believe
That vows and oaths are snares meant to deceive!
Jove is no warrant for a promise given—
Not Jove himself, nor all the gods in heaven.
Nothing is safe; no character secure,
No conduct, the most innocent and pure:
All are corrupt, the commons and the great,
Alike incapable to serve the state.

The ruin of the noblest and the best
Serves for an idle ballad or a jest.
Shame is abolish'd ; and in high command
Rage, Impudence, and Rapine rule the land.'—p. 69.

It should seem indeed that some chief of a faction had for a time obtained despotic authority. Either in bitterness or in irony, Theognis addresses him in these lines :—

Λάξ ἐπιβα. 845.

' Lash your obedient rabble ! Cast and load
The burden on their backs ! Spurn them, and goad !
They'll bear it all !—by patience and by birth
The most submissive, humble slaves on earth.'

Kyrnus, according to Mr. Frere, was at length incited to more vigorous measures. Our translator has even given a speech, composed of several fragments, which he supposes to have been delivered by the poet in a meeting of the aristocratic party. But all the powers of his eloquence and his poetry were in vain. It seems clear that at one period foreign interference threatened the good party, which was either again dominant, or struggling for ascendancy. The following picturesque lines show the march of the troops of some neighbouring state upon the town :—

" Ἀγγελος ἀφθγγος.

' A speechless messenger ! the Beacon's light
Announces danger from the mountain's height !
Bridle your horses, and prepare to fly !
The final crisis of our fate is nigh.
A momentary pause, a narrow space
Detains them, but the foes approach apace.—
—We must abide what fortune has decreed,
And hope that heaven will help us at our need.
Make your resolve ! at home your means are great ;
Abroad you will retain a poor estate.
Unostentatious, indigent, and scant,
You live secure at least from utter want.'

Theognis now, besides the loss of his estate, suffered the miseries of exile. Mr. Frere traces him first to Eubœa, and afterwards to Thebes, which he calls the Coblentz of the emigrating party. Mr. Frere explains in this sense a passage which had perplexed all the commentators on Theognis, and gives a plausible and ingenious reason for the poet's silence about Thebes in his own account of his travels. His faction seems to have suffered another terrible blow (Mr. Frere thinks during his residence in Eubœa), which made the poet emphatically end one piece with

' The gods confound the Cypselising race'—

a line which appears to imply the interference of Corinth with the affairs of Megara.

During

During the sorrows of exile, we are happy to inform our readers, that both the poet and his friend Kyrnus had one source of consolation undisturbed :—

Οὐδὲν, Κύρν', ἀγαθῆς. 1223.

' Kyrnus! of all good things in human life,
Nothing can equal goodness in a wife.
In our own case we prove the proverb true,
You vouch for me, my friend, and I for you.'

But these gentle influences availed not to allay resentment. The ferocious spirit of revenge which breathes at the close of the following extract shows the terrible effects of these feuds; the bloodthirsty passions which excited the Guelfs and Ghibellines of the old Grecian republics.

Ζεὺς μοι τῶν τε 337.

' May Jove assist me to discharge the debt
Of kindness to my friends—and grant me yet
A further boon—revenge upon my foes!
With these accomplish'd—I could gladly close
My term of life—a fair requital made—
My friends rewarded, and my wrongs repaid!
Gratitude and revenge before I die,
Might make me deem'd almost a deity.
—Yet hear, O mighty Jove, and grant my prayer!
Relieve me from affliction and despair!
O take my life—or grant me some redress,
Some foretaste of returning happiness.
Such is my state—I cannot yet descry
A chance of vengeance on mine enemy
The rude despoilers of my property.
Whilst I, like to a scar'd and hunted hound,
That scarce escaping, trembling, and half-drown'd,
Crosses a gulley swelled with wintry rain,
Have crept ashore, in feebleness and pain.
—Yet my full wish, to drink their very blood,
Some Power Divine, that watches for my good,
May yet accomplish. Soon may He fulfil
My righteous hope—my just and hearty will!'

As poetry, none of the verses are more beautiful than those in which Theognis deplores the mingled miseries of poverty and exile. We are glad to escape from the savage vehemence of the lines just quoted to the more gentle, contemplative, but affecting verses which follow :—

*Α μάκαρ. 1002. (*Bekker.*)

' Happy the man, with worldly wealth and ease,
Who, dying in good time, departs in peace:

Not

Not yet reduced to wander as a stranger,
In exile and distress and daily danger ;
To fawn upon his foes, and risk the trial
Of a friend's faith, and suffer a denial.'

Πάντων μὲν μὴ φῦναι. 425.

' Not to be born, never to see the sun,
No worldly blessing is a greater one !
And the next best is speedily to die—
And lapp'd beneath a load of earth to lie.'

' Ἄνδρ' ἀγαθόν. 173.

' For noble minds the worst of miseries,
Worse than old age, or wearisome disease,
Is Poverty. From Poverty to flee,
From some tall precipice prone to the sea
It were a fair escape to leap below !
In Poverty, dear Kyrnus, we forego
Freedom in word and deed, body and mind :
Action and thought are fetter'd and confin'd.
Let me then fly, dear Kyrnus ! once again !
Wide as the limits of the land and main,
From these entanglements ; with these in view
Death is the lighter evil of the two.'

The following fragment is perplexing. It appears to contain very distinct allusions to passing events, and to throw strong light on the character of the poet ; but it is difficult to assign any probable period to which it relates. Mr. Frere considers it (very doubtfully) as belonging to the poet's residence in Sicily. It seems as if *Theognis* was engaged in the quarrels of some foreign city ; for which he was not called upon, nor disposed to fight, and yet was ashamed to run away :—

Εἰρήνη καὶ πλοῦτος. 881.

' Peace is my wish :—may peace and plenty crown
This happy land, the people and the town.
May peace remain. And may we never miss
Good cheer and merry meetings such as this !
Whether at home or here, all wars I hate,
All battles I detest and execrate.
Then never hurry forward ! for we fight
Not for ourselves, nor for our country's right.
—But with the bawling herald, loud and clear,
Shouting a noisy summons in my ear,
And with my own good horse—for very shame
We must engage and join the bloody game.'

But brighter times were, at length, to arrive. At the close of his exile, the poet seems to have found an hospitable reception in Sparta,

Sparta, the head quarters of the great Doric aristocracies. His way of life, however, does not seem very strictly Spartan; the laws of Lycurgus were, perhaps, not enforced upon strangers.

τέρπεο μοι. 1067; and *πῖν' οἶνον.* 875.

' Enjoy your time, my soul! Another race
Shall shortly fill the world, and take your place—
With their own hopes and fears, sorrow and mirth;
I shall be dust the while, and crumbled earth.
But think not of it! Drink the racy wine
Of rich Taygetus, press'd from the vine
Which Theotimus in the sunny glen
(Old Theotimus, lov'd by gods and men)
Planted, and water'd from a plenteous source,
Teaching the wayward stream a better course:—
Drink it, and cheer your heart, and banish care—
A load of wine will lighten your despair.'

The concluding extracts show us our poet restored to his native city, where the aristocratic party gained at length a final triumph. From an allusion in this, and in another passage, undoubtedly genuine, Theognis lived to the time of the Persian invasion. If so, according to the usual chronology, he must have been above eighty years old when he composed these spirited verses. We wish his accomplished translator as long a life, and a happy return to his native country.

Φοῖβε ἀναξ. 771; and *Μήποτέ μοι.* 787.

' You great Apollo, with its walls and towers
Fenc'd and adorn'd of old this town of ours.
Such favour in thy sight Alcathous won,
Of Pelops old the fair and manly son.
Now therefore in thy clemency divine,
Protect those very walls, our own and thine!
Guide and assist us, turn aside the boast
Of the destroying haughty Persian host.
So shall thy people each returning spring
Slay fatted hecatombs; and gladly bring
Fair gifts with chaunted hymns and lively song,
Dances and feasts, and happy shouts among;
Before thy altar, glorifying Thee,
In peace and health and wealth, cheerful and free.

' Wide have I wander'd, far beyond the sea,
Even to the distant shores of Sicily;
To broad Eubœa's plentiful domain,
With the rich vineyards in its planted plain;
And to the sunny wave and winding edge
Of fair Eurotas with its reedy sedge—
Where Sparta stands in simple majesty:
Among her manly rulers there was I;

Greeted and welcom'd there and every where
 With courteous entertainment—kind and fair;
 Yet still my weary spirit would repine,
 Longing again to view this land of mine.
 Henceforward, no design nor interest
 Shall ever move me but the first and best,
 With learning's happy gift to celebrate,
 Adorn and dignify my native state.
 The song, the dance, music and verse agreeing,
 Will occupy my life and fill my being;
 Pursuits of elegance and learned skill
 (With good repute, and kindness, and good-will,
 Among the wiser sort) will pass my time
 Without an enemy, without a crime;
 Harmless and just with ev'ry rank of men,
 Both the free native and the denizen.'

- ART. VI.—1. *First and Second Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of the Irish Fisheries.* 1836.
 2. *A Bill to regulate the Irish Fisheries (prepared and brought in by Lord Eliot and Mr. Solicitor-General for Ireland), ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 6 April, 1842. Received the Royal Assent 10th August, 1842.*

A GLANCE at the map of Ireland will show the deep indentations of the arms of the sea between many a *beaked promontory* on the south-westerly portion, where it is most exposed to the breaching battery of the Atlantic; and, indeed, the western coast generally is much indented, and loftily precipitous. The south abounds in harbours and bays, but the eastern shore is, for the most part, flat, and presents but few inlets. The central district is occupied, with small interruption, by the great plain of limestone, which extends from Dublin Bay on the east to the Bay of Galway on the west, and from Sligo and Fermanagh northward, to Cork and Waterford southward. We need not dwell on the principal mountain-groups, which rise either on the outside of this plain, or appear in ridges insulated near its borders: but we may observe that the Wicklow and Mount Leinster granite-range commences from the sea at Dublin, and extends to the south from the borders of Dublin and Wicklow into Carlow, terminating near the confluence of the rivers Barrow and Nore: from the flanks of this chain the slate-rocks run on one side into the eastern part of Kildare, and on the other to the sea, forming those portions of Wicklow which are most favourable for

for culture, and nearly the whole of Wexford, interspersed, in the latter locality, with protruded masses of greenstone and quartz. That extensive mountain-district forming the Gaultees of Tipperary is insulated by the limestone, which, northward from Dingle Bay, is again laved by the sea, although throughout western Limerick and Clare it is overlaid by the great Munster coal-formation, from beneath which it again peeps out on the south side of Galway Bay. This limestone plain comprises no less than six coal-fields:—on the south-east is the district of Leinster or Castlecomer; on the south, that of Slieve Arda or Tipperary; the great Munster district runs through portions of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Clare, counties on the south-west; on the north-west the Lough Allen district embraces the Shannon at its source; on the north are the Monaghan and Tyrone districts, and a small one occurs in Antrim at its north-eastern extremity. The quality of the coal varies much; that from the south is anthracite, or, as it is vernacularly termed, blind coal; but the coal worked in the country north of Dublin is bituminous.

The central district contains more than one million acres of bog, the greater portion of which lies west of the Shannon (Galway, Roscommon, Mayo), and the remainder, well known as the Bog of Allen, extends through various parts of King's County, Longford, Westmeath, and Kildare. One word with regard to these bogs; they are fringed by numerous ridges of limestone gravel, offering the unlimited means of improving and reclaiming them. Nor must it be concealed that the carboniferous limestone of this central plain is, in many places, buried under the upper splintery limestone, which generally gives a rugged, craggy surface, pierced with caverns and subterranean channels, through which the streams sink: but the greater part is unencumbered, and there the substratum of pure, carboniferous limestone supports a soil rich, racy, and sweet, spread over a surface whose gentle undulations give sure promise of fertility—fertility which is not confined to the central plain, but is shared by many of the districts lying beyond it.

The external districts, as they may be termed, are drained by rivers whose course is, for the most part, short, as might be expected from the mountain-groups that border the central plain. The principal of these rivers are, in Cork the Blackwater and the Lee; in Donegal and Derry the Foyle; in Antrim and Down the Bann and the Lagan; and, in Wexford, the Slaney.

But the rivers that drain the central district are longer in their course, flowing on till they pay a much more copious tribute to the sea. The central plain is divided by the Slieve Bloom chain and the Eskers longitudinally, and, of the two divisions, the
western

western is by far the greatest. The smaller or eastern portion undergoes a further subdivision by the summit level of the Bog of Allen into two other districts—the northern and the southern: the waters of the northern district are poured into the Irish Sea by the Boyne; and those of the southern district are conveyed by the navigable Barrow, Nore, and Suir.

The great western division depends for its drainage upon the mighty Shannon, which rolls on deep and broad through a flat country, navigable throughout its course of nearly 240 miles. But what, then, becomes of those portions of the central plain which lie beyond these great basins of the Shannon and Boyne? The lakes that spread their waters on the borders of the limestone tract on the west and north are the chief recipients of the drainage from that quarter:—such are those of Galway and Mayo; Lough Erne; and Lough Neagh, on whose bank

— ‘ as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve ’s declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.

The map of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge estimates the area of Ireland at 18,481,343 statute acres, or 28,881 statute square miles—215,252 of these acres being under water; and an estimate of 1831 makes the dry land 14,603,473 statute acres, while 5,340,736 are set down as unprofitable, being mountain and bog, and 455,399 are assigned to lakes. These, however, are mere estimates.

With a soil moderately fertile in most of the cultivated parts, the agricultural produce of Ireland was in 1832 estimated at 36,000,000*l.* per annum, issuing out of 14,603,473 acres of land—a return nearly one-half less than that rendered by an equal number of English acres, and this with five labourers employed in Ireland where two only are required in England.

The mines of lead and copper—far more precious than the Wicklow gold—which yielded as exports, in 1835, 477,600 cwt*s.*, of the value of 179,388*l.*, and other mines and quarries, as yet worked to a comparatively small extent,—present a rich field for the employment of capital and industry.

It is not our province here to enter into the details of the Irish manufactures, the decline of some and the increase of others, but we may perhaps be allowed a word or two—the subject is hardly worth them—respecting the ephemeral absurdity of the nostrum contained in the proposition that the ‘hereditary bondsmen’ should use nothing but their own manufactures. Such a proposal, coming from those who affect to be *ipsis Hibernicis Hiberniores*, savouring strongly of the potato, may be classed with the per-

tion of the banker by burning his notes, and other Paddyisms that would raise a smile, if the consequences to the good-hearted but hot-headed and abused Milesians did not incline one to weep: and, ridiculous as it is, the proposal is stale. These insanities—idiotisms would perhaps be the more appropriate word—come round in cycles, with this accessory, however, that in proportion as knowledge increases the absurdity becomes more glaring.

It is curious to read in the year 1843, when—*inter alia*—frieze coats are to be your only Irish wear, '*The Defence of English Commodities: being an Answer to the Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures, and utterly rejecting and renouncing everything that is wearable that comes from England*'—written upwards of a hundred years ago.

'His pleasure,' says the shrewd writer of the *Defence*, speaking of the author of this notable project, 'is, that everything shall be burnt that comes from England except the people and the coals; and, till this is done, Ireland will never be happy; and for this he has a sort of old prophecy delivered to him by the *archbishop of Tuam*!

'I should be very glad that the gentlemen of Ireland, out of a public spirit and a regard to the common interest of the kingdom, would make it their choice to be content with their own manufactures, though dearer and worse than the English; but what sentiments such a prohibition would beget in England, and how far it is in their power to make reprisals, would be worth while to consider. An ordinance of this nature was formerly made by an Irish parliament in the reign of Edward III., when they had a much better authority to do it, which was attended with a resumption of their liberties, and that produced a rebellion, which ended in confiscation. *I don't know that the people of Ireland ever got anything by their madness, except it was to hate their horns pared.*

'They have been transformed from savages into reasonable creatures, and delivered from a state of nature and barbarism, and endowed with civility and humanity. England has adorned them with her habits, language, and manners, and let them into all the benefits and privileges of her laws, policy, and government; some of them shine at this day in the highest places of honour and trust under her authority—*ut omnes scirent palere virtuti viam*: and, indeed, to do justice to the Irish nation, they have afforded this age some of the most celebrated wits, as well as the most renowned heroes.'

These sentences require no comment; and we turn to the fisheries—one of the many abundant gifts showered upon Ireland, which, well employed and commercially worked under good rulers, might alone go far to make it a land of happiness and peace. The coast positively swarms with fish of the best quality. On the coast of Dublin and in the rivers cod, haddock—the large delicious Dublin Bay haddock—whiting, herrings, trout, and salmon are

are taken. Louth affords cod, haddock, conger, ling, mackerel, whiting, herrings, hake, and flat-fish. Cod, haddock, ling, whiting, conger, turbot, soles, plaice, brill, mackerel, herrings, and mullet, enrich the coasts of Down. The basaltic Antrim—for the trap-district with which the Giant's Causeway is connected occupies nearly the whole of that county—yields cod, ling, conger, pollock, flat-fish, turbot, haddock. Donegal contributes soles, plaice, oysters, herrings, turbot, cod, ling, eels, haddock, doree—better known, thanks to the immortal Quin, as John Dory—hake, whiting, conger, mackerel, sprat, and glassen. Sligo possesses turbot, cod, and all species that frequent the fruitful Irish coasts. From Mayo are obtained turbot, soles, cod, ling, haddock, hake, whiting, glassen, conger, gurnet, pollock, mackerel, herrings, skate, sprat, bream. Galway offers cod, ling, pollock, mackerel, bream, herrings, conger, sun-fish—this last more rarely than formerly—haddock, gurnet, whiting, hake, turbot, glassen, soles, plaice, doree, halibut. Turbot, cod, ling, haddock, hake, soles, whiting, gurnet, mackerel, thornback, doree, ray, and shad, abound on the coasts of Clare. Kerry has its turbot, haddock, gurnet, pollock, plaice, soles, doree, cod, whiting, ray, conger, mullet, mackerel, shad, bream, herrings, pilchards, hake, ling, glassen. Cork boasts its turbot, soles, cod, ling, haddock, mackerel, conger, hake, whiting, shad, pilchards, herrings, plaice, pollock, halibut, doree, and skate. Cod, ling, hake, haddock, glassen, herrings, are taken at Waterford. Wexford rejoices in cod, ling, hake, gurnet, whiting, pollock, turbot, mackerel, herrings, pilchards, lobsters, conger, bream, soles, plaice; and Wicklow in herrings, cod, oysters, ling, haddock, whiting, mackerel, soles, plaice, pollock, trout, and salmon.

Now these are only the greater fishing-grounds, abundantly supplied with nutritious food, to be had for the taking. Our readers must pardon us for this catalogue of fish; but we have felt it our duty not to relieve them from a sin of them: it is time that there should be no excuse for the further neglect of such a supply on the very coasts where famine often rages, and sea-weed is eaten to appease the cravings of hunger, with nourishment at hand sufficient not only for the starving people, but enough over and above to furnish the British markets to the extent of almost unlimited demand, if the fishing-grounds are only fairly treated.

The 'Report' gives the following account of the state of the coast fisheries:—

'From the Shannon to Malin Head (the most northerly point of Donegal) the waters abound with fish; but the means of fishing (except at Galway) are rude and inefficient. The fishermen are for the most part holders of small patches of land, and with them fishing is only an

occasional occupation. Along the line of this extensive coast regular fishing is confined to a few towns; and the trade is only considerable during the herring seasons. At those times, however, travelling traders repair in great numbers to the several fishing harbours to purchase fish, which they carry to the interior to be consumed fresh. Upon these traders the herring fishers principally depend; for it is only at Galway and at Killybegs, on the coast of Donegal, that they derive any aid from fish-curers.

'It is in this district that poverty especially prevails, that famines are of ordinary recurrence, and that the means of the fisherman are the most completely inadequate to a profitable pursuit of his avocation. Here it is that the general condition of the country offers the fewest auxiliaries to the philanthropist in his plans of improvement; and that the Commissioners have found the greatest difficulty in discovering any satisfactory and applicable measure of relief. Along the greater part of this line of coast the boats, both in size and in construction, are unfitted for encountering the uncertain and turbulent ocean; while the remoteness of the great towns leaves the fisherman (excepting those near Galway and Sligo) without a sufficient accessible supply of salt and other means for curing the fish, should they arrive in great abundance on the shore.

'*So destitute of resources are the inhabitants upon part of the Donegal coast that it is stated by Lieutenant M'Gladdery, of the Coast Guard, that it is usual for the peasantry to club their bed-clothes in considerable numbers, in order to take herrings with them in the inlets of the sea; their families meantime dispensing altogether with those necessities.*—Evidence, p. 55.

'From Malin Head to Belfast Loch the demand on the industry of the fisherman is more steady; fishing is more continuously pursued (excepting on a part of the Antrim coast, where the fishermen are landholders), and the supplies thus obtained find a ready sale either at home or in the markets of Glasgow and Liverpool. To the latter places the fish are conveyed by steamers, which ply between these towns and Londonderry or Belfast.

'In this district also the means of fishing are very defective. *Along the coasts of both districts shoals of mackerel appear during the autumn; but in neither of them is any preparation made for taking that valuable fish.*

'From the Loch of Belfast, proceeding southward, the waters continue productive; but agricultural employment being more remunerative, the trade of fishing (except for herrings) is constantly followed at two or three places only. On this line of coast the population are generally indifferent to the pursuit.

'From Carlingford, through the Bay of Dublin, as far as Wexford, complaints are heard of the scarcity of fish; and in point of fact, from Dublin to Wexford, little fishing is carried on for the supply of the Dublin market. It is confidently asserted that this diminution amounts to three-fourths of the quantity taken at a period not many years distant.—*Evidence of Dublin Fishermen and Salesmen.* This failure in production is attributed to an over-fishing, and to a destruction of spawn,
both

both imputed to the trawlers. The supply of large fish also, it is said, has decreased; and the Dublin haddock of other days, more especially, has become a rare prize; but large haddock is now abundant on the southern coast, where it did not exist at the time when it was most plentiful in Dublin Bay. In seeming contradiction to this evidence, it must be stated that the number of productive banks to the north of Howth, reported by the Coast Guard officers, is considerable. It is therefore probable that the asserted scarcity of fish, if not altogether an error, applies chiefly to the in-shore fisheries. The English trawlers, who are well appointed, and fish the deep waters, make no complaints: Mr. Bartlett, on the contrary, acknowledges a steady profit of 30*l.* per cent. on his outlay, with which he seems perfectly satisfied. With respect more particularly to the Wicklow and Wexford coast, the most urgent complaint is less of the want of fish than of shelter; as on this part of the coast the quantity of moving sand, and the power of the waves, render the construction of permanent harbours extremely difficult.'—pp. iii., iv.

Who can read this, as we believe, accurate statement, without feeling for the utter destitution of the wretches who are perishing in the midst of plenty, only beyond their reach because of that very destitution? The poor Irishman cannot avail himself of the plentiful table spread for him, whilst the well-appointed English trawler reaps a rich harvest.

The complaint relating to Wicklow and Wexford is, as it is truly stated, not the want of fish, but of shelter; nor are these the only spots where harbours of refuge are absolutely necessary for those who are called on to weather the storm in boats, however well appointed, off the iron-bound coasts of Ireland.

'At Waterford, again,' continues the "Report," 'the fishing resources were long believed to be abundant. The famous Nymph Bank off that county was asserted to yield white fish in an inexhaustible quantity; and evidence has been offered that persons on the light-ship, moored near this bank, have recently fished with wonderful success. However, the local replies to queries state that a scarcity of fish is very generally felt on this coast.

'From Waterford, round the entire south coast, a recent decline in the productiveness of the water, and a scarcity of fish, are matters of continued local complaint. But this scarcity seems to be confined only to the bays and in-shore fisheries, to which the operations of the fishermen, owing to their poverty and insufficient gear, are chiefly confined. On many points along this line, round to the mouth of the Shannon (which completes the circuit of Ireland), the markets cannot be considered as altogether deficient. There are several great towns, Cork included, which derive their chief supplies from this coast, and the number of secondary towns in the interior is considerable. In these markets, however, the coast of Kerry, from its position, has little participation; and generally the communication between the inland towns and the fishing harbours is less active than, with a little attention to means and appliances,

pliances, it might be; insomuch that the fisheries on the southern coast are by no means what a glance at the geography of the country might lead the inquirer to expect.

'In the "Evidence" will be found a description of the most remarkable fishing-grounds around the entire coast of Ireland, as supplied by the Coast Guard replies to the Commissioners' queries. These are founded on information communicated by the fishermen; and though in all probability not sufficiently accurate, they are still enough to satisfy the inquirer that the miserable and depressed condition of the fisheries is not a consequence of defective natural resources; and that, on the contrary, Ireland is a decidedly favoured country as to the richness of its waters. With this fact foreign nations were early acquainted, and their fishermen were long accustomed to approach the Irish coasts for the purpose of fishing on ground superior to any near their own country.'—pp. iv., v.

Now, can anything be more striking than this? Here is a store of wealth and abundant food, so rich that the foreigner finds his account in the outlay and risk of a voyage to procure it, while those whose natural property it is are not in a condition to touch it.

The Report goes on to state, that, exclusively of the finned fish, Ireland possesses oyster-banks which yield valuable returns when properly fished; and that the lobster-fishery would form a most lucrative branch of industry—but this is not sufficiently worked. There is no doubt that fine lobsters exist in great plenty on various points of the coast; and yet, the reporters observe, the English markets derive their principal supplies from Norway; while in the Irish markets lobsters are scarce, dear, and often not to be had. Scotland, as is well known, *now* sends its contribution to the London market; and ere long, Ireland, we trust, will do the same. There is room for all. Consumers are every day increasing; and we will answer for the supply to an unlimited amount.

Whales are met with in the Irish seas; but these do not come within the sphere of our present observations, for they are mammiferous animals, nor is there any reason for supposing that more than occasional captures would be made. But it is otherwise with the sun-fish—not the *Orthogoriscus oblongus* of Schneider, *Tetrodon truncatus* of Gmelin and Pennant, which looks like some deep bream-shaped fish cut in half, with fins tacked on at the truncated end, though that often arrives at the weight of a hundred pounds—but the great hasking-shark or sail-fish, *Squalus maximus* of Linnæus, *Selachus maximus* of Cuvier, that grows to the length of thirty-six feet, and was confounded with the whales from its great size, and the overlooking of the branchial orifices and the perpendicular trim of its tail. But, shark as it is, the monster is a very harmless monster, and loves to lie lazily stretched out

out on the surface of the sunny sea, now on his shining white belly, and anon, like a tired swimmer, on his broad, dark, lead-coloured back, and, apparently unsuspecting of guile, will suffer himself to be approached, and sometimes even stroked with the hand; but when he feels the harpoon, down he dives into the dark-blue depths, at first rolling in agony upon the ground to detach the deadly steel, which is often bent by the exertions of the victim, and then, when he finds his efforts unavailing, rushing a-head with a velocity and power that has been known to tow away a vessel of seventy tons against a fresh gale. On ordinary occasions, however, the fish swims leisurely with the back fins out of the water (whence the name of sail-fish). They sometimes disport themselves on the surface, leaping high above the waves, and falling back with a loud crash.

The Commissioners state that these fish only a few years since visited the north-west coast annually in considerable numbers, but are now rarely seen there, resorting, according to the opinion of those best acquainted with the subject, to banks more distant from the coast. From this cause, and also perhaps from the inexperience of the fishermen, and the want of proper boats to follow the business, the taking of sun-fish, they remark, may be said to have ceased, and the oil, formerly in high repute in the Dublin market, is scarcely to be found in the trade. It appears that, to pursue the sun-fish with success, the vessels employed should be of from eighty to one hundred tons burthen, with three attendant boats, manned with eight men each; but the Galway people consider forty tons to be sufficient; and the fishermen of that county go after it in their ordinary fishing-boats; nay, those of Mayo use still smaller craft for that purpose; but then, when these Mayo fishermen took a fish or two, they lost a large portion of the oil by conveying the liver (the only valuable part of the fish) to land in a small open boat, and also for want of fit means for extracting the oil. The Commissioners conclude that the prevailing opinion is probably correct—that the fish are still to be found farther from the shore, if due pains were taken to seek them; and that a valuable enterprise is open to such fishermen as could proceed on an adequate scale of operations. The high price of spermaceti oil in Dublin, and the excellent quality of that obtained from the sun-fish (especially if due care were taken to boil it while the liver is fresh and sweet), would, they think, ensure a brisk and steady sale for the article (*Report*, p. v.).

Pennant says of this species, which is the *Hoe-mother* or *Homer** of the Orkney islanders,—

* Mother of the pickled dog-fish (*Spinax acanthias*, Cuv.), called in the Orkney *Hoe*.
 These

' These fish are migratory, or at least it is but in a certain number of years that they are seen in multitudes on the Welsh seas, though in most summers a single and perhaps strayed fish appears. They inhabit the northern seas, even as high as the arctic circle. They visited the bays of Caernarvonshire and Anglesey in vast shoals in the summer of 1756, and a few succeeding years, continuing there only the hot months, for they quitted the coast about Michaelmas, as if cold weather was disagreeable to them. They appear in the Firth of Clyde and among the Hebrides in the month of June, in small droves of seven or eight, but oftener in pairs, and continue in those seas till the latter end of July, when they disappear.'

The uncertain movements of the herring* are too well known to be here repeated; but come to the shore to spawn they must; and the only question is, where they will make their election: this is in all probability determined in great measure by food, for they frequently desert bays where they have been abundant, and reappear in large shoals.

The condition of the fishermen next occupies the attention of the Commissioners. They observe that in 1830, when the establishment was dissolved which had been formed by government in 1819 for promoting the Irish fisheries, similar to that created for the Scotch fisheries in 1808, there were around the coast of Ireland 64,771 fishermen and 13,199 fishing-boats. In 1836 there were, according to a carefully-revised enumeration, made by the officers of the coast-guard, only 54,119 fishermen and 10,761 boats:—

' This decrease of 10,652 in the number of persons occupied in supplying fish for the markets of an increasing population occurring so suddenly, while the consumption of all other domestic supplies has been considerably augmented, and in a period during which the markets of Liverpool and Manchester have largely increased the demand on the industry of Irish fishers, is a lamentable fact, too plainly indicative of much local suffering. It appears, however, that at the appointment of the late Fishery Board, the total fishing population of Ireland amounted to but 36,000, and that during the short course of its activity the numbers increased to nearly double. Hence it may be inferred that the subsequent falling off must, in part at least, be a result of some previous excess of stimulation; and that the bounties had indeed drawn more persons to this branch of industry than in the then condition of the country were really enabled to support themselves by its exercise, without government aid.'—*Report*, p. vi.

And this brings us at once to the vexed question of the bounty system.

* Those acquainted with the Loch-Fyne fish well know the test of a well-fed herring. When held up and balanced by the back fin, the head and tail should be on an imaginary horizontal line.

The whole sum distributed under this system by the Irish Fishery Commissioners, from 1819 to 1830 inclusive, was 163,376*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*, and certainly a great increase in the activity of the trade was experienced under its operation; for much capital was drawn to it, and large sums were circulated among fishermen, curers, and the like. But it further appears that at the end of ten years, when the bounties were discontinued, the trade began to languish and fall back into exhaustion. In return for the large sums paid, little or no new capital had been created and vested in the fisheries; so that many of the boats which had been brought into action by the stimulus were withdrawn from the trade, and were to be seen rotting upon the beach, while the unhappy crews who had manned them were driven to seek other employment, or sank into mendicancy. The Commissioners justly remark that some portion of this failure may indeed be assigned to causes not necessarily inherent in the system; such as the shortness of its duration; the abrupt manner in which the bounties were withdrawn; the cost of outfit incurred by boat-owners to obtain them; and to evasions and frauds which were largely practised to the injury of the fair dealer. It will be sufficient to state one instance to show with what more than Corinthian assurance the system was abused. Adventurers who chartered vessels from Ireland proceeded, without one Irish fisherman on board, to the coast of Scotland, there cast their nets, to evade the law, then purchased from the Scotch fishers enough to fill their barrels, and returned home to sack the bounties. So much for the working of a system which was to ensure the employment of Irish fishermen by bounties on cured fish.

To obtain the tonnage-bounties vessels were chartered which were never before used in the fisheries and only hired for an occasional adventure; and these bounties it appears were within the reach only of the owners of large-decked boats; for the scale was adopted from the Dutch, who fish far away and have long voyages to make, and which therefore, with a tact truly Milesian, was selected as the rule for those who were to fish at home. What was the result? The vessels so drawn into the Irish trade proved not to be generally available, and, so soon as the bounties were withdrawn, the decks of many of them were removed to adapt them better to the service. But we shall now let the Commissioners speak for themselves:—

‘Many persons, who had never been concerned in the fisheries before, also became competitors with the established fishermen, when these bounties were given; and none but the crews of large boats were served by the tonnage-bounties, though all partook of the production-bounties.

‘It

'It is further to be observed, that the bounties did not augment local employment to any considerable extent among the fishers on the western coast of Ireland ; as the boats of Skerries, Balbriggan, and other places, which were employed on that coast in taking fish to cure for the bounties, brought with them fishermen, who, for the most part, took and cured whatever quantity was required—and as bounties were not obtained on the great bulk of the fish caught by the local fishermen.

'No permanent establishments or stations for curing fish were formed on that coast through the stimulus of bounties. There is not, on the whole line from Malin Head to Galway, one establishment for the drying of cod and ling ; and the curing of herrings is at present as defective, even in Galway, as if a bounty for curing in barrels to preserve the pickle had never been given.

'Only two reasons in support of bounties have been urged by the boat owners interested in them : they supplied capital to the adventurers, and enabled their crews to get credit for gear, which was provided in shares. It does not however appear in evidence that these benefits were of much permanent advantage ; and even if, notwithstanding such drawbacks, they were still thought of permanent utility, similar advantages might be obtained by a better and cheaper machinery.

'It is true that bounties for promoting the fisheries are still given in France, Belgium, and Holland. But the example of other countries, far from affording encouragement to their revival, furnishes a conclusive argument against it ; for, if bounties were capable of accomplishing any permanent good, the necessity for their continuance ought to have ceased in those countries long since.'—*Report*, p. xi.

In these observations we entirely agree with the Commissioners, after much reflection on the case, in all its bearings. The bounty system appears to have operated as a sudden stimulus, which is soon exhausted and followed by a reaction of hopeless collapse. Few things are more attractive than a forced plant ; but at what an expense to its energies is it made to display its premature beauties ! No : cheapen the necessities of life to the fisherman ; reduce the price of timber and enable him to build a better boat ; give him a regular demand for the article in which he deals, and a harbour to fly to ; teach him to rely on his own energies—they will do more to elevate him than all the false glare of the bounty-system which has been an ignis-fatuus to lure too many to destruction, and has been well characterised, as far as the tonnage-bounty is concerned, as 'a bounty on idleness and perjury.' Much of this has been done, and done well ; and we look with increased confidence for the completion of the good work.

The Report divides the fishermen into four classes :—

'1. Those constantly engaged in fishing, who belong to Dublin Bay, Galway, Arklow, Dungarvan, and a few other stations.

'2. Those partly engaged in fishing, and occasionally in the coast-trade

trade (as the boat-owners, and part of their crews, in Skerries or Balbriggan), or partly in fishing, and partly in collecting sea-weed for manure (as the boat-owners, with a portion of their crews, in Galway).

'3. Those who, while not employed in fishing, are occupied in agriculture, either as landholders or labourers.

'4. Those who have not any employment on sea or land, when the boats to which they belong are engaged in carrying general freights or sea-weed.'—*Report*, p. vi.

The Commissioners state that the last class of fishermen occasionally suffer very great distress, as their earnings, when employed, are either insufficient for their maintenance through the year, or are *not providently used*; and that those who are the third in the classification, and who occupy land, are affected, like all other Irish agriculturists, by evils of their own. A good deal of difference of opinion seems to have been manifested relative to the advantages or disadvantages of the union of agriculture with fishing in Ireland; and the Commissioners, on a careful review of the whole subject, think, that wherever agriculture is pursued with ordinary industry and success, it is a more profitable occupation than fishing; excepting only a few stations where the demand is constantly large:—

'In point of fact, the fishermen of Ireland usually depend more on the land than on the sea; and their condition is mainly determined by the local circumstances of agriculture. Where these are good, the fisherman will generally be found comparatively at his ease, on the combined earnings of farming and fishing; while, in poor and remote districts, the occupation at sea rarely proves a sufficient substitute for agricultural employment.

'Those who follow fishing more constantly, but yet cultivate a small portion of land, partake probably of the general condition of the neighbouring peasantry, or are in some places perhaps a little above it: and lastly, those who have not this resource either want capital altogether (whether for agriculture or for fishing), or they inhabit the most barren districts, or are *deficient in that industry and enterprise which are universally necessary to worldly success*. With very few exceptions this class are represented as struggling for the lowest rate of remuneration, badly clothed, and living in miserable cabins. Opinions, of course, differ as to the immediate causes of this distress. Some refer it to the suppression of bounties and the consequent laying-up of boats; others to the want of local encouragement; but the far greater number ascribe it to the want of proper boats and gear, and to an ignorance of the best modes of fishing.'—*Ibid.*, p. vii.

The Commissioners add, however, that in some places the well-equipped, skilful, and *prudent* fisherman is able to support a family without land, on a scale of comfort superior to that of other labourers. (*Report*, p. vii.) That '*prudent*' is a pithy epithet.

Among the remedial measures or means suggested, we would earnestly

earnestly call attention to *the Grants for Fishermen's Harbours*: this, in our opinion, is a vital point. The subjects of *Grants to Fishermen, and Loans to Fishermen*, require deep consideration; the danger to be avoided being the lessening of that self-dependence without which no man nor body of men ever became prosperous. We cannot find space for the remarks on *Fishing and Curing Stations*, which should be studied, as well as that branch of the subject which relates to the combination of agriculture and fishing, with the great Sutherland case steadily kept in view, nor the observations on the *Inspecting and Branding in the Herring Trade*. With regard to that part of the Report which relates to the complaints of those who condemn *Trawling* as destructive, we venture to give it as our decided opinion that, in the open sea-fishing, the fairly-constructed trawl can do little if any injury. It is by the small-meshed and double nets, and, above all, by the cow-hide-lined pouch, which suffers nothing to escape, that the mischief is done.

Neither must we involve our readers in the meshes of *Trammel Nets*, nor in the question of *Restriction relating to Seasons*; but a *Fishery Protection* is of high importance.

We now turn to the new Act of Parliament concerning the Irish Fisheries. This statute appears to us to be carefully drawn and well digested. It begins by repealing twenty-six Acts, so far as any of them relate to the fisheries of Ireland, from the 5th Edw. IV. c. 6, to the 1st and 2nd Vict. c. 76, both inclusive, at one swoop—and a good riddance. It enables fishermen and others to use waste shores, and pass over uncultivated lands, for the purpose of carrying on any herring or other sea fishing, and also to draw up and spread their nets and land their fish upon any such beach, strand, or waste; but they are forbidden to erect any fixtures thereon, or moor floating-nets save as is provided in the Act; and, on the other hand, persons resisting or obstructing the fishermen in using such shores are to be subjected to a penalty.

The regulations regarding the sea-nets are wisely conceived, and the very first of them strikes at the destructive cow-hide, for it provides that no net covered with canvas, hide, or other material, by which unsizeable and young fish may be taken or destroyed, shall be used on the sea-coast, or within any estuary, under penalties of not less than one, nor more than ten pounds. In order to encourage persons to erect stores and buildings for the curing and preserving of fish, a power is given to all bodies corporate, &c., and to persons seized in fee-tail or for life, with remainder to their issue, and to trustees or guardians, to demise lands for the purposes of the Act. The rights of persons possessed of several fisheries are declared, so as to extinguish existing doubts, and they

they are empowered to erect stake and other nets, with a saving of the right of the crown and of all other persons to the use of the shore; proper regulations are added touching the extent, structure, and locality of the same; and there is a clause for the protection of persons fishing, or proceeding to fish, in a legal manner.

The close season for salmon is appointed from the 20th of August to the 12th of February; that for trout from the 1st of October to the 12th of February; and no fixed nets or engines for the taking of eels are permitted to be set in inland rivers between the 10th of January and the 1st of July; but this is not all. There is a wise provision, that the Commissioners to be appointed under the Act shall be empowered to alter the close season in any river or district, upon inquiry had, and proof that such alteration is expedient, and they are to publish their decision as to such altered season. This of course enables the Commissioners to ascertain the periods at which the fish come up to spawn in different rivers, and if necessary to alter the season accordingly, so that Nature may not be expected to shape her proceedings by an Act of Parliament, as it seems she is expected to do where one season only is fixed for all rivers however comparatively late or early. There is a provision for the Saturday's Slap, and we hope that those who have to look after the cruives (the openings of which are regulated) will take care that weeds, furze, &c., shall not be suffered to accumulate, as we know that they have been in some instances, so as to operate as a barrier and neutralize the efficiency of the provision. The free-gap, or Queen's share, required to be left in all salmon and other weirs, is another good help for the preservation of the breed. Ample provisions are made for clearing natural obstructions in rivers, and every facility given to the public, while the rights of private fisheries are protected. Penalties are to be enforced for burning the water, and for throwing poisonous matters, or even allowing them to flow, into rivers or lakes.

Such are the heads of this excellent bill, which, thanks to the firmness of the government, has now become law, notwithstanding the mutterings of certain chartered proprietors, as they have been termed, and some hints as to the violation of the sacred rights of property. These topics are always captivating; but it would puzzle the most astute lawyer to make out vested rights in the free marine gifts offered by bounteous Nature.

ART. VII.—*Histoire du Chien chez tous les Peuples du Monde.*
Par Elzéar Blaze. Paris. 8vo. 1843.

IT is somewhat singular that the dog, who is the universal favourite and companion of man, should not have found a pen among his myriad admirers to trace his history with the fulness it deserves. He has, indeed, in addition to the place that he occupies in the various works on natural history, been frequently made the subject of specific treatises. But all the books that we have seen are poor, when contrasted with the abundance of the materials—with the innumerable anecdotes that are scattered on every side, and the rare opportunity that is presented for original observation by an animal who accompanies us from the cradle to the grave, and who lives with us nearly upon the footing of our fellow-man—*semi-homo canis*. It was, therefore, with unusual pleasure that we saw the announcement of the work of M. Blaze, which professes to be a history of the dog among *all the nations of the world*; and the expectation raised by the title was increased tenfold by the preface, in which we are told that the book is the fruit of twenty years of study and attention. Unhappily there is an utter disproportion between the result and the time and labour expended. Twenty months would have been an ample allowance for what has cost M. Blaze as many years. He has brought together some curious matter on the different uses to which the dog has been put by the superstition, ignorance, and cruelty, as well as by the gratitude and intelligence of man—the more welcome that it is frequently derived from antiquated authors who are little known, and not at all read. But even this part of the subject is far from being exhausted, while all that relates to the habits and instincts of the canine race is, relatively to its importance, extremely meagre. It is strange that M. Blaze, who is evidently a sportsman rather than a man of science, should have neglected the things in which he might be supposed to be most interested and best informed. A graver fault than that of omission is the insertion of some altogether gratuitous strokes of irreverence and indelicacy, which must be as injurious to the work as they are disgraceful to the author. For the rest M. Blaze writes throughout with French vivacity, and often, inspired by his love for the dog, with eloquence. Whatever his defects, he possesses at least that prime requisite for his task—a true enthusiasm for his hero.

If we were to take our notions of the dog from most of the words derived from his name, or proverbs and comparisons into which he enters, we should imagine that he was among the lowest of the brute creation. From the Greek *κυων*, a dog, proceeded

κυνικος,

κυνικός, or cynic, one who snarls like a dog; and sundry compounds, such as κυνοειδός, impudent as a dog, abundantly testify that the canine family, like some of higher pretensions, gains nothing in respectability by pursuing its genealogy into distant ages. The Romans were not more complimentary than the Greeks; and to come at once to our own time we have the French *canaille* and *cagnard*, both derived from the Latin *canis*, and applied the first to the scum of the population, the second to an idle and slothful man that only cumberes the earth. Comparisons, it is said, are odious, and the whole canine race, without distinction of species, must be entirely of that opinion. They have been the standing similitude for things that are mean, hateful, and disgusting—the type of contentiousness, impudence, avarice, lust, gluttony—of furies, demons, parasites, thieves, lawyers, and last of all, with a sad want of gallantry to one party and injustice to both, of women. The married man, says one classical sage, needs no watch-dog at his gate—

‘Non opus est, uxor latrat in æde tuâ,’ &c. &c.

M. Blaze has collected a variety of these forms of speech, and has generally defended his client with zeal and success from the imputations they convey. Is the dog called filthy?—‘he is much less so,’ he replies, ‘than certain men of your acquaintance and mine.’ Is he exclaimed against as greedy?—‘I should like to see you,’ retorts his advocate, ‘if you had only a single mess for your dinner, and some one attempted to snatch it away.’ St. Chrysostom speaks of the dog as fawning on you when you face him, and slyly biting you when your back is turned. ‘I ask pardon of St. Chrysostom,’ says M. Blaze, ‘but he has libelled the dog. I have known, and still know, many men of this description, but never a dog.’ At least, then, he is a thief.—‘No,’ answers M. Blaze, ‘because he has no idea of *meum* and *tuum*, and if you will but teach him, you may leave him to sleep when he is famished near a roasted fowl. Moreover he is often accused of thefts he has never committed. The servants charge him with their iniquities, and he has no tongue to defend himself.’

Whatever praise has been ascribed to the dog in proverbial expressions, is the exception and not the rule; and why—since the individual is always thought and spoken of with love—has the race been selected for comparison with what is odious and offensive? The simple reason, we imagine, is their *domesticity*, which constantly exposing all their actions to the view of man, they form the prominent image when we see in our kind the qualities of brutes, whose appropriate instincts may be vices in us. But as words break no bones, and, where you cannot understand

understand them, wound no feelings either, we should care little by what names the dog had been called, if he was treated with practical kindness.

Like every animal that was not cloven-footed, and did not chew the cud, he was unclean to the Jews, and consequently with them he was safe from sacrifice. Heathens, on the contrary, made a religion of that which was an impiety to Israel, and the dog contributed his full proportion to the mountains of flesh that palpitated on the altar. The Romans, who without fastidiousness immolated him to the gods, whipped him annually for a criminal, and then impaled him, because his ancestors had slept on the night on which the Gauls attempted to seize the Capitol. The folly and cruelty of this Roman commemoration was surpassed, however, by a custom which existed till the reign of Louis XIV. in the metropolis of France, where it was the wont of the civic authorities in full costume to burn yearly a number of cats, for what offence we are not informed, on the Place de Grève.

The sacrifice of the dog, if legends are true, brought upon him another distinction—that of being eaten. Porphyry relates that a part of his carcass having fallen from the altar, the priest picked it up, and burning his fingers with the smoking flesh, put them suddenly in his mouth. The taste was so savoury, that the ceremony ended, he ate his fill of the dog, and took the rest to his wife. However this may be, the dog somehow or other found his way to the larder. Hippocrates says he was eaten by the Greeks, and the Romans considered him to be so great a delicacy, that a puppy was prominent at some of their most sumptuous feasts. In China, it is well known, he is fattened upon vegetables like an ox or a pig, and publicly sold in the butchers' shops. Numerous savages hold him in high estimation, often preferring him to all other meat, and reserving him for their chiefs. The sale of dog-flesh for human food is carried on secretly at Paris, though forbidden by the government, who extend a formal sanction to the traffic in horse-flesh. M. Blaze, who has frequently eaten both, prefers dog. Buffon, on the contrary, thought it extremely disagreeable. But as those nations who relish it most keep their dogs exclusively on vegetables and fish, and will never touch a European breed that is carnivorously fed, neither Buffon nor Blaze can have tasted the viand in perfection.

In Lapland the dog is killed for his skin, and in countries where no other motive hastens his death, the necessity there is to place a limit upon population still brings numbers to a violent end. *The dog-tax in England has proved a measure of beneficence by stifling in its birth superfluous life, since few under
these

these circumstances rear a useless progeny. Elsewhere nearly all the dogs that are born are suffered to grow up, and running about the streets mangy and half-starved, their existence becomes a nuisance to the public and a burthen to themselves. In France the *chiffonniers* are commissioned to knock the wanderers on the head. A few years since the government of Bombay was obliged to send a cargo of dogs to be destroyed out at sea, in order to relieve the city of their inordinate numbers without offence to the Parsees, who regard them with reverence. But less delicacy is observed in various great towns of the East. A man armed with a heavy bludgeon drags a dead dog through the street, which bringing about him all the curs of the neighbourhood, he mows them down right and left with his club. It is said that they set upon him from a knowledge of his evil designs: Lord Bacon, indeed, has mentioned it as a matter of notoriety that, whenever the dogs of a town are condemned, their instinct reveals the errand of the executioner.

The sacrifice of the dog was simple ignorance, to kill him for food is a question of taste, to check his unlimited increase a matter of compulsion. But to butcher him for sport is a wanton inhumanity, of which the untutored savage has left the distinction to civilized nations. It was in the country of Virgil and Cicero that English mastiffs, transmitted to Rome by a special officer maintained in our island for the purpose, were exposed in the amphitheatre to deadly combats with the beasts of the forest. It was in England herself that the practice found perhaps its most sedulous imitators—that lions were fought, bulls baited, and that the contests of dogs, who tore one another till they died on the spot, became a fashionable amusement. But of all the cruelties of which the dog has been the victim, the greatest, unquestionably, are those perpetrated in the name of science. Experiments within a certain limit are perhaps excusable in the interests of humanity. But to dissect living animals as a regular system—to butcher them by scores and hundreds! What discovery could justify such abomination? And still more, what discovery that these barbarities have actually revealed is worthy to be set against a fraction of the agonies of its thousand martyrs! M. Blaze assures us that in every great town in France there are people whose sole occupation is to collect the subjects for these monstrous experiments. We have shuddered to read, and find it impossible to write, his details of scenes which might lead us to question which was the brute and which the man.

The physicians of former days employed the dog in a manner hardly less revolting in the cure of disease. He was opened alive, and applied warm as a rare specific to assuage pain. They had

sometimes the mercy to cut his throat, and wait the expiration of life before the afflicted members were plunged in his vitals. He entered largely into the Pharmacopœia. His bones were pounded for powders, his fat melted for ointments, his carcase distilled for a liquid of extraordinary virtue.

Black has been an ominous hue for man and for beast, and black dogs, in the common creed, were the agents of magicians, and the earthly form of the Evil one himself. Cornelius Agrippa was always accompanied by one of these animals, and his friend and disciple, Wierus, in order to disprove the universal notion that the dog was a demon, was obliged to publish that he had not only the appearance, but all the habits of his species (see Bayle's article on Agrippa). Even so late as 1702, the French soldiers, who defended Landau against the arms of the Imperialists, were firmly persuaded that the dog of their general was a familiar spirit, the real author of all the military movements, and a pledge, by virtue of his supernatural powers, of certain victory. Popular credulity was sometimes wrought on in a contrary direction by crafty monks. Baronius affirms that the dogs refused the bread which was thrown them by the assassins of Thomas à Becket. They took, according to M. Blaze, the same method to express their disapprobation of a young man who married his cousin without a dispensation, sternly refusing to partake of the felicacies of his wedding banquet.

We have seen the dog the victim of man. Man has frequently on the other hand, been the victim of the dog. The prohibition to the Jews, recorded in the book of Deuteronomy, to make an offering in the temple of the price of the dog, shows that he had attained a marketable value, which is a clear proof that he was already domesticated. But he still preserved much of his natural ferocity. The flesh torn by beasts was ordered to be cast to him by the Levitical law, and it is a threat of Scripture, often repeated, that dogs shall devour the carcases of wicked men. 'Him that dieth in the city shall the dogs eat, and him that dieth in the fields shall the fowls of the air eat.' 'The sword to slay and the dog to tear,' is one of the judgments announced by the prophet Jeremiah. If we pass from sacred history to profane, we find the anthropophagous tendencies of the dog alluded to in Homer, where Hector promises Ajax for a meal to his dogs—a fate from which Hector himself was narrowly rescued by the tears of Priam. As long in fact as dogs retain a tincture of their native wildness, they eat the lord of the creation with as little compunction as the meanest of the animals he has subjected to his rule. They are to be found busy on the field of battle, mingled with vultures and jackals, and ever forward to assist them to discharge their office

of scavengers of nature. Lord Byron saw them by the Seraglio at Constantinople preying on the dead bodies of refractory Janizaries: hence the well-known lines in the 'Siege of Corinth':—

'From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,

As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh,' &c. &c.

There is something in the chase which maintains in hounds a sanguinary disposition in the midst of domestication; and it has been no unusual thing for them to devour persons who fell down in their kennel, or who entered incautiously without a weapon to keep them at bay. But the only instance with which we are acquainted of a man being fairly hunted in modern times is that of worthy Parson Adams, who so laid about him with his crab-stick that the field was strewed with killed and wounded. There has been no lack of another sort of man-hunt—the tracking of a flying enemy by the keen-scented blood-bound. Sir Walter Scott has made all the world familiar with the manner in which border forayers were pursued by these noble animals; and how even rulers of Scotland had been compelled to learn the arts of William of Deloraine, who

'By wily turns, by desperate bounds,

Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds.'

Bruce broke the continuity of the scent, and threw out the dogs, by wading down a stream, and springing into a tree without touching the bank. Wallace escaped by killing a suspected follower—a device not uncommon on such occasions, when the dog invariably stayed at the blood, which confused and blunted his delicate perceptions. That it was no easy matter to turn aside the pursuit is evident from the anecdote which Robert Boyle relates of a blood-hound who tracked a servant along several miles of a public road to the house where he was lodged in the market-place of a town, without being perplexed for a single moment by the multiplicity of footsteps. From chasing princes and heroes the blood-hound sank to be the detector of deer-stealers and felons. It was while reserved for this ignoble trade that they made a prize of the last scion of royalty which it was their fortune to follow—the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, who was detected by their aid at the bottom of a ditch in which he sought concealment after Sedgemoor.

A more questionable use of the dog was to train him for war. The ancients early discovered this faculty of his nature. He was probably taught at first to garrison castles and fortresses, where, from his vigilance and bravery, he answered all the purposes of an armed sentinel; and this mode of defence is said by Colonel Hamilton Smith to have continued till the introduction of regular armies. From their admirable power in anticipating surprises,

they have been largely employed, especially by the Turks, to guard outposts. At the present moment the French videttes in Algiers are always preceded by a couple of dogs. Anciently they were conspicuous in the action itself. After Marius had defeated the Cimbri, his legions had to renew a deadlier battle with the women and the dogs. The Celts deemed their dogs of such importance in war that they armed them with collars of pointed iron, with a breast-plate for a shield. Some dogs, accoutred with the latter piece of defensive armour, and repelling an assault of soldiers on a citadel, form the subject of a bronze discovered at Herculanæum. Certain Gauls not only made the dog discharge the duty of a soldier in their wars: a squadron of two hundred formed the body-guard of their king. But it would be endless to relate the multitude of occasions in which the dog has been employed in the capacity of a warrior. The instance which most nearly concerns ourselves—for, if Camerarius is to be believed, it was imitated by Queen Elizabeth in Ireland, who sent no less than six hundred dogs with the army of Essex—is the use that was made of them against the savages in America. Columbus set the example in a battle with the natives of St. Domingo, when, with two hundred foot, twenty horse, and twenty dogs, he routed a prodigious army of Indians. The terrible wounds inflicted by the dogs upon naked savages created such a panic that thenceforward they became a part of the tactics of American warfare. Notwithstanding our reprobation of the Spaniards, a hundred blood-hounds were, in 1795, landed in Jamaica under English auspices, to attack the Maroons. When a trial was made of them by a sham fire, they rushed forward with the greatest impetuosity, dragging along their keepers, who held them back by ropes, and even turning in their ferocity to bite the muskets till they tore pieces from the stocks. Happily the Maroons, hearing rumours of the dogs, surrendered without a blow, and the barbarity which promised to be a stain upon our name was for once the cause of a bloodless victory. Those who, on that occasion, quoted the position of Paley, that if the grounds and end of war are justifiable, all the means that appear necessary to the end are justifiable also, forgot the limitation made to the doctrine by the moralist himself, who says that the combatants are nevertheless bound to respect those conventional laws which the custom of nations has sanctified, and which, whilst they are mutually conformed to, mitigate the calamities of war without weakening its operations. Without this conclusive reasoning, it is still enough that the instincts of humanity are against such warfare. 'The heart has its arguments as well as the understanding' is one of the immortal sayings of Pascal.

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When Pietro della Valle visited Persia, during the early part of the seventeenth century, it was the regular mode of execution, for certain classes of criminals, to cast them to dogs kept expressly for the purpose. He saw some Jews, accused of magic, brought within the view of these terrible destroyers, with a promise of pardon if they turned Mahometans. At the sight of the dogs, all the Jews, except one, preferred apostacy to death; 'and as for him,' says Della Valle, 'whom I know not whether to call constant or obstinate in his foolish opinion, he was torn to pieces and devoured by the dogs, invoking the name of Moses with his latest breath. He had been happy,' he continues, 'thus to die if he had been a Christian; but being, as he was, a Jew, these sufferings served but to anticipate a little in this world his future hell.' If the old traveller had written a treatise on intolerance, he would probably have produced nothing half so forcible as this cool reflection of a simple mind inflamed by no peculiar degree of theological ardour.

Oviedo, in his '*History of the Indies*,' says that a criminal who was cast to a dog, accustomed to eat the condemned, having fallen on his knees, and begged for life, the animal stopped short, and refused to do his office. The Spaniards, taking it for a miracle, pardoned the poor wretch; but M. Blaze thinks that the effect was produced by the eyes of the man meeting those of the dog, which he believes, according to a popular notion, to be a method of intimidating, or, as it is usually termed, fascinating animals; and he speaks as if he had tried it with success on unruly horses. Sismondi relates an instance of forbearance stronger and better authenticated than that which we have quoted from M. Blaze. Some hounds of the tyrant of Milan, who were fed on the flesh of man, taught to chase him for their prey, and already rendered ferocious by scores of victims, not only refused to kill a boy that was given them, of twelve years old, but when the keeper, in consequence of their obstinacy, cut the throat of the child, showed an equal repugnance to touch the corpse. In this case, at least, may not the phenomenon have arisen from the tender years of the victim awakening their dormant affections? The canine species have a peculiar love for children, though, like all their acquired faculties, it is irregularly distributed. How gently they treat them, how much they endure from them! Colonel Hamilton Smith saw a child bite a pug-dog till he yelled, without his manifesting the slightest ill-humour.

But it is in none of the circumstances we have been hitherto describing that the dog has won the esteem and affection of mankind. He alone, of all the brute creation, shows a perfect attachment—alone understands our wishes, adapts himself to our habits,
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waits upon our commands, associates with us as a friend. The service of man, while a single link of the connexion remains, is a necessity of his existence. The Siberian dogs, set free in summer to shift for themselves, though overtaken, treated with brutality, and nearly starved, return to their masters at the approach of winter to be harnessed to the sledge. The Pariah dog of India, when homeless and unowned, will fasten on a stranger, and exhaust every art to induce him to adopt it. Colonel Hamilton Smith tells of one that fixed his regards on a gentleman travelling rapidly in a palanquin, and continued to follow him with wistful eyes till he dropped with fatigue. No one can question that this disposition of the dog is a peculiar gift of Providence for the benefit of our race. Other animals surpass him in beauty and strength, yet in every quarter of the globe the dog alone is in alliance with man, because he alone is endowed with the impulse that renders him accessible to our advances, and submissive to our will. His domestication, in the opinion of Cuvier, is the most complete, the most useful, the most singular conquest we have achieved, and perhaps, he adds, essential to the establishment of society. Without his aid we should have been the prey of the beasts we have subdued. To use the happy expression of M. Blaze, the dog is a deserter from the enemy's camp, by whose assistance we have conquered the animated world. In our present civilized society we can hardly realize the extent of his early services. To learn his value we must observe the price that is set on him by savages. The Australian women have been seen to suckle pups at their bosoms. It is stated by Captain Fitzroy to be well ascertained that the natives of Tierra del Fuego, in times of famine, eat the oldest of their females rather than destroy a single dog. 'Dogs,' say they, 'catch otters; old women are good for nothing.' The chase, in fact, is the first need of man, and the first instinct of the dog. Dogs, when wild, form themselves into packs, hunt the boar and the buffalo, and even, upon occasion, the lion and the tiger. The cubs especially are the object of their unceasing warfare; and such is the terror they have in consequence inspired to the tiger, that in India the appearance of an ordinary spaniel excites his alarm.

The vast power and courage of certain races of the dog are truly extraordinary. The story told by Pliny of an Albanian dog of Alexander the Great, who conquered, one after another, a lion and an elephant, is probably a fable, like the addition of Ailian, that his tail, his legs, and his head, were severally amputated without loosening his hold, or producing even an appearance of pain. As little do we credit the feat of a mastiff in the reign of Elizabeth, who was reported to have fought and beaten

in succession a bear, a leopard, and a lion. But there are better grounds for believing that one of this species really engaged the king of beasts in the reign of Henry VII., who absurdly ordered him to be hanged for his presumption; and it has been frequently proved that three or four can carry off the victory. Colonel Hamilton Smith was witness of a scene between a bull-dog and a bison, in which the former seized the latter by the nose, and kept his hold till the infuriated animal crushed him to death. The terrier grapples with beasts of twenty times his size, and, however cruelly mangled, dies without a groan. It is thus that the dog, who provides the savage with food by his swiftness, protects him by his bravery. Such prowess and endurance belong to few of our domestic breeds. But nature develops the faculties which the occasion demands. The dogs that live amidst wilds and dangers are all conspicuous for hardihood, daring, and insensibility to pain. Their cunning and sagacity are in like manner proportioned to their needs. The dogs by the Nile drink while running, to escape the crocodiles. When those of New Orleans wish to cross the Mississippi, they bark at the river's edge to attract the alligators, who are no sooner drawn from their scattered haunts, and concentrated on the spot, than the dogs set off at full speed, and plunge into the water higher up the stream. An Esquimaux dog that was brought to this country was given to artifices which are rarely seen in the native Europeans, whose subsistence does not depend on their own resources—strewing his food round him, and reigning sleep, in order to allure fowls and rats, which he never failed to add to his store. But even with us the dogs who hunt on their own account display an ingenuity which is seldom attained by those who hunt for a master. The wily lurcher, who more than any other dog is addicted to poaching, when he puts up a rabbit, makes immediately for her burrow, and there awaits her arrival. M. Blaze had two dogs that hunted by stealth, of whom one started the hare, and the other, concealed behind a fence, pounced on her as she passed through her accustomed run. A story is told of a pointer and a greyhound who combined together—the greyhound availing himself of the scent of the pointer to find the game, the pointer of the speed of his associate to catch it. The pointer becoming suspected was furnished with a chain to impede his movements; and still continuing his roving life, it was at length discovered that the greyhound, to enable him to hunt as usual, carried the chain in his mouth, till he himself was called on to take up the chase. The skill of the common hound, though less striking, is still proportioned to the exigencies of the service, and is something more than a mere instinct; for when a young dog is entirely at fault, one experienced in the craft will detect the doublings of the
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the fox or the stag, the devices to break the scent, or the attempts to divert it by starting another animal. It is practice which has taught him to unravel the intricacies of the chase, to distinguish between conflicting scents, to divine the *ruse* of a fugitive that is fertile in resources. In one thing, however, old dogs and young, tame dogs and wild, are all alike, and that is in the interest they take in the sport. The symptoms of preparation never fail to produce in them the most lively transports. The dog whose master is accidentally prevented from taking the field will often seek out a neighbouring sportsman, and enlist in his service for the day, though it would be a vain effort to entice him for any other object, and equally vain to attempt to retain him when the sport was at an end. Even in the company of his master, true as he is to his allegiance, he will attach himself for the occasion to a total stranger who chances to be a better shot; and yet, far from deriving any advantage from the result, he entertains a dislike for the bones of game, which he eats, when he eats them at all, with the reluctant air that shows them to be distasteful.

With many nations the dog adds to his own functions those of the horse. He is indifferently employed to hunt the rein-deer, the seal, and the bear, to carry burthens on his back, to draw his owner in the sledge. Pliny relates that the Colophonians in their wars had dogs to drag the baggage. A freak of Heliogabalus was to ride in a chariot drawn by a team of eight. But it is the Esquimaux, the people of Kamschatska, and of parts of Russia and America, that have used draught-dogs systematically, very nearly to the exclusion of the usual beasts of equipage or burthen. The adaptation of the dog to a duty for which he hardly appears to be intended by nature is not without its inconveniences. Either from the irresistible force of an instinctive propensity, or else from hunger (for they are so ill-fed that they have been known to eat their leather harness, and when free from trammels to devour one another), the team, which ordinarily consists of twelve, will start off at the scent of game, and, regardless of the driver, hurry him at the risk of his neck over every obstacle. The leaders, who are old dogs and better trained than the rest, are said by Von Wrangel to display in such conjunctures remarkable sagacity, pretending to have got upon a fresh scent, and seducing the hindermost by their affected eagerness into a false track. Besides these involuntary outbreaks of capine nature, bad usage has inspired some of them with such dislike to their masters, that they are for ever attempting in cooler moments to overturn the sledge. To compensate for the dangers to which they thus occasionally expose their drivers, they in common steer their way with undeviating accuracy, amid mist, darkness, and storms, through
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any path they have once travelled, and indicate, what no eye could trace, the hut buried in snow. At St. John's in Newfoundland, about two thousand of the fine dogs who take their name from the place transport heavy loads of wood and provisions, and in return for their labour, are left the half of the year in which they are not required, without a single morsel beyond what their own exertions can procure; and in the remainder, when at work, are so little cared for, that large numbers die of a species of plague that is generated by neglect. Here, and on the continent, dogs have been used on a smaller scale to drag hand-carts, though from the fright they occasion to horses, they have never been much approved of in large towns. For the sake of the dogs we shall rejoice to see the practice entirely prohibited elsewhere, as it has lately been here by Act of Parliament.

As a carrier of merchandise, the most delicate task which the dog has to perform is in the inland smuggling trade of the Continent. In this arduous service, which is constantly fatal to him, he shows a wonderful sagacity. Loaded with goods he sets out in the night, scents the Custom-house officer, attacks him if he can take him at a disadvantage, and conceals himself if escape is difficult, behind a bush or a tree. On his arrival at his destination he will not show himself till he has first ascertained that the coast is clear, and while he remains gives warning of the approach of the common enemy. It is manifest that a whole army of Custom-house officers can do little towards exterminating smugglers, of whom the supply is unlimited, who cross the frontiers in silence and darkness, whose road is the pathless wood and plain, who snuff danger in the wind, and who either evade it by their swiftness or find a lurking-place in every hedgerow.

We turn with pleasure from the illicit functions in which the monopoly of guilt and profit is to the man, and that of peril and suffering to his faithful animal. The shepherd's dog in his own department is a perfect miracle of intelligence. He understands the sign, the voice, the look of his master. He collects the scattered sheep at the slightest signal, separates any one that is indicated from the rest of the flock, drives them wherever he is told, and keeps them all the while under perfect control, less by his active exertions than by the modulations of his voice, which expresses every tone from gentle instruction to angry menace. These are his ordinary performances, visible every day in a thousand pastures. But he can do greater wonders. It chanced one night that seven hundred lambs, committed to the keeping of the Etrick Shepherd, broke loose from his control and scampered away in three divisions over hill and plain. 'Sirrah, my man,' said Hogg mournfully to his *colly*, meaning it for an expression
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of grief, and not for a direction, 'they're awa.' Silently and without his master's knowledge, for it was too dark to see, the dog left his side, while the shepherd passed the hours till morning in a weary and fruitless search after his wandering charge. At the dawn of day he was about to return to his employer with a heart full of despair, when he caught a sight of Sirrah guarding at the bottom of a deep ravine, not, as he at first supposed, one division of the lambs, but the whole of the vast flock, without a solitary exception. 'It was,' says James Hogg, 'the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever occurred in my pastoral life. How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself, from midnight until the rising of the sun, and if all the shepherds in the Forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety.' On another occasion the same famous shepherd saw a dog, when it was utterly dark, put upon the path of a ewe that had been lost by her owner near a neighbour's farm, and which was supposed to have mingled with her fellows that were feeding in the surrounding pastures. 'Chieftain,' said the master of the dog, pointing to the spot from which the sheep had gone off, 'fetch that, I say, Sir--bring that back; away!' And away he went, and back he brought in half an hour the identical sheep. A sheep-stealer, who was at last discovered and hanged, used to carry on his trade by secretly signifying the particular sheep that he desired out of a large flock, as he viewed them under the pretence of purchasing, to his dog, who returning by himself, a distance of several miles, at night drove the selected sheep, which were undoubtedly the fattest, to his fastidious owner. Both Scott and Hogg relate this picturesque story most circumstantially from the annals of the Justiciary Court in Scotland. Sir Thomas Wilde knew an instance in which three oxen out of some score had mingled with another herd. 'Go fetch them,' was all the instruction the drover gave his dog, and he instantly brought along with him those very three. A cattle-dealer accustomed to drive his beasts for nine miles to Alston in Cumberland, once for a wager sent them alone with his dog. The animal perfectly understood his commission. He kept the straight road, ran when he came to a strange drove to the head of his own to stop their progress, put the beasts that blocked the path upon one side, then was back again to the rear to bide on his charge, and thus adroitly steering his way and keeping his herd together, he carried them safely to the destined yard, and signified their arrival by barking at the door of the dwelling. More than this, the dog will on emergencies volunteer services which occur to none
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but himself. One has been known of his own accord to overtake a runaway horse, seize his bridle, and hold him fast till he was secured. Lately in France, a stable took fire that was full of cattle, and as usual the animals, stricken with terror, refused to stir. It caught the eye of the farmer's dog, who rushed in, and by barks and bites forced out at two several charges the greater part of the beasts, and went back a third time for a few remaining sheep, when the flames had made such progress that they were already dead.

It may be questioned after all whether the sagacity of the dog in keeping sheep is equal to his sagacity when he has taken to kill them, a vice that is incorrigible when once contracted, admitting no other remedy than the death of the culprit. The dexterity by which he endeavours, as if aware of the consequences, to escape detection, is not surpassed, and hardly equalled, by human felons. Sir Thomas Wilde was cognisant of a case in which the dog had learnt to slip off his collar, and put it on again when he returned from his nocturnal depredations. In a similar instance the animal took the additional precaution of washing his bloody jaws in a stream, unless indeed the supposed act of currying was simply the result of thirst. Bewick, in his *History of Quadrupeds*, mentions a dog that for three months committed havoc on every side in defiance of the most strenuous exertions to effect his destruction. His habit was to sit on a hill from whence he could command a view of the surrounding roads, and have time to escape at the approach of danger. On this watch-tower in which he placed his security, he was at last shot.

The Turks inherit the Jewish creed of the uncleanness of the dog. It is the name of contempt by which they designate infidels. The priest, when he walks abroad, carries a wand in his hand to keep the dogs at a distance, lest he be defiled by their touch:—a precaution scarcely necessary, since their unerring instinct has taught them to avoid all contact with a Moslem. Not being admitted into the house the animal is obliged to provide his own abode, and either occupies ruined buildings or burrows in the ground. Having no master he must seek his own food, and eats garbage, carrion, dead men, and even living, if they are found under circumstances which excite a suspicion that they are bent upon unlawful designs. Such, or nearly such, has been the condition of the dog in the East for ages past, as appears from what is said in the fifty-ninth Psalm: 'And at evening let them return, and let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city. Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied.'

'It were well,' says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, 'if the population of
dogs

dogs decreased in the same proportion as the inhabitants of Egypt: a smaller number would suffice for all the purposes for which they are useful, and the annoyance of these barking plagues might be diminished to great advantage. Their habits are strange: they consist of a number of small republics, each having its own district, determined by a frontier line, respected equally by itself and its neighbours; and woe to the dog who dares to venture across it at night, either for plunder, curiosity, or a love adventure. He is chased with all the fury of the offended party whose territory he has invaded; but if lucky enough to escape to his own frontier unhurt, he immediately turns round with the confidence of right, defies his pursuers to continue the chase, and, supported by his assembled friends, joins with them in barking defiance at any further hostility. Egypt is therefore not the country for an European dog, unaccustomed to such a state of canine society; and I remember hearing of a native servant who had been sent by his Frank master to walk out a favourite pointer, running home in tears with the hind leg of the mangled dog, being the only part he could rescue from the fierce attacks of a whole tribe of "*suburrane canes*." This he did, to show he had not lost or sold his master's pointer, at the same time that he proved his zeal in the cause of what Moslems look upon as an unclean and contemptible animal.*

At night these dogs perambulate their several districts, and if they meet a man without a lantern, he is supposed to be a thief, and runs great risk of being worried, nay eaten up. 'These accidents,' says M. Blaze, 'occur frequently at Constantinople. Last year an English sailor was only saved by climbing to a roof, where he passed the night surrounded by a thousand dogs who happily were unable to take him by assault.'

The true house-dog is more amiable, and equally efficient. It has been absurdly affirmed that his value is proportioned to his timidity, because he is thereby rendered doubly clamorous from his anxiety to obtain protection for himself. But such a dog is of as little service in indicating danger, as an alarm-bell would be that was rung unceasingly. He barks at every thing—the wind and the moon as well as the thief, and either keeps you in perpetual terror, or teaches you to neglect his warnings altogether. Neither is there no alternative between silence and cowardice. Every one that has had to do with dogs must be well aware that many breeds which give a loud alarm are models of bravery. In general, however, the quiet dog, like the quiet soldier, is the most determined. The house-dog is capable of being brought by education to any degree of perfection. From his kennel in the court-yard he distinguishes the habitual inmate from the occasional visitor, the visitor from the stranger, the stranger from the thief, as is easily gathered from his monitory bark. His hearing

* This passage is from '*Modern Egypt*,' by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, now in the press.

is probably the principal sense by which he conducts this delicate analysis, recognising the step of those who frequent the house, and with others discerning the firm and honest tread of innocence from the doubtful, hesitating, stealthy pace of timid guilt. His temper is too often soured by his being constantly chained, and then he becomes indiscriminate in his attacks; and is liable to fly upon anybody he can reach. But when judiciously treated, he is a rare combination of fidelity to his master and humanity to others. It is no uncommon thing for him to attend the thief through the premises without on the one hand permitting him to touch a single article, or on the other attempting to molest or detain him. Still where the intention is clearly criminal, the courtesy of the dog is by no means to be reckoned on; for if he forbears to bite, he is apt to drive the depredator into a corner and keep him shivering with fear and cold till assistance is procured. When his master is in question his courage rises to a pitch of heroism. Petrarch had a dog that snatched a naked sword from the hand of a villain who attacked him. Some thieves in France laid one night a leg of mutton on the road to detain the dog of a traveller, whom, when he had got some distance from his protector, they robbed and murdered. The dog arrived from his repast before the thieves had escaped, and engaged them in battle. It was in vain that they fired at him. He continued to fight till he strangled one and drove the other into a tree, at the foot of which he steadfastly remained till the officers of justice relieved him of his prisoner on the following day.

A long train of anecdotes attest the retentive memory of the dog for the assassin of his master, and the vengeance he takes on him. The first is that related by Plutarch, in which king Pyrrhus made his army defile before a dog, who for three days guarded a murdered corpse without eating or drinking, and who seized the culprit as he passed along. The most notorious is the story of the dog of Montargis, who dragged his master's friend to the spot where he was buried, flew on the assassin wherever he met him, and finally overcame him in a single combat which took place by the orders of Louis VIII. Benvenuto Cellini, who, notwithstanding that his vanity and superstition have often seduced him into the belief of absurdities, appears nevertheless not to have exaggerated his impressions, has given a graphic narrative of an incident which happened to himself. A thief one night broke into his shop. The dog contended with the culprit though he was armed with a sword, and next running into the journeyman's chamber awoke them by drawing off the bed-clothes and pulling them alternately by the arm. The men, not comprehending the cause of his importunity, drove him from the room
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and locked the door. Nothing daunted he returned to the charge, and overtaking the thief, who had retreated into the street, he held him by the cloak. The fellow had the wit to cry out *mad dog*, which brought the loiterers to his assistance, and for this time he escaped. After a considerable interval, as Cellini was walking in one of the squares of Rome, his dog flew on a young man, and endeavoured to tear him to pieces, in spite of the sticks and swords that were brought to his defence. The dog was got off with great difficulty, and the man was retiring, when some bundles fell from under his cloak, in one of which Cellini espied a little ring of his own. 'This is the villain,' he exclaimed, 'that broke open my shop, and my dog knows him again;' and he once more let loose the animal—but the thief lost no time in imploring mercy and confessing his crime.

The most mysterious faculty of the dog, one that approaches to divination, is yet to be told. A dog of Henry III. of France was perfectly furious toward the regicide Clement as he advanced to the audience in which he slew his sovereign, and could with difficulty be retained in an adjoining room. The mere nastiness of the monk may have excited the bile of the dog. But there is an equally celebrated case in which an English mastiff, who had never attracted the regards of his master, followed him one night to bed, and, though repeatedly repulsed, could not be quieted till he got permission to remain. That same night an Italian valet entered his master's room with a design to murder him, and was only prevented by the faithful sentinel pinning him to the ground. The solution must be looked for either in the minute observation of the dog, which leads him to notice circumstances that escape our eyes, or else in a conjecture adopted by M. Blaze, that the emotion of a man who meditates a crime produces a peculiar odour from his body.

The best specimen of a trusty guardian, that still continues in common use, is the dog of the carrier. They are of no particular breed, but all remarkable for the sternness with which they defend property entrusted to their care. One that was told by a sweep to lie on his soot-bag till his return, suffered a brutal carter to drive over him rather than stir an instant from his post. In France the waggoner trusts the reins to his dog while he loiters behind in the *cabaret*, and horses and goods are never more secure than under his sagacious superintendence.

The dog who prevents your property from being stolen will sometimes recover it when it is lost. A lady in Bath found her road blockaded by a strange mastiff, who compelled her to retrace her steps, and brought her to the spot where she had dropped a shawl, which he no sooner saw in her possession than he galloped

away. A boy who let fall some cakes from a basket found, on his arrival at home, that the greater part had been gathered up by his dog, who deposited them untasted, and then set off to fetch the remainder. Mr. Bell, in his 'History of British Quadrupeds,' mentions that a friend of his own dropped a louis-d'or one morning as he was on the point of going out. On returning late at night he was told by his servant that the dog had fallen sick, and refused to eat; 'and what,' says Mr. Bell, 'appeared very strange, she would not suffer him to take her food away from before her, but had been lying with her nose close to the vessel, without attempting to touch it. On my friend's entering the room, she instantly jumped upon him, laid the money at his feet, and began to devour her victuals with great voracity.' An affecting story has frequently been told of a dog who persevered in leaping upon the horse of a traveller to call his attention to his money, which he had left on a bank where he halted to rest. His master, imagining he was mad, shot the poor animal, who retired to die upon the purse. Some dogs possess a singular knack of hunting out anything that has recently been in the possession of their masters. There is one ludicrous anecdote of this faculty which we fear is too good to be true. A gentleman made a bet that his dog would identify a franc that he threw down upon the Boulevards at Paris. Before the dog had discovered the money a passenger picked it up. Presently the dog caught the scent, followed the stranger to his hotel, remained with him all day, and attended him to bed, to the great delight of his newly-constituted master, who was extremely flattered by his sudden attachment. But the moment the gentleman pulled off his small-clothes, in the pocket of which he had placed the franc, the dog barked at the door as if desirous to go out. The door was opened, the dog caught the breeches, and rushed away to his rightful master. Shortly afterwards arrived, all *deshabillé*, the owner of the breeches, trembling for a purse of gold that lay in the same pocket with the important franc. The dog is not always upon the side of the aggressed. There is no weapon of defence which cannot be converted into a weapon of attack, and so it is with an animal that can be formed to anything at the pleasure of his master. Highwaymen have accordingly taught him to aid them in their violence, and pickpockets to filch from counters, and seize reticules in the streets.

With the old writers none of the canine family appear to have excited more astonishment than the dog of the blind beggar. They dwell upon his sagacity with peculiar fondness, and have described him so well that we will allow them to speak in their own

own words. Here is what old Montaigne, who had his eyes open for everything singular, says on the subject:—

‘I am struck with admiration at the performance, which is nevertheless very common, of those dogs that lead blind beggars in the country, and in cities. I have taken notice how they have stopped at certain doors where they are wont to receive alms; how they have avoided the encounter of coaches and carts, even in cases where they have had sufficient room to pass; and I have seen them, by the trench of a walled town, forsake a plain and even path to take a worse, only to keep their masters further from the ditch. How could a man have made this dog understand that it was his office to look to his master’s safety only, and despise his own conveniency to serve him? And how did he acquire the knowledge, except by a process of reasoning, when the path was broad enough for himself, that it was not so for the blind man?’

A passage from an old Spanish author of the seventeenth century, translated with curious felicity by Lord Brougham, in his delightful ‘*Dialogues on Instinct*,’ gives us an account of the beggars’ dogs at Rome:—

‘The blind man’s dog,’ says he, ‘will take him to the places where he may best hope to get his alms, and bring him thither through the crowd by the shortest way and the safest; nay, he will take him out of the city some miles to the great church of St. Paul as you go to Ostia. When in the town he cometh to a place where several ways meet, and with the sharpness of ear that the blind have, guided by some sound of a fountain, he gives the string a jerk by either hand, straightway will the poor dog turn and guide him to the very church where he knows his master would beg. In the street, too, knoweth he the charitably-disposed houses that be therein, and will lead thither the beggar-man, who, stopping at one, saith his pater-noster; then down lieth the dog till he hear the last word of the beadsman, when straight he riseth and away to another house. I have seen myself with great joy, mingled with admiration, when a piece of money was thrown down from some window, he would run and pick it up and fetch it to the master’s hat; nor, when bread is flung down, will he touch it, be he ever so hungry, but bring it to his master, and wait till he may have his share given him.’

We may add that, when the dog observes a funeral or any other assembly in a neighbouring street, which is likely to conduce to the profit of his master, he turns aside from his accustomed route to join the throng. M. Blaze saw the dog of a beggar who had lately died carrying on the trade for his own subsistence. He put a penny into his tin, and the dog went straight to a baker’s shop, and purchased a roll.

Edwin Landseer happily called the Newfoundland dog ‘a Distinguished Member of the Humane Society;’ and he has richly

richly earned the tribute that has been paid him by that happy genius. His element is water, and his business to rescue those who are not at home in it as himself. This propensity of his nature is sometimes carried to a laughable excess. There was a Newfoundlander at Paris that would not even suffer that any one should bathe. He promenaded along the banks of the Seine, plunged in after the swimmers, and encumbered them with his help. While he was allowed to go at large no one could enjoy the luxury of a bath without being forcibly hurried back to land. Hence his officious zeal requires no stimulus when the danger is real. Nor is it a mechanical impulse. There have been instances in which he has summoned assistance when he has been insufficient by himself, or when no one was at hand to recover the object of his care. He counts his own life for nothing in his generous efforts. He will make an attempt to carry a rope from a sinking vessel to the shore, though the sea rages to a degree that renders it impossible for him to stem the tide.

There is no sacrifice of which a dog is not capable on behalf of his master. The dread of fire is overwhelming with animals, and yet (as we have already seen) he has been found occasionally to brave the flames. At Libourne, in France, in 1835, one of the townsmen gave an old suit of clothes to dress up an effigy. His dog happened to be by when it was burnt, and taking it for his master, he jumped upon the fire again and again to tear it away, biting those who attempted to retain him, and would have been burnt to death unless his master had appeared.

Few incidents of the Odyssey have been more admired than the knowledge of Ulysses by his faithful Argus, after a lapse of twenty years. Homer describes the recognition as instantaneous. Sir Walter Scott, with nicer discrimination, according to our observation, in relating the reception of Morton by his spaniel, represents it as gradual. The animal commences by barking as at a stranger, and it is only when recovered from his first surprise, and after much snuffing and examination, that he begins a course of capering and jumping. But in truth wherever Sir Walter has touched upon the dog, he has depicted him with a fidelity that naturalists might envy. We hardly feel as if passing from fiction to fact in telling an anecdote recorded by Tallemant des Reaux. A lady of his acquaintance who came from Poitou to settle in Paris left a spaniel behind her. Ten years afterwards she sent some clothes, packed by herself, to the person who had the charge of the dog. The little creature no sooner smelt them than he gambolled around them, and showed every mark of excessive joy.

Devoted to his master in life the dog mourns him in death.

There are few fields of battle which do not present him watching and moaning by the side of a master that has fallen in the fight. Wordsworth has consecrated a poem to the fidelity of the animal who was found whining over the skeleton of a traveller who had perished in the mountains of Cumberland three months before!—

‘How nourished there through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling great
Above all human estimate.’

Still more affecting is the fate of a dog related by Daniel in his ‘Rural Sports.’ He belonged to a magistrate who was thrown into prison during the French Revolution. Denied admittance to the dungeon, he waited day after day at the prison gate till he won upon the affections of the jailer. Put out every night, he returned every morning. He attended his master through the sad scenes of his trial and death, and accompanied him to his burial-place. At the end of three months he refused to eat, and began to dig up the earth which separated him from the being he loved. His strength declined as he approached the body, he shrieked in his exertions to complete his task, and expired in the midst of his convulsive efforts.

Such examples are of course exceptions to the general rule, just as it is rare with ourselves that any one dies of a broken heart. But the love which one friend or relative entertains towards another, the dog universally, and with greater constancy, exhibits to men of every degree who will only treat him with moderate kindness. ‘There were particular people he could not abide,’ says Christopher North of one of his favourites, ‘nor at their hands would he have accepted a roasted potato from the dripping-pan.’ But these antipathies are the result of that singular instinct by which he divines, as if by inspiration, whether a person is the friend or enemy of his species. If he growls at the one, he fawns upon the other, and it is truly wonderful to see with what readiness and justice he exercises his judgment. Bewick relates that a Newfoundland dog came to shore from a ship that was wrecked off Yarmouth in 1789, with the pocket-book of the captain, and after resisting the attempt of a number of people to take it from his mouth he deposited it in the breast of an individual in the crowd whose face inspired his confidence. Whenever the dog departs from his amiable deportment, it is the fault of man, and not of his creature. How often it has been repeated that the greyhound is mistrustful, capricious, incapable of attachment, and even dangerous, for every one of which qualities he is solely indebted to his mode of existence when kept for sport. Fairly domesticate him, we speak from experience, and he is all intelligence,

intelligence, fondness, and imperturbable good humour. Charles I. said of him truly that he had the affection of the spaniel without the fawning. The dog places all his happiness in gratifying his master. Cowper celebrated in verse the act of a spaniel who jumped into the water, and plucked for him a fly that he had vainly tried to reach with his stick. It is an epitome of the spirit which animates the whole canine race, though it is not every dog that displays such discernment. The eager watchfulness of the dog to learn the will of man enables him nevertheless to perform the most delicate duties. The sepoy soldiers of India, apprehensive lest a defiling shadow should pass over their food, are said by Colonel Hamilton Smith to trust to the common cur to keep off intruders. He has so well learnt his lesson that he drives away birds by springing in the air, and takes especial care that his own shadow does not cross the vessels. A large part of the intelligence of the dog owes its development to this desire to please. He is for ever waiting on our words and our gestures, on our movements and instructions, till he acquires something of human supremacy.

Much has been written to demonstrate that he can even attain to the comprehension of the ordinary conversation between man and man. Gall declares that he had often spoken purposely of objects which might interest his dog, taking care not to mention his name, or make any intonation or gesture which might awaken his attention, and that he still showed by his behaviour that he understood what was said. Lord Brougham says that a most accurate and literal person gave him an account of which the substance was that his shooting-dogs discovered by what they heard that he intended to go into Nottinghamshire on the following day. A mother asked her boy to fetch his sister's clothes, and on his refusing peevishly, she said, to reproach him, 'Oh, Mungo will fetch them;' and the dog immediately executed the commission. We agree with Lord Brougham that these instances of presumed interpretation of our language are probably due to the microscopic eye of the dog for what passes around him, though, as he justly remarks, this only illustrates the more how well animals can profit by experience, and draw correct inferences from things observed by them. Where the words are addressed immediately to himself, it is not difficult to determine that he collects their purport either from the introduction of some well-learned phrases, or from the tone and action which accompanies them. To take an example which at first sight appears to support the higher view of the understanding of the dog. M. Blaze having one day lost his road, a peasant offered him his dog to escort him to a certain house. 'Take the gentleman,' he said, turning to

the animal, 'to such a place, but don't go in, mind you, and come back directly,'—then to M. Blaze, 'I tell him not to go in, because he would fight with the other dogs.' The dog did as he was bid, conducted M. Blaze to the house, and returned to his master. Here it is clear that the house to which he was sent was a familiar word like his own name, and equally clear that he had been often scolded for venturing within its precincts, and embroiling himself with his kindred, so that he would readily comprehend the scope of the prohibition from the monitory voice with which it was uttered. It was certainly a beautiful display of docility; but as regards the capacity of the dog to catch the meaning of words, it proves nothing more than that he attaches ideas to a few customary well-defined and expressive sounds. He would seem, however, to have an accurate sense of the lapse of time. That he distinguishes Sunday is nothing. Everything wears such a different aspect that he might identify it at a glance. But he is also conscious of the recurrence of any other day of the week. A dog that belongs to the brother of Sir Thomas Wilde runs away on the Saturday night, and remains from home till the Monday morning, in order to escape being chained on the Sunday. Southey says in his 'Omiana,' that he knew of a dog which grew up with a Catholic, and was sold to a Protestant, that would never eat on a Friday. His grandfather had one which every Saturday (the killing-day of the week) went a couple of miles to pick up offal at the butcher's shop. A bull-dog mentioned by M. Blaze, who was accustomed to go on the same errand, kept to the propitious hour as well as the day. This dog was always present at family prayers, and when the last *Pater* was commenced he got up and stood at the door, that he might be ready to go out the instant it was opened. We suspect that he was instructed here by a slight movement in the circle, or by a variation in the pitch of reading; and not, as M. Blaze infers, by his ability to count the number of *Paters*. The dog also recognises colours. Prisoners have written letters, according to M. Blaze, on yellow, red, or blue paper, and sent them by their dogs, who knew by the tint to whom they were addressed. It is certain that the dog with a little training makes an excellent messenger. Mr. Kirby mentions in his *Bridgewater treatise* that one that was accustomed to carry packets to a house, went to the kitchen to be fed when he had deposited his charge, and, as soon as he had done, appeared barking at the parlour-window, to give notice that he was ready to return. Some have gone so far as to knock at the door, or ring the bell. The Spanish writer quoted by Lord Brougham, says that a friend was wont when he called to leave his maul at the door of the house, and

and the animal, in imitation of his master, pulled the bell in order to get in. The dog of a shop-keeper, who ran in and out of the street-door during the week, had always recourse to the knocker on Sunday when it was shut.* Priscilla Wakefield, who tells this anecdote, adds two or three more of the same nature. M. Blaze knew a dog whose habit was, not to ring the bell, but to answer it. He regularly followed the servant from the kitchen to the door, and the visitor from the door to the parlour. In his old age, becoming too deaf to hear the sound, he took up his quarters where he could see the bell, that by watching its motion he might continue to know when anybody called.

The dog possesses the to us incomprehensible instinct—in common, however, with other animals—of finding his way by a road that he has never traversed. Mr. Blain tells of a dog that was sent by sea from London to Scotland, and escaped back to the metropolis by land. Boisrot de Lacour, a French writer on the chase, took a terrier from Rochefort to Paris, and though the dog made the journey in a carriage, and slept all the way, he returned when he was liberated to his former master. Once again he borrowed a hound of a brother sportsman, who resided at a considerable distance; the next day, when he was let out to hunt, he slipped away and ran off home, not, as was discovered, by the road he had been brought, but in a straight line across flood and field. M. Blaze calls this instinct a sixth sense, of which we can frame no sort of idea. 'Experience, however,' he continues, 'demonstrates that it exists. The camel conducts his master three hundred leagues through the sands of the desert, where there is no track to guide him. The pigeon carries letters through the pathless air. The birds of passage born in Europe emigrate to India; and, what is remarkable, travel ordinarily without their parents, who have made the voyage before. The horse finds his road across the snow; and probably all animals have the same faculty.' On the other hand, an extraordinary circumstance, related by Dupont de Nemours, in a memoir read before the French Institute, can only be attributed to the effects of intelligence. The dog in question was the property of a shoe-black at Paris, whose trade he sustained by dipping his paws into the mud and soiling the shoes of the first person that passed along. If the pedestrian continued his progress, he dirtied the next; if he stopped to have the mischief repaired, he remained quiet till his master was at leisure for a fresh customer, and then the game recommenced. He was purchased by an Englishman, enchanted with his cleverness, and taken to London. He contrived to escape, went to the inn where the coach that brought him put up, followed it back to Dover, and, after crossing in a packet-boat

packet-boat to Calais, again placed himself in the wake of a carriage, which pioneered him to Paris. One habit of dogs, that of deserting a town an hour or two before an earthquake, which is frequently ascribed to some strange and unaccountable instinct, depends simply on their every-day perceptions. The rumbling sound strikes their quick ears before it is heard by any one else, and scares them away. In our observation of the dog we seldom attach sufficient importance to the fineness of his senses. They are so acute that a sleeping dog knows whether he is touched by his master or a stranger, remaining quiet in the first case, and growling in the last.

Another feature of the dog, which is really singular, is the exceeding strength of his hereditary instincts. We will not build on the assertion that the progeny of the dogs trained by Cortez and Pizarro to destroy the Indians, attacked the savages with the same fury as their parents before them, because we think that the occurrence is not properly authenticated: nor do we attach any weight to the circumstance, recorded by White, in his 'Natural History of Selborne,' of the pups of the Chinese dogs that were taken from teat showing a dislike to animal food, because the vegetable diet of the mother must have affected her milk, and might very well have formed the taste of her offspring. But we confine ourselves to notorious and indisputable facts, such as that the peculiarities of the pointer, which are entirely artificial, have become nearly innate in a succession of generations; or as that the produce of a shepherd's dog, who is in active service, instinctively keeps the flocks, while, if his father or grandfather have been taken away from their natural occupation, he will have lost the art, and be difficult to teach.

'I ascertained,' says Mr. Knight, who investigated this subject for a long series of years, 'that a terrier, whose parents had been in the habit of fighting with polecats, will instantly show every mark of anger when he first perceives the scent of that animal, though the animal itself be wholly concealed from his sight. A young spaniel, brought up with the terrier, showed no marks of emotion at the scent of the polecat, but it pursued a woodcock, the first time it saw one, with clamour and exultation; and a young pointer, which I am certain had never seen a partridge, stood trembling with anxiety, its eyes fixed, and its muscles rigid, when conducted into the midst of a covey of those birds. Yet each of these dogs are mere varieties of the same species, and to that species none of these habits are given by nature.'

They resort in frosty weather to streams and mills that remain unfrozen, and the old dogs, who can always tell the degree of cold which induces them to shift their quarters, make, on such occasions, for the water. Not only did Mr. Knight find that

that their young did the same thing, but that the amount of their skill was proportioned to the experience of their parents at the time of their birth. The hunting dogs of Mexico seize behind, and never in front, the large deer of the country, who would otherwise throw them down and break their backs. Their offspring inherit the tactics of their fathers; whereas all other dogs commit the error of facing the game, and are killed in consequence. A pup of the St. Bernard's breed, that was born in London, took, when winter came, and the snow was on the ground, to tracing footsteps after the fashion of his Alpine ancestors, which he had never done in the previous seasons. The dog who dug a hole in the sand of the sea-shore to protect himself from the rays of a burning sun, while his companion, instead of imitating him, lay howling with pain, was probably the descendant of one of those canine colonies who burrow in the ground. It would be useless to comment on this strange propensity: hitherto it has remained as inexplicable as it is certain. If more attention was paid to it in practice, it might be possible to bring the qualities of the dog to a degree of perfection hitherto unknown.

More marvellous than all, in the eyes of the vulgar, are the tricks that have been taught to dogs by showmen. Plutarch saw a dog that would pretend to be poisoned. He swallowed the drug, and then went through the stages of dying, death, and gradual revival.* M. Blaze witnessed the exhibition of some dancing dogs, who took a citadel by assault: part feigned to be vanquishers, part to be killed, others affected to be wounded, and went about limping. They have been brought to spell two or three hundred words, to perform the three first rules of arithmetic, to play at cards, at draughts, and at dominos; and, if one of the number committed a mistake, the others corrected him. But, however calculated to raise ignorant wonder, we take no pleasure in these learned feats, which are mere mechanical exercises, impressed upon the dog with infinite labour and cruelty; and of the meaning of which he knows absolutely nothing. So it was with the dog that Leibnitz heard pronounce, after his master, reluctantly and indistinctly, above thirty words. Shortly after, a man at Berlin contrived to extort a species of resemblance to double that number, by exciting a dog to growl, and then working his jaws. It cost him six years to attain this idle result. 'I love better,' says M. Blaze, 'the natural language of the dog: it is a thousand times more expressive than the mechanical repetition of all the words in the dictionary.' Assuredly, it could not be more intelligible if he was gifted with speech; and among dogs themselves it appears to enable them to communicate past events and future intentions. A dog that has been bitten by one larger than himself.

himself, has been repeatedly seen to assemble his friends, who have gone in a troop to punish the offender.

This brings us to say a word upon the intercourse of dogs with one another, which is by no means of so amiable a cast as that which they maintain with ourselves. Their casual greetings are often of an angry, and generally of a mistrustful, surly nature. When strange dogs have once quarrelled they can never meet without renewing hostilities. M. Blaze avers that he had known the enmity of a dog extend to the master of his opponent, and no conciliation could disarm his wrath. They long retain the remembrance of any injury inflicted on them by one of their race. Tallemant des Reaux says that in his time the Bishop of Vence had a little dog who barked and pulled his cassock, as if to demand vengeance, whenever any one pronounced the name of a mastiff that had bitten him, and he continued to do this two years after the event. When the manifest superiority is combined with good nature, the dog will sometimes take only a playful vengeance. Colonel Hamilton Smith witnessed a curious scene between a cur and a shepherd's dog, in which the former had bitten a sheep, and the latter to punish him dragged him by his ear to a puddle, where he kept dabbling him in the mud. On another occasion the Colonel was present when a water-dog showed to a stranger of his kind a perfect generosity. He plunged unbidden into the current of a roaring sluice to save a small cur maliciously flung in. In almost every case dogs contract an exceeding attachment when once they become companions. If one is attacked the other usually rushes to his aid. Though extremely jealous of their food, even appetite has been known to give way to affection. A Newfoundland dog who roamed at large was seen more than once, says Sheppard, in his 'Autumn Dream,' to leap the gate which separated the yard of the house from the farm-yard, and carry large bones that had been given him to a sporting dog, who was tied up in the stable. We have often ourselves observed a greyhound suffer a little spaniel who lived with him to take away his food. In moments of danger they show the deepest sympathy. When a poor creature stuck fast in a burrow, his companions spent two days in digging him out with their feet. And Wordsworth commemorates another faithful friend, who stood moaning with outstretched paws to see a fellow-dog, when when he was hunting, lost beneath the ice upon which he had trusted himself in pursuit of a hare. No one is ignorant of the love which the female bears to her young, and few are unacquainted with that marvellous and affecting instance of it quoted by Addison in a paper of the 'Spectator':—A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and, among many in the most exquisite tortures,

tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking, and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain; on the removal she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one than the sense of her own torments. The horrible barbarity of the experiment almost overpowers our admiration of the maternal love, and we blush to contrast the cruelty of the man with the invincible affection of the dog.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the sagacity of the dog on particular points; it is impossible to deny that he possesses faculties in addition to those which we ordinarily call instinct. We have no intention at present to plunge into the thorny discussion of the precise extent of his intellectual powers; but we feel assured that no one can follow the dog through the several phases of his history, and not acknowledge, in the words of *Gaston Phœbus*, which *M. Blaze* has taken for his motto, 'That he is the most noble, most reasonable, and most knowing beast that God ever made.' And, as all his rare endowments have been dedicated to man, there is no animal in creation that has a stronger claim upon our gratitude and love. *M. Blaze*, whose affectionate earnestness for the welfare of the dog is the great charm of his book, would extend his care beyond their lives, and erect monuments to their memory. A great poet, whose feelings are always warm and true, has supplied the answer in a tribute to a dog whose death he lamented, and whose 'name' he 'honoured':—

'Lie here, without a record of thy worth,

Beneath a covering of the common earth!

It is not from unwillingness to praise,

Or want of love, that here no stone we raise;

More thou deserv'st; but *this* man gives to man,

Brother to brother—*this* is all we can.'

But, if we raise no stone, the epitaph of the dog has been written in many splendid eulogies. *M. Blaze* has added one more to the number, which we think is not unworthy to stand beside the best:—

'The dog,' he says, 'possesses, incontestably, all the qualities of a sensible man; and, to grieve to say it, man has not in general the noble qualities of the dog. We make a virtue of gratitude, which is nothing but a duty; this virtue, this duty, are inherent in the dog. We find ingratitude, and yet all men are ungrateful. It is a vice which commences in the cradle, and grows with our growth; and, together with selfishness, becomes almost always the grand mover of human actions. The dog knows not the word virtue; that which we dignify by this title, and admire as a rare thing—and very rare it is in truth—constitutes his normal state. Where will you find a man always grateful, never ungrateful—always affectionate, never selfish—pushing the abnegation of self

self to the utmost limits of possibility; without gain, devoted to death, without ambition, rendering every service—in short, forgetful of injuries, and only mindful of benefits received? Seek him not—it would be a useless task: but take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you for his master, you will find in *him* all these qualities. He will love you without calculation entering into his affections. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he aid you in this difficult trade, but he would not abandon you to follow even a dog into his palace. Your friends will quit you in misfortune—your wife perhaps will forget her plighted troth; your dog will remain always near you—he will come and die at your feet; or, if you depart before him for the great voyage, he will accompany you to your last abode.

ART. VIII.—*Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, His Britannic Majesty's Resident at the Court of Florence, from 1760 to 1785. Now first published from the original MSS. Concluding Series.* 2 vols. London. 1843.

THE literary fame of Horace Walpole has passed through several phases—always on the increase—and we doubt whether it is even yet at its full. These volumes announce themselves on their title-pages as a *concluding series*; but they are only the first half of the concluding series of the letters to Sir Horace Mann, and we have reason to suppose that even its two more promised volumes will not exhaust the store of manuscripts which Walpole left behind him for publication. And what a voluminous and important author this writer of light essays and gossiping letters has become! Soon after his death there were published five large quartos of his opuscula—he wrote nothing that in itself deserves a higher title—and since that time more than an equal bulk of his memoirs and correspondence has appeared; and much, though we know not exactly what, must still remain behind.

His first attempts as an author were those of a man of fashion amusing himself with literary trifles in the intervals of still lighter frivolities. From these latter he was soon weaned by an instinctive love of the arts, and an almost instinctive taste in politics; but the ambition of authorship, which he was for ever disclaiming, was, we are satisfied, his predominant passion. To it, fortunately for posterity, he contrived to make both politics and the arts subservient; and he has achieved a reputation not only, we believe, beyond all the aspirations of his vanity, but by means which at the outset

outset he could not have contemplated, and perhaps to the last did not very distinctly appreciate. It is not by his slight but lively sketch of 'Royal and Noble Authors,' or the 'Anecdotes of Painting,' of which he supplied little more than the gay strings that tied together the gatherings of Vertue; nor by his ingenious 'Historic Doubts;' nor by his romance of 'Otranto,' which founded the school to which Mrs. Radcliffe succeeded as head mistress; nor by his well-written; but unactable, and almost unreadable, tragedy—though, in Lord Byron's opinion, it possesses beauties of the highest order;—it is not, we say, by any of these that 'Horace Walpole will be known to posterity, but by his 'incomparable letters;'—and not even by them *as letters*—models though they be of every variety of epistolary excellence. They will indeed be long read—as we for twenty years have been reading them—for amusement: and their brilliancy—sparkling but cold, like icicles in sunshine—will perhaps rival, in the coarser tastes of the generality of mankind, the sprightly and sensible *causeries* of Madame de Sévigné and the mingled pleasantries and pathos of poor Cowper: the only two letter-writers between whom and Walpole—*magis pares quam similes*—we can admit any propinquity of merit. But it is not, we say, for the mere merits of his style that Walpole's letters are, we think, destined, more surely perhaps than any other work of his or our age, to immortality; it is because these letters are in fact a *chronicle*—much more minute and particular than '*Hollinshed* or *Hall*'—of every occurrence and of every opinion which attracted or deserved public attention, either at home or abroad, during one of the busiest half-centuries of European history. The collection having come upon us in *livraisons*, and at considerable intervals of time—and indeed being, as we see, still dribbling out—the attention of ordinary readers has not been drawn to the vast extent of the correspondence, nor to the important period of time it covers, and the variety—or we should rather say universality—of the matter it contains. It is, in fact, a perfect encyclopædia of information from the very best sources—politics from the fountain-head of parties—debates by the best of reporters—foreign affairs from an *habitué* of diplomatic society—sketches of public characters by their intimate acquaintance or associate—the gossip of fashionable life from a man of fashion—literature from a man of letters—the arts from a man of taste—the news of the town from a member of every club in St. James's Street; and all this retailed, day by day, and hourly by hour, to a variety of correspondents—*reddendo singula singulis*—according to their various stations, characters, and tastes, by a pen whose vivacity and graphic power is equalled by nothing but the wonderful industry and

and perseverance with which it was plied through so long a series of years.

Has it ever occurred to any one to compute how a man of fashion, of pleasure, of literary occupations—a close attendant in parliament for near thirty years, and an annual, if not perennial, victim to the gout—could find patience, or time, or even manual strength, to execute, with a delicate hand, and without a blot—(the numerous letters, which we have happened to see, bear all the appearance of a neat, slow, and even laborious penmanship)—so voluminous a correspondence?

In the quarto edition of his works, published in 1798 by Mr. Berry and his daughter, one of the five large volumes and part of another are occupied with portions (and it seems small ones) of his correspondence with West, Conway, Gray, Bentley, Lord Strafford, and some other friends, male and female. Another quarto volume of letters to Mr. George Montague followed, in 1818; and another, of his correspondence with Mr. Cole; and another, containing his very long and interesting despatches to Lord Hertford during the short period of his embassy at Paris, followed by a small collection of letters to Dr. Zouch; and then we had the first series of the letters to Sir Horace Mann, in three volumes octavo. All these, with the addition of some letters to the young friends of his old age, the Miss Berrys, were two or three years ago collected into six closely-printed volumes—containing above 1400 letters; and now we are presented with two additional volumes of letters to Sir Horace Mann, containing 260, with the promise of two more, of no doubt an equal size—the whole amounting to little short of 2000 letters—not *notes*, but *letters*—most of them so long, and we believe so laboured, that most men—

‘Such men as live in these degenerate days’—

would think each of them a good morning's work. And these are only the series of his letters to *regular* correspondents which happen to have been preserved, and do not include probably a fifth of those that he wrote to Conway and Lord Hertford, nor any of a great number to Madame du Deffand, nor of the greater number that he must have occasionally written to a large circle of friends and acquaintances; and they are also exclusive of letters of business which his offices, his public duties, his private affairs, and the ordinary intercourse of a man of rank and fortune with the world, must necessarily have required from him. We used to wonder at the ease and rapidity with which Madame de Sévigné *laid sa plume*; but Horace Walpole's goes full gallop, and scours the country round, every day and in all directions, with a rapidity and vigour quite, we believe, unexampled; and posterity will

will assuredly know more of the manners, fashions, feelings, factions, parties, politics, private anecdotes, and general history, of the latter half of the eighteenth century from Horace Walpole's letters than from any other source; or, indeed, we believe we may safely say, from all other sources together. They are the *Annual Register*—*Hansard's Debates*—the *Gentleman's Magazine*—the *Critical Review*—the *Morning Post*—the *London Gazette*—and even the *Hue and Cry*, and the *Newgate Calendar*, all in one; but combined with so much taste and talent, enlivened by so much pleasantry, tempered with so much sense and shrewdness, that our children may learn in the pages of Walpole to know their great-grandfathers better than their great-grandfathers knew themselves.

But this high commendation must be seasoned *cum grano*—or rather, indeed, with a great many grains of caution. As posterity will certainly make large and frequent appeals to the authority of Walpole, it is necessary that we who have lived near his times, and who personally knew some of the people, and are traditionally acquainted with many of the transactions which he describes, should warn those who came after us that this spirited and rapid sketcher of scenes, manners, and characters is—as might indeed be expected, when one writes so much and so hastily—sometimes very inaccurate. His most frequent and important inaccuracies, however, have not even the apology of haste—for his haste is never hurry—but, like all story-tellers and dealers in anecdotes, he is much more anxious for effect than truth—to amuse rather than inform. No painter was ever more ready to sacrifice the accuracy of details to a tone of colour than Walpole, and he carries this system of embellishment to a degree that diminishes, even in indifferent matters, our confidence in his veracity: the picture is fine, but we have no faith in its fidelity.

In addition to the natural tendency of wit to be sarcastic, and of gossip to degenerate into scandal, he is justly chargeable with a still more serious offence. His individual prejudices, both personal and political, were so strong, so violent, as sometimes to amount, in our opinion—and we speak advisedly—to positive aberration of intellect. Wherever he once takes offence, he distorts facts, discolours motives, and disparages persons with the most ingenious and inveterate malignity. The Pelhams—for instance—the Yorkes, the Pulteneys, the Bolingbrokes, and above all, his own uncle and his family are, on every possible occasion, ridiculed, misrepresented, and calumniated. As such violent injustice could neither be denied or defended, nor indeed, at first sight, accounted for by any ordinary motives, it has been suggested, by way of palliation, that he was probably under the amiable influence of filial piety,

piety, and only resented the treachery of Sir Robert's relations and colleagues in the great crisis of his fall. But it has been shown in a former article of this Review (on Walpole's Memoirs, vol. xxviii. p. 189, &c.); from evidence accidentally and unconsciously supplied by Walpole's own pen, that this palliative plea—though often insinuated by him—is wholly unfounded.

That old Horace had *betrayed his brother* we know not that the younger Horace ever ventured distinctly to state; that would have been too absurd.* He frequently indeed accuses him of treachery, but we shall see presently that he did not mean *treachery to Sir Robert*—but to himself, our Horace, long after Sir Robert's death. But in truth there is no reason (except Walpole's own very equivocal insinuations) to suppose that Sir Robert was betrayed by any one. He fell because he had hung on so long that he was ripe for falling. His ministry may be said to have died a natural death, though the last moments were convulsive. He had for some time shown symptoms of the weakness and apathy of age—especially when he suffered himself to be bullied, contrary to his policy and pledges, into the war with Spain; but, above all, there had grown up a new generation, whose minds, naturally anxious for novelty and stimulated by ambition, were peculiarly inflamed against Sir Robert by the speeches and writings of one of the ablest and most active Oppositions that ever influenced the Senate and guided the Press. Young Horace, as eager, as clever, and as ambitious as any of Sir Robert's adversaries, very naturally regretted and resented a defeat so injurious to his prospects and so mortifying to all his feelings, but he had little reason to entertain, and did not for many years express any indignation against Sir Robert's colleagues on the score of their treachery to him: this was an imputation subsequently devised. Walpole continued not merely on good terms but in cordial alliance with the Pelhams and their friends—for nearly ten years after Sir Robert's retirement and eight years after his death—until Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle forfeited his favour by refusing to do a very profligate pecuniary job for him; and to the defeat of this and some other equally scandalous attempts at increasing his already enormous sinecure income are to be attributed all Walpole's personal enmity and political opposition to those ministers. Hence—a striking illustration of Doctor Johnson's celebrated dictum—he turned *patriot*; and so completely had this man,—so shrewd and sharp-sighted in detecting the foibles of others,—blinded himself, or fancied he had blinded the world,

* His zeal for his brother involved him, soon after Sir Robert's retirement, in a duel with one of his persecutors.

to his real motives, that we find that during the long life in which he enjoyed *five* sinecure offices, producing him at least 6300*l.* a-year, he was not ashamed to inveigh bitterly against the abuses of ministerial patronage, and to profess—with astonishing effrontery—that ‘the *one* virtue which he possessed in a singular degree was DISINTERESTEDNESS and CONTEMPT OF MONEY.’ (Mem. vol. ii. p. 337, and Letters *passim*.)

As to the imputed *treachery* of his Uncle, as against Sir Robert, we have already treated it as an absurd calumny, attributable to some personal differences between the *Horatii*. This suspicion, which had been created by a consideration of the ‘Memoirs’ and the general correspondence, has been corroborated by the first series of the letters to Mann, where we find that the supposed treachery had no reference at all to Sir Robert, and indeed did not occur for many years after his death. The fact seems to have been that, after the death of his eldest brother, the second Lord Orford, Horace Walpole became a party to a strange and scandalous plot to carry off a great heiress, one Miss Nicholl, from her guardian, and marry her clandestinely to his nephew, the young Earl: nor was it from an indiscreet zeal for his nephew’s interests that he entered into this conspiracy, but because he himself, and his special friends the Mauns, were large creditors on the family estates, which were so much involved that these gentlemen had little hope of recovering their debts unless they could find some supply of money to enable the young lord to pay them off. This, as it seems, infamous scheme Horace *senior* in some way defeated, and hence the accusation of treachery and the eternal animosity with which Horace the younger persecuted him and his memory. Of course it is not likely that we should find any *direct* confession of such abominable motives, but we think we can collect from Walpole’s own statements a sufficient corroboration of the charge against him.

On the 1st of April, 1751, he gives Mann an account of his brother’s death, and adds that he has left his son

‘the most ruined young man in England. My loss, I fear, may be considerable; but it is no small addition to my concern to fear or foresee that Houghton and all the remains of my father’s glory will be pulled to pieces.’—*Walpole’s Letters, Gen. Col.*, vol. ii. p. 379.

And again, on the 1st of May, he tells Mann:—

‘His [the young Lord’s] affairs are putting into the best situation we can, and we are agitating a *vast* match for him, which, if it can be brought to bear, will even save *your* brother, whose great tenderness to mine [the deceased Lord] has left him exposed to greater risks than any of the creditors. For *myself* I think I shall escape tolerably, as my demands

demands are from my father,* whose debts are likely to be satisfied.'—*Walpole's Letters*, p. 386.

In these difficulties old Horace came to the assistance of his family with a disinterested activity, which the younger Horace acknowledged without the least indication of any dislike or animosity towards his uncle:—

'My uncle Horace is indefatigable in adjusting all this confusion. Do but figure him at seventy-four, looking not merely well for his age, but plump, ruddy, and without a wrinkle or complaint, doing everybody's business.'—*Ibid.*

Within a month the scene changes, and the failure of the plot and its causes are on the 30th of May thus stated:—

'If I could be mortified anew, I should meet with a new disappointment. The immense and uncommon friendship of Mr. Chute had found a method of *saving both my family and yours*. In short, in the height of his affliction for Whithed [a young friend lately dead] he undertook to get Miss Nicholl—the *vast fortune*—a fortune of above 150,000*l.*, whom Mr. Whithed was to have had—for Lord Orford. He *actually persuaded her to run away from her guardians*, who used her inhumanly, and are her next heirs. . . . After such *fair success* Lord Orford has refused to marry her: why, nobody can guess. Thus *had I placed him in a greater situation than even his grandfather hoped to bequeath to him—had retrieved all the oversights of my family—had saved Houghton and all our glory!—now all must go!—and what shocks me infinitely more, Mr. Chute, by excess of treachery* (a story too long for a letter), is embroiled with his own brother.'—*Ibid.*, p. 387.

Some time after we find the *treachery* directly imputed to his uncle:—

'The affair of Miss Nicholl is *blown up* [happy metaphor!] by the *treachery of my uncle Horace* and some lawyers I had employed at his recommendation. I have been forced to write a narrative of the whole transaction, and was with difficulty kept from publishing it.'—*Ibid.*, p. 401.

Then suddenly his uncle becomes the object of ridicule and wrath. Within ten pages we find—

'Lord Bolingbroke, . . . it was thought was cured by a quack-plaster, but it is not everybody can be cured at seventy-five like *my monstrous uncle*.'—*Ibid.*, p. 410.

And again, in a post or two after, we read of 'that *buffoon, my old uncle*.'—*Ibid.*, p. 413. And in his *Memoirs*, which he meant for *history*, he heaped every kind of opprobrium on this uncle, who, he said, had 'injured and basely betrayed him.'—*Mem.*, vol.

* It is observable that in one of Walpole's many panegyrics on his own disinterestedness, he says that he never had but 250*l.* from Sir Robert, which is not surprising, when we recollect that from his childhood he had been loaded with lucrative offices. But how is it, then, that he has considerable claims against Sir Robert's estate?

ii. p. 335. But of injury and treachery we can find no other trace than this story of Miss Nicholl.* And we see, twenty years later, the same *odium in longum jacens*, when he (Horace junior) alludes to 'the ghost of old Horace chuckling' at the ingratitude he had met with from his nephews, though he had 'never cheated them of heiresses.'—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 194. It is possible that the narrative which he says he drew up of this affair may be found in his papers. If it ever sees the light, we dare say that it will not be found to contradict materially the conclusions we have drawn from his epistolary hints.

But besides the intensity of Walpole's dislike to individuals, at whom he might happen, rightly or wrongly, to take offence, there was a still deeper cause for the violence of his dislikes, and the disproportionate quantity of ill-nature that breaks out all through his correspondence, and in a most remarkable degree in his Memoirs. Sir Walter Scott says, with a significant delicacy, that '*his temper was precarious.*' Lord Dover, with the most favourable disposition towards him, is forced to admit that he quarrelled, as it would seem wantonly, with some of his oldest and most intimate friends; and that his ruptures with Gray, Asheton, Bentley, Montague, and Mason rather support Scott's imputation of a *precarious* temper. We ourselves see many reasons for believing that this infirmity of temper which Scott hinted at by the epithet *precarious* was not mere occasional caprice, but rather constitutional—

'A rash humour which his Mother gave him'—

not Sir Robert, certainly, who was one of the best-humoured and best-natured men that ever existed. The introductory anecdotes to the recent edition of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's works give us a strange story about Horace Walpole and his mother.

'Horace Walpole was generally supposed to be the son of Carr Lord Harvey,† and Sir Robert not to be ignorant of it. One striking circumstance was visible to the naked eye; no beings in human shape could resemble each other less than the two passing for father and son.'—*Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Works*, vol. i. p. 34.

If there be any truth in this scandal, and there are many circumstances which render it but too credible, Horace Walpole might have a claim to hereditary peculiarity on both sides; but,

* This young lady was destined to be the victim of this sort of barter. It was first planned to marry her to Mr. Whithed—his early death broke that off. Then came this affair with Lord Orford; and it appears that there was subsequently a design to marry her to Lord Pulteney, which also failed, from some misunderstanding between the managing parties.

† The eldest son of John first Earl of Bristol. He died unmarried, and was succeeded by his half brother, the more famous Lord Harvey, the issue of his father's second marriage.

however that may be, when we recollect the many remarkable eccentricities of his mother's family which he himself records, and which were so notorious in their day as to be still traditionally remembered in ours, it is not unreasonable to suspect that some of the less amiable details of Walpole's temper and conduct may be attributable to a state of mind—(represented by Shakspeare* and by Walpole† himself as peculiarly prevalent in England)—liable to partial disturbance, while the general powers of the intellect are not only unimpaired, but frequently of the highest and brightest order.

'Great wit is sure to *madness* near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.'

So sang Dryden; and a long list of illustrious eccentrics might be produced to support his theory. Such were the cases, as Walpole himself delights to tell us, of many of his own familiar acquaintances; of Sir C. Hanbury Williams—of George and Charles Townshend—of even the great Lord Chatham—such, we believe, was Walpole's own—and such, we are convinced, was that of one of his most celebrated admirers, Lord Byron. This, Walpole, in his summary style of dealing with other folks, never hesitates to call *madness*—either unsuspecting that others said the same of him, or indifferent as to what might be said—

'—— *cò quòd*
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.'

To confirmed *madness* no doubt this predisposition often leads; but such cases as we are now alluding to are no more insanity, in the usual sense of the term, than a delicacy of lungs is an asthma. In some instances, as in Walpole's own, it amounts rather to *peculiarities* of taste and temper than to what can even be called irregularity of mind, and is forcibly, though not very precisely, described by what was said of another great genius, that '*his mind's eye squinted.*' Certain it is that Walpole saw men and things through a medium very different from ordinary eyes, and that his judgments and even his narratives are, as he himself candidly admits, to be received with great caution and abatement.

One is at first inclined to lament that a writer who has taken

* *Hamlet*, v. i.

† Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann:—'Nay, don't you find every Englishman or woman who arrives at Florence *out of their senses*? Mrs. Anne Pitt is going to Pisa—you know she is Lord Chatham's sister as well as his very image. She has excellent parts, a great deal of wit, and not so sweet a *temper* as to contradict the likeness of her features. She has at times been absolutely *English*—and so, which he adds, as an explanation of the word '*English*'—'*out of her senses.*' She died so some years after.'

such extraordinary, such unparalleled pains to tell us so much, and to rescue so many characters and circumstances from oblivion, should not be more entirely trustworthy; but this reflection is soon corrected by another—that if he had not written as he has done he would not have written at all. To look to Walpole for strict accuracy and impartiality would be to expect from a harlequin the gait and garb of an undertaker. The feelings that prompted, and the spirit that supported, the enormous industry of his correspondence, would have flagged under any restraint; and we must needs be satisfied, and may well be thankful, to receive, ‘with all its imperfections on its head,’ the greatest mass of amusement and information that epistolary literature has ever bestowed upon England, or indeed the world. And it must be recollected that those imperfections admit of some corrective; the reader who may look to Walpole for information and will study his author, will not find it difficult to detect (at least to a considerable extent) the unsoundness of his principles, the inconsistency of his opinions, and the injustice of his prejudices, and will learn to sift the sound grain from the damaged; while for ordinary readers a judicious editor would supply, by a few explanatory notes and illustrations, a sufficient corrective of his more palpable errors.

We have lately seen a kind of controversy between our northern contemporary and one of the surviving friends of Walpole, Miss M. Berry, which we think may be solved by the hypothesis—which we believe his own family and early friends had long admitted—of hereditary singularity of taste and temper. The critic thinks him—

‘the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most fastidious, the most capricious of mortals—his mind a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations—his features covered with mask within mask, which, when the outward disguise of obvious affectation was removed, you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man.’—*Edinb. Rev.* vol. lviii. p. 233.

Miss Berry, on the contrary, in an amiable and interesting advertisement to the sixth volume of the collected edition of the ‘Correspondence,’ vindicates her friend with a grateful and graceful earnestness. She insists that no man was ever less affected; but she supports this opinion by what seems to us a very strange style of defence. ‘What man,’ she asks, ‘or even what woman, ever affected to be the frivolous being he is described?’ Is not this something like admitting that his character was so *frivolous* that no man could have *affected* it; and *ergo*, he was frivolous by nature? This certainly she did not mean; though her expressions seem to warrant such an inference. ‘The affections of his heart,’ she adds, ‘were bestowed on few, but they were singularly warm, pure, and constant.’ And she enters into

some details in support of these opinions. Now we believe that both these apparently contradictory characters may be—with due allowance for a spice of critical pepper on one hand, and a handful of friendly rosemary on the other—substantially true. What the critic, and indeed all the world, called, and were justified in calling, *affectation*, was probably, in truth, a *natural* singularity which had the appearance of being *artificial*. He was, moreover, ‘fastidious, capricious, inconsistent.’ True, but the critic has prefixed another epithet which may serve as an explanation of all the rest—he was ‘*eccentric* ;’ and this sort of *eccentricity*, we know, takes all shapes and wears all features, and may be fastidious, capricious, arrogant, in one direction, while it is easy, candid, and good-natured in another ; but it generally happens, and Miss Berry seems to admit that it was so in this case, that the more amiable qualities display themselves in a very narrow circle and very precariously, while the harsher features are more prominently and permanently exhibited to the world at large. But while we thus allow that Miss Berry’s evidence may be, to a considerable extent, reconcilable with the less favourable opinion of the rest of mankind, we are bound to add that it applies to so short a period of Walpole’s life, and to that period under such peculiar circumstances, that it really proves nothing more than that Lord Orford at seventy was captivated by the wit and the beauty, and grateful for the good-natured attentions, of two young ladies who happened to be thrown into his society, and to take a lively and rational pleasure in his company. To the elder and, on her refusal, to the younger, he is said to have offered his hand and coronet—strictly his hand and coronet—and *nothing more* ; and he certainly acted over again, towards the Miss Berrys, the septuagenarian Platonics which he himself had, with less patience than theirs, endured twenty years before from his old blind innamorata, Madame du Deffand.

From these considerations—which, in mere justice to all the reputations so freely, and often so unjustly, lacerated by Walpole, we think it our duty to suggest—we proceed to give some account of the volumes before us.

Walpole—it is most convenient to call him by that name rather than by the title which he bore so late and for so short a time, and in no way illustrated—Walpole, we say, left at his death—(besides the works bequeathed to Mr. Berry and his daughters, and published by them in the 4to. edition)—‘in the library at Strawberry Hill, two wainscot chests or boxes, the larger marked with an A, the lesser with a B,’ and ‘desired that, after his death, his executors should strongly cord up and seal the larger box,’ which he further directed was to be delivered, unopened, to the eldest

eldest son of his grand-niece, Laura Lady Waldegrave, on his attaining the age of twenty-five. That period expired in 1810, when the box was delivered to the late (sixth) Earl of Waldegrave, and was found to contain a number of manuscript volumes, and other papers, amongst which were the 'Memoirs' published in 1822, under the editorial inspection of the late Lord Holland. In the same chest were also found the three volumes of 'Letters to Sir Horace Mann,' so well edited, in 1833, by the late Lord Dover, who seems, from his preface, to have thought he was publishing the *whole* correspondence, and to have had no suspicion of the existence of this continuation. The advertisement to the present volumes does not account for this real or apparent ignorance of Lord Dover, but tells us generally that—

'the Earl of Euston, surviving executor of the late Earl of Waldegrave, has placed *the whole of Walpole's unpublished manuscripts*, including his letters, memoirs, private journals, &c., in the hands of Mr. Bentley [the publisher]. The remaining Letters to Sir Horace Mann, forming two more volumes, will be published in the course of the autumn.'—*Advertisement*.

We infer that all the papers thus mentioned have been found in the same chest A, but we wish the advertisement had stated the fact distinctly—not that any one could doubt for half a page the authenticity of the present letters, but because we have as yet had no account whatsoever, either of the contents or ultimate disposal of chest B, about which we have a considerable curiosity, and should be glad to know whether any portion of Mr. Bentley's acquisition comes from that repository, of which we do not recollect to have ever heard anything beyond the bare mention, in Walpole's will, of its existence. We should also have wished to know why these two volumes are published now, and two others reserved for the autumn. We have reason to suppose that the whole was found ready for the press; and we can conceive no fair reason why it should be doled out to us in portions like a modern novel, of which half is now generally published before the other half is written. It could scarcely be with a hope of stimulating the public appetite; for with that view a much more obvious, as well as more effective stimulant, would have been the employment of a competent editor; whereas these volumes have had either no editor at all, or one who does not know the elements of his business—the first of which we take to be, that he should be able to understand the author he edits. In the hope of rescuing the two forthcoming volumes from the hands that have passed these through the press, we shall give two or three specimens of the editorial sagacity exercised in this publication.

There are a considerable number of explanatory notes at the
foot

foot of the pages—most of them without signature, and a few marked ‘ED.’ which we suppose means to imply that there has been an editor. Now, it was the indispensable duty of an editor to let us know the author of those unsigned notes, particularly as they state some curious facts, and give some authoritative explanations. This he has not done; and, strange as it may seem, we almost doubt whether he knew. But we find, by looking back to Lord Dover’s preface, that Walpole, in preparing the former series for the press, had *himself* added some explanatory notes; and from this, as well as from their internal evidence, we may presume that the unsigned notes of this series are by Walpole also—a circumstance of which assuredly the reader ought to have been certified in the very first page. But the notes marked ‘ED.’ are really curiosities of absurdity. Luckily they are very few and very short. They never explain, nor attempt to explain, any difficulty in the text; but, on the other hand, they give us scraps of such information, and in such taste, as the following. In the prefatory advertisement the editor kindly informs us that the letters we are about to read were ‘written by the *celebrated* Horace Walpole;’ and finding, in the beginning of the first letter, that the *celebrated* Horace Walpole tells Sir Horace Mann that George III., on his accession, continued the ministers of the former reign, and amongst them one Mr. Pitt, the careful editor is so good as to subjoin to the name of the said Pitt, ‘afterwards the *celebrated* Earl of Chatham.—Ed.’

At p. 2, amongst the royal family, Walpole mentions ‘*the Duke of York* :’ on him there is no observation—very naturally: one needs no help to see that the king’s brother, Edward Duke of York, was meant. Again, at p. 40, the Duke of York is mentioned, without any editorial observation;—and again at p. 87;—and again at p. 153;—and again at p. 156, where Walpole tells Mann that ‘the Duke of York is going to Florence, where he will soon see him;’—but at length, in p. 169, another allusion is made to the intended visit of ‘the Duke of York, brother to King George III.’ and then the editor awakes as from a trance, and thinks it necessary to inform us that the Duke of York of whom we have been reading all this while, was indeed, Edward Augustus, *tenth* (!) Duke of York, second son of Frederick Prince of Wales, and brother to George III.’ (p. 169.) Now, instead of this tardy and somewhat supererogative information, with the *bêtise* in *italics*, we wish the editor had given a hint of the meaning of the following enigmatical description of some considerable person :—

‘At that instant, who do you think presented himself as Lord Bute’s guardian angel? Only one of his bitterest enemies: a milk-white angel
—white

—white even to his eyes and eyelashes—very purblind, and whose tongue runs like a fiddle-stick.’

The editor will be surprised to hear that this ‘white angel’—concerning whom he has not here vouchsafed one explanatory word—was no other than his *tenth* Duke of York.

His information on obscure points of literature, though very rare, is, when it comes, most erudite. Walpole happens to talk of some old political dotards whom he calls ‘Strulldbrugs’—*Strulldbrugs*? The editor sees that the reader had never before heard of Strulldbrugs, and kindly steps forward to acquaint us that the Strulldbrugs are

‘a race of people (*invented* by Swift) who never die. See Gulliver’s Travels, Ed.’—vol. i. p. 128.

Invented by Swift! and, lest you should have any doubt of the fact, he refers you to his recondite authority,—‘See Gulliver’s Travels! Such are the editor’s notes; and certainly there is no reader, who has any taste for that amiable and amusing turn of mind which the French call *niaiserie*, who will not regret that they are so few.

His dealings with the text are of rather a higher order—they soar into the clouds of nonsense. This, considering that we have reason to suppose that the copy was remarkably legible, could not have been easy—but the editor’s ingenuity overcomes, not the difficulty but the clearness of the manuscript. Sometimes he accomplishes it by the mere legerdemain of false punctuation; for instance, he thus composes an administration—

‘The Duke of Bedford, Grenville, and the two secretaries are dismissed, and their places filled by Lord Winchilsea, Lord Rockingham, and Mr. Dowdeswell, as First Commissioners of the Admiralty; and Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway.’—vol. i. p. 242.

All this jumble, which seems to make the Duke of Grafton First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Conway Chancellor of the Exchequer, really means that Lord Rockingham was First Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Dowdeswell Chancellor of the Exchequer—Lord Winchilsea First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Duke of Grafton and General Conway Secretaries of State.

Again; after stating that old Mr. Wortley had almost disinherited his son, who had lately been imprisoned at Paris for a swindling transaction, in which one Taaffe was his accomplice and fellow-sufferer, he proceeds:—

“The son you perceive is not so well treated by his own father as his companion Taaffe is by the French Court, where he lives and is received on the best footing. So near is Fort L’Eveque to Versailles, Admira Forbes told me yesterday, that in one of Lady Mary’s jaunts to or from Genoa she begged a passage from Captain Barnard.”—vol. i. p. 17.

One wonders at the first glance what Lady Mary Wortley's voyage to Genoa could have to do with Versailles and Fort L'Evesque; and this nonsense is perpetrated in spite of a note of Walpole's own to say that that Taaffe was an Irish adventurer, who, though now received at Versailles, had been lately confined for swindling in the prison of Fort L'Evesque—'so near is Fort L'Evesque to Versailles!'

These are mere blunders in the punctuation, but now we have a real riddle. Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, whom he often employed in little dilettante commissions—

'Do not trouble yourself about the *head of Stephens*; I have got one here. I will subscribe for anything of Mr. Patch's [an English artist who copied antiques], but have very little taste for *those gates*; though the originals are fine. Jesse's seem to me still less agreeable.'

We honestly own that we know not what '*head of Stephens*' may be meant, nor do we venture to do more than conjecture whether '*those gates*' be a corruption of *agates*,* or an allusion to Ghiberti's *gates* to the Baptistery of St. John's at Florence, or to something else—we know not what; but it would seem that whatever Mr. Patch's *gates* were, those of '*Mr. Jesse*' were still less agreeable.' This last part of the riddle, however, we can clear up. Walpole was not thinking of any Mr. Jesse, but of *plaster casts*; which, as we call sculptures *marbles* from the material, were sometimes called in Italian *jessi*, and in English *jesses*, from *gesso* or *jesso*, the Italian for the gypsum or plaster of which they are composed. And this strange ignorance of the editor is still more unpardonable, because Walpole himself in preceding passages (vol. i. pp. 123-131) had pointed out the true meaning of the word by inquiring if the mould of a statue of his mother, which had been modelled at Florence, was still preserved, and requesting that, if it were, he might have a new cast or '*jesse*' of it, as the one that he possessed had been damaged.

We perhaps should apologise for having thrown away so much notice on this phantom of an editor, which we certainly should not have done if we were not menaced with so much more of his handiwork in the autumn, and we now gladly dismiss him, *en attendant* that the publisher will do the same.†

* *Agates* amongst antiquaries denote a stone of that kind engraven by art, so that agates are a kind of antique gem.' (Encycl., voce.) Sir H. Mann had, perhaps, proposed to Walpole to subscribe to copies or descriptions of certain works of art by Mr. Patch—whether *agates*, or Ghiberti's *gates*, or anything else—and Walpole replies that he has little taste for them, and still less for those plaster casts (*jessi*) of ancient gems, which it was much the fashion of that day to bring home from Italy. We have seen some hundreds of them.

† The very strange way in which these volumes are edited is the more remarkable because the Collected Correspondence published by the same house are edited with care and intelligence.

Of this batch of letters itself we have not much to say; they contain very little that is new, for they—in number 260—relate to a period—1760 to 1776—which is already occupied by no less than 439 letters in the *Collected Correspondence*; and though it is really wonderful with what variety of expression Walpole used to write the same facts on the same day to his various correspondents, yet the facts themselves, as well as many of the observations, and much of the wit, are already familiar to us. Notwithstanding the admirable variety of his cookery, the materials of the banquet were necessarily the same: not that these or any of his letters can be called a *réchauffé*; on the contrary, the dishes for every table are dressed with equal care by the master hand, and with the additional poignancy of being selected and seasoned with minute attention to the tastes and ranks of the various guests. This is a feature which distinguishes the letters of Walpole beyond, we think, all others, and gives an additional proof of the versatility of his mind, and the precision of his taste:

————— ‘Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen.’

The letters to Lord Strafford, Lady Suffolk, Lady Hervey, though gay and elegant, have somewhat of the reserve and formality of the *Vieille Cour*. Those to Lord Hertford—as far as they go, the most valuable of all, as respects politics—have the ease of near relationship and the confidence of party attachment, tempered by something of deference to the personal and political rank of the ambassador and viceroy. The letters to Mr. Montague relate, with inexhaustible vivacity and wit, the news of the day and the gossip of the town, in a tone of freedom and even levity derived from their boyish days. To Gray, Mason, and Pinkerton he talks literature—to Bentley, the arts—to Cole and Zouch, antiquities—to Hannah More, morality, and almost piety. The letters to the Miss Berrys, of which we suspect we have yet seen but a small and *selected* portion, have a feature peculiar to themselves—they first reveal a secret, which the correspondence of fifty years had not betrayed, that Walpole had something like a heart, and though ‘his septuagenarian gallantry borders—as such unseasonable sentimentalities always do—on the ridiculous (the greatest terror of his former days*) this second youth never degenerates altogether into second childhood, and, bating a few mawkish scraps of what we may call posthumous philandering,

* ‘Dès le moment que j’ai cessé d’être jeune, j’ai eu un peur horrible de devenir un vieillard ridicule.’ (Letter to Madame du Deffand) The Miss Berrys were very near making him a ‘vieillard ridicule.’

All we have of Walpole’s letters to his French innamorata are some scraps like this given in Miss Berry’s notes to the ‘Correspondance de Mad. du Deffand.’

these letters are quite as pleasing and hardly less playful though less pungent than those of his earlier vein.

The letters to General Conway—his near relation, and dearest, if not only, friend—are the most easy and natural, yet perhaps the least amusing of the whole. He is always—as he could not help being—lively and clever—but with Conway he takes no pains to be brilliant—their topics are often mere business, and their frequent personal intercourse, particularly during the many years they acted together in parliament, left of course less of interest and value to their written correspondence.

The letters to Sir Horace Mann are of a somewhat different style from all the rest—for, though dealing with very much the same topics, they are of a more narrative and historical character. Mann, as well from his long absence from England as his diplomatic position, would be naturally less curious about the details of London society, with which he was very little acquainted, than about public events—ministerial arrangements and foreign affairs—these, therefore, form the staple of Walpole's commerce with the British Envoy* at Florence, and were necessary to complete the *farrago* of *quicquid agunt homines*, which is now become the most essential character, though not the highest merit, of this wonderful correspondence. In truth, the whole passage of the Roman satirist is singularly descriptive of Walpole's correspondence, and ought to be the motto of a collective edition whenever we can be sure that we really have the whole:—

'Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Guadia, discursus; nostri est farrago libelli;
Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? alea quando
Hos animos?' &c.

It seems that, immediately on leaving Italy in 1741, Walpole set himself the task of writing to Mann at least once a-month regularly, and as the letters already published amount to *six hundred and twenty*, it is evident that he wrote much oftener. The series of these letters edited by Lord Dover had, as his Lordship's preface stated, in addition to their intrinsic merit, that of filling up a chasm in the correspondence we already possessed, which could be no otherwise supplied. There existed but *three* letters between 1741, when Walpole returned from his travels and took his seat in parliament, and 1745, when the letters to Montague commence, during which period the Mann collection supplies no less than 117, and for several subsequent years contri-

* The title-page calls him *British Resident* at Florence; but for the last twenty years he had the higher rank of *Envoy*, procured for him by Walpole when his action came into office in 1766.

butes a proportion almost as great. Not so the present and the promised series, which, as we have before stated, find the ground already occupied by the most copious and brilliant productions of Walpole's pen. But they are nevertheless of considerable value, first because they will, we presume, complete the series to the death of Sir Horace Mann in 1786, and thus afford, in above 800 letters, a continuous stream of such information as they deal in for near half a century; and this continuity of style and topics is so agreeable and convenient to either the light or the studious reader, that we are inclined to doubt whether the letters to Mann had not better remain in a series apart, than be gathered, or rather dispersed, into the general collection.

We are naturally curious to know by what motive Walpole was induced thus to dedicate from his boyhood to even beyond his grand climacteric, so much of his time and thoughts to a person whom, for aught that appears, he may have met accidentally in his youthful visit to Florence, and whom he never afterwards saw. Lord Dover, who professes to have made inquiry, concluded that there was no relationship between them:—

'The coincidence of remarkable names in the two families of Mann and Walpole would lead one to imagine that there was also some connexion of relationship between them—yet none is to be traced in the pedigree of their family. Sir Robert Walpole had two brothers named Horace and Galfridus, and Sir Horace Mann's next brother was named Galfridus Mannu. If such relationship did exist, it probably came through the Burwells, the family of Sir Robert's mother.'—*Preface*.

But here is a very strange oversight on the part of Lord Dover, for on the very first letter of his own publication (vol. i. p. 4) he has inserted a note of Walpole's own, which states that Mr. Mann, to whom those letters were addressed, was '*his relation* and particular friend—in whose house at Florence he had spent thirteen months.' This is conclusive against Lord Dover's opinion; and his alternative that if there was a relationship, it must be through Sir Robert's mother, seems equally inconsistent with the fact that Sir Robert had a paternal uncle of the unusual name of *Horace*.*

But to that relationship, whatever was its degree, is attributable, no doubt, that long sojourn 'of thirteen months' at Florence, which had probably a considerable, and perhaps not always a beneficial, influence on Walpole's tastes in after life. Of this latter effect, the very page which we have been obliged to open for our last extract affords an indication, which, slight as it is, and indeed because it is so slight, we think it right to notice. Walpole

* The name *Horace* was probably introduced into both families, either by neighbourhood or sponsorship, from the *Turnsheds*, who derived it from *Sir Horatio Fere*, one of their ancestors.

happens in his second letter to mention the name of Stosch, a kind of amateur dealer in curiosities at Florence, to which he subjoins this explanatory note :—

‘Baron Stosch, a Prussian virtuoso and spy for the Court of England on the Pretender. He had been driven from Rome, though it was suspected that he was a spy on both sides. *He was a man of the most infamous character in every respect.*’—vol. i. p. 5.

Yet we find throughout these letters, that Walpole’s love of nick-nackery induced him to keep up his communications with this man—he even treats with impertinence and ridicule a gentleman lately returned from Italy, who, when questioned by Walpole about Stosch, had said that he had seen but little of his collection, ‘*for he did not like his company* :’ it turned out that Stosch had only talked a little atheism to the gentleman. And when, many years after, the nephew of this same ‘infamous’ adventurer came to London to sell some of his uncle’s curiosities, Walpole ‘came to town on purpose to see him, and to offer him *all manner of civilities* on your [Mann’s] account :’ and the last line of the last letter of Lord Dover’s edition is expressive of an interest in ‘the sale of Stosch’s cabinet.’ What would Walpole have said of any other person who should have treated a man, ‘*in every respect most infamous*,’ with so much consideration ?

Though Walpole had probably more personal reasons for his indefatigable attention to Sir Horace Mann than we can now discover, we suspect that his letters to him and to all his other regular correspondents were prompted by a stronger motive than mere regard for them. We know that he recalled his letters from some of those correspondents, and prepared them for, and, if we may use the expression, bequeathed them to the press ; and we see, or fancy that we see, many indications that, from a very early period, his letters were written with an ultimate view to the Printing-office. Both he and his friends soon discovered his epistolary talents, and we ourselves do not doubt that the extraordinary extent, activity, and perseverance of his correspondence were prompted and sustained by the intention that it should be one day published, and become—as it has done—a source of his great ambition, literary fame. If this be so, and it seems a probable solution of facts not otherwise explicable, it must be admitted that the design has been successful beyond what even he would have anticipated ; and although we think that we can sometimes discover too much of the professed letter-writer—of efforts to be pleasant—of prepared wit, laborious ease, and studied familiarity, yet on the whole it cannot be denied that ease, wit, and pleasantry were indigenious in his mind, and that whatever of

art and effort he may have employed, was only to polish and perfect those natural qualities.

But higher qualities are wanting. We admire the fertility of the *wit*, and wonder at the diligence of the *chronicler*, but we take no interest in the *man*. Familiar letters generally create a kind of personal regard for the writer and for his correspondents; we are disposed to take something of the same kind of interest in them that we do in the characters of a novel—but we feel little or nothing of that kind towards Walpole and his associates—we have no sympathy with the cold, sarcastic, selfish writer, and not much for those to whom such unamiable epistles were addressed and *acceptable*. The whole is a cynical and painful picture of human nature; and we read with a kind of consciousness that the amusement it affords us is not quite creditable even to ourselves. Walpole had no liberality, and hardly, if we are to judge from his writings, a benevolent feeling in his nature. His generosity in offering to share his income with General Conway when turned out of office, and of making good to Madame du Deffand a menaced loss of her pension, has been much relied upon by his few personal admirers. If minutely examined, we believe that the magnanimity in either of these cases would turn out to have been not very great; but, whatever it was, it is all that the fondest partiality has credited to his account: in his dealings with all the rest of man and womankind—even towards the poor professors of the arts which he loved, we can discover nothing but a fastidious egotism and heartless parsimony. Where is there, amidst his great affluence, any trace of a guinea given to charity—to a poor painter—to a starving author—where, of any other patronage than that of a wealthy Sybarite who builds and buys, and furnishes and decorates, and employs painters and printers for his own vanity, accommodation or amusement, at the cheapest possible rates, and in a peddling spirit of getting the *most for his money*?

Charity, we admit, does not trumpet itself even in the confidence of familiar letters; but, if it really existed, it is hardly possible that in such a correspondence as we have of Walpole's, it should not have incidentally revealed itself, whereas, on the other hand, there are numerous manifestations of an opposite disposition. Whatever good his expenditure may have done was, we fear, after the fashion of Pope's Titon—

‘ ——— What his hard heart denied
His charitable vanity supplied.’

The expenditure was, no doubt, large—but, like the Beau in the ‘Spectator,’ his chief generosity consisted in making expensive presents to—*himself*.

The very grimace of reluctance with which he accepts a gift even

even from his familiar friends betrays the disposition that never would willingly make one. The reluctance was, no doubt, sometimes sincere, but it was only when the position of the donor forced him to ask himself *que rendrai-je*? And we have seen that even in the great world his most inveterate enmities—though he tried to dignify them with the colour of political faction (for faction would be dignity compared with the real cause)—all arose from pecuniary avidity.

The total, or almost total, absence of those kind and generous impulses which correct and redeem the low and cruel propensities of human nature, was a defect in his character that extends to his writings, which exhibit in a thousand instances the unamiable anomaly of taste without liberality, and talents without feeling.

The outlines of his taste were certainly fine, though in practical details it is more questionable. He will probably be for ages remembered as the creator of a new style of domestic architecture, which may be said to have recastellated the three kingdoms. Great discoveries are sometimes made from small circumstances, and the repairs of a little citizen's box at the corner of two high roads revealed to Walpole the great secret of the combined beauty, convenience, and grandeur which a revival of our old English architecture was capable of producing. He honestly confesses, that when he began to gothicise Strawberry Hill he knew little about the principles of the style he adopted—all his earlier, and some of his latest, details were poor, erroneous, and inconsistent, and the whole, even after the author had finished it to his own mind, has been censured as a heap of littlenesses and incongruities. The description is just, but the censure is not so. Walpole was no architect, nor was he *designing a castle* nor even a *house*—he had set about repairing a small cottage, the mean proportions and odd irregularities of which might, as it seemed to his prophetic eye, be best reconciled to comfort and beauty by an adaptation of the old English style: the delightful work grew on his hands, the ~~top~~ villa gradually assumed the mingled features of a cloister and a castle, and of course there ensued great incongruities between the works of his original ignorance and those of his tardy and never very perfect knowledge. But he made for himself a very enjoyable and interesting villa, and created for his country a noble and characteristic style. ~~We say created~~ rather than revived, because, though his more learned imitators have professionally studied and really revived the antique models, ~~he~~* who led the fashion and gave the impulse of applying the

* A friend of his, Mr. Bateman (the 'Duky Bateman' of Sir C. H. Williams), did something of the same kind in a villa at Old Windsor: it is not now remembered which had precedence; but Bateman attracted little notice, while Walpole has founded a school.

obsolete and despised forms of ancient architecture to the elegancies and conveniences of modern life is undoubtedly entitled to be honoured as an inventor; and as to all the blunders and anomalies which he committed or permitted, it is but just to say that it was his skill that was at fault rather than his taste.

His little treatise, too, on modern 'Landscape-Gardening' may be almost called a public service. Though it does not pretend to make any discovery, nor affect to advance any new principles beyond the original inspiration of Kent, it is a very elegant history and happy elucidation of that charming art, the growth and cultivation of which has, we are satisfied, had a great and beneficial influence on the habits of the gentlemen and, above all, of the ladies of England. It has permitted *Nature*, formerly excluded by brick walls and iron gates, to come up to the very doors and windows of our country-houses, and has, in return as it were, invited the steps of the lord to the farm, and of the lady to the village—to the reciprocal and incalculable advantage of both the gentry and the people.

But in the details of even architecture and gardening, and in painting, sculpture, and literature, we have no very implicit confidence in his judgment; his taste on all such matters was, we think, rather fastidious than elegant—more neat than pure. His mind, and of course his taste, had little elevation—he was an excellent judge of everything up to mediocrity, but had little sympathy with the higher and nobler efforts either of art or intellect. If his own eagle (which he so extravagantly praised in his gallery) could have soared only as high as the battlements of his tower, he would have lost sight of it. On this point we could, if we had space, enter into abundant and amusing details, but we must now content ourselves with appealing to the general recollections of every reader of the literary judgments scattered through his Correspondence, and of every visitor to the miniature museum of Strawberry Hill.

Of that museum, however, let us not be understood to speak slightly. In its particular place nothing could be more sensible or appropriate—a gay old bachelor of large income, refined taste, and literary habits, incapable of out-of-door amusements, and weaned from the busy world, could not have imagined for himself a more rational enjoyment than the making his whole residence a gallery of curiosities—through which he might stroll, alone to enjoy, or with company to communicate, all the varied recollections connected with so many objects of art and so many relics of history. It was not, and such things never can be, the creation of a great mind—the very search after such minutiae requires a microscopic eye—but it was an assemblage in which the most enlarged intellect might

might find abundant matter, not merely of curiosity, but of contemplation; and it was not, we confess, without serious regret that we witnessed last year the woeful catastrophe which, from some passages of his letters, Walpole-himself seems to have foreseen—his Cloisters desecrated by Jews, his Castle stormed by brokers, and his collection knocked to pieces by an auctioneer's hammer.

We say that he *foresaw* this devastation—we should rather say that, in some of those fits of 'pride aping humility' in which he frequently indulged himself, he *foreboded* it. Affecting to disclaim for his house or himself the fame which was in truth the dearest object of his secret heart, he often affects the cant of *hæc novimus esse nihil*; but his very voluminous and elaborate *will* was found to contradict all these humble professions. He took especial precautions for the preservation and publication of his papers, and he entailed Strawberry Hill, out of the natural line of his succession, but with the utmost strictness that the law allows, even so far as to oblige Mrs. Damer, his first legatee, to inhabit it—(which we believe she never did *bonâ fide*)—and making his whole collection *heir-looms*, with accumulated provisos that the individual articles should be carefully preserved, and never parted with, nor even removed from the places they occupied at his decease. We have seen what has come of all these, in every sense *vain*, precautions—which are now only worth our notice as additionally serving to exhibit Walpole's real character, in contrast to that which he was fond of assuming to the eyes of his correspondents and the world.

Many of the individual articles hardly deserved a higher name than trinkets and trumpery, but many were really curious, and the aggregate would have been well worth keeping together in some royal or national repository, as illustrative of the progress of the arts and of the variations in habits and manners. We should have gladly seen it placed chronologically in the apartments of Hampton Court, lately made so interesting by the judicious arrangement of the pictures, and so accessible by the free admission of, we are glad to record, a grateful and appreciating Public.* We should have liked to have seen Wolsey's hat and Holbein's

* We feel peculiarly interested in the success of this experiment at Hampton Court, for it was first suggested in the 'Quarterly Review' and we gladly echo the grateful acknowledgments of that public to Lord Duncannon, who first sanctioned this great improvement, and to Mr. Jesse, who has carried it into effect with excellent views and with more success than could have been expected from the very inadequate sum allowed for this purpose. We observe that Lord Lincoln seems disposed to follow out Lord Duncannon's views, and we hope that even the depressed state of our finances will not prevent the gift of the comparatively insignificant sum which would suffice to make Hampton Court an Historical Museum, less gorgeous and gigantic indeed, but more *genuine*, and therefore infinitely more interesting, than the pretentious and excessive prodigality of Versailles.

pictures hung up in Wolsey's drawing-room, and all the other articles of furniture, art, and *virtù*, disposed as nearly as might be in the apartments of contemporaneous date, as the nest-egg of a more enlarged and general collection. A gentleman in Paris had formed a somewhat similar assemblage in the ancient *Hôtel de Cluny*—we understand that King Louis Philippe has recently bought it altogether, to prevent its dispersion, and it will give a new and appropriate interest to his restoration of the Louvre—the cradle of his line. Our sovereign might have done the same, but regrets are now unavailing; and we turn from the dilapidated shrines of Walpole's taste to the fortunately indestructible specimens of his wit.

That he possessed this quality in a most remarkable degree is undeniable. In no writer in our language, not excepting even Addison, is it so copious and brilliant. But how inferior to Addison's in the pleasure it gives! In a much lighter form, Walpole is as sour and misanthropic as Swift: when he seems to be playing, kitten-like, with a subject, his scratch is venomous, and even when he is good-humoured, he never is good-natured—

—————' *Medio de fonte leporum*

Surgit amari aliquid quod ipsis in floribus angat.'

Walpole's wit most resembles Voltaire's—employed in a narrower circle, but, as opportunities offer, equally ready, quite as shrewd, and almost as heartless. It generally fulfils very exactly the first part of Locke's definition of wit—as 'lying in the assemblage of ideas, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, and putting these together with quickness and variety;' but it frequently fails in the second, for it is not very fertile in 'pleasant pictures or agreeable visions.' It is a wit that never makes one laugh—seldom even smile—but on the other hand, is wonderfully terse, forcible, and descriptive. It tells more in one or two words than any one else would say in as many sentences, and merits as well as his Roman namesake the pithy panegyric of Petronius—*HORATII curiosa felicitas*. His general form is metaphor or allusion, and of both he is one of the most perfect masters who ever brought apparent incongruities to a clear and lively concurrence. Our readers need no specimen of a style which is already familiar to every one. But we may be allowed to illustrate the peculiar characteristic to which we have just alluded by two or three short examples from the present publication, where however they are a good deal rarer and somewhat less racy than in his letters to livelier correspondents.

When the news of the exile of Caroline, Queen of Denmark, and of the execution of the supposed accomplice of her dishonour, Count Struensee, reached England, there was a natural

inclination here to hope that the sister of George III. was innocent. Walpole disposes of that and another '*historic doubt*' by one admirable stroke of his pen:—

'We have nothing new, but what is no longer so—the Danish tragedy. The Queen goes to Zell; *Struensee is gone to DAVID RIZZIO!*'—vol. ii. p. 210.

In an interval of the Wilkes fever,³ how he characterises that and another though opposite popular delusion!—

'We can go through the City without being mobbed, and through Brentford without having No. 45 chalked on one's coach-door. *Wilkes is almost as dead as SACHEVERELL!*'—vol. ii. p. 184.

What a long story is saved when he calls the notorious Miss Chudleigh '*Duchess of Bristol!*' Again; there was a certain Lady Mary Coke, who lived even to our times, and who certainly had a spice of madness in her composition. When the marriages of the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland with Mrs. Horton and Lady Waldegrave had broken down the barrier that had hitherto prevented royal marriages with subjects, Lady Mary, on the reminiscence of some flirtation between herself and their elder brother the '*tenth*' Duke of York, who had been dead some years, began, in imitation of the other ladies, to give herself some airs of royalty at Florence—Walpole develops the whole story in two words, and felicitates Mann on his having got '*rid of the posthumous duchess.*' (vol. ii. p. 266.) At a time when large reductions had been made in the French army, some young officers of our Guards dining at a tavern found the noise of the coaches troublesome, and were coxcombs enough 'to have the street littered with straw, as is done for women that lie in. Methinks,' says Walpole, 'I am glad that the carabiniers and grenadiers of France are cashiered—the sight of them before a tavern would make our young men—*miscarry.*' (vol. ii. p. 168.) Old Chancellor Northington on his death-bed ordered some trees to be cut to vex his son—the servants, in complaisance to the heir, 'went so slowly to work, that only *five oaks attended his funeral.*' (vol. ii. p. 192.) Looking through a window at Strawberry-hill one bright but cold day, he said to Mrs. Hamilton, Sir William's first wife, who was just arrived from Naples, and was admiring the prospect—but probably not the temperature—'our climate is *delightful when 'tis framed and glazed.*' (vol. ii. p. 174.) So when he calls a victorious fleet ordered home and laid up '*our late thunderbolt.*' (vol. ii. p. 61.) And looking out from 'the loopholes of retreat' at some important crisis, he does not know why one may not see history with the same indifference that one reads it.' (vol. i. p. 123.) The following is scarcely wit, but will remind our readers of Burke's eloquent sketch of the same extraordinary person:—

'Our

'Our comet is set too! Charles Townshend is dead. All those parts and fire are extinguished;—those volatile salts are evaporated:—that first eloquence of the world is dumb:—that duplicity is fixed:—that cowardice terminated heroically!'—vol. i. p. 361.

There is sometimes a striking aphorism, such as

'This world is a comedy to those who think—a tragedy to those who feel.'—vol. ii. p. 201.

Both Locke and Addison are inclined to consider *judgment* as inconsistent with *wit*. Addison is himself a remarkable exception to that theory, and Walpole is another. No man under all his air of levity had a sounder judgment, when his own wayward prejudice and passion did not disturb it, than Walpole. He, at first, and almost alone, foresaw the disastrous results of the American war; he saw in the state of France in 1775 the outline not merely of the Revolution, but of the course it was likely to take, to 'pull down God and the king.' Through the blaze of youthful extravagance and the clouds of unpopularity he could distinguish the talents and future eminence of Charles Fox. The following sketches of the young statesman are striking, and open important views of his character, and of the times in which he dawned:—

'The gaming at Almack's (which has taken the *pas* of White's) is worthy the decline of our empire, or commonwealth—which you please. The young men of the age lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale (Lord Ilchester's son) lost eleven thousand there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard: he swore a great oath,—“Now if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions.” His cousin, Charles Fox, shines equally there and in the House of Commons. He was twenty-one yesterday se'nnight; and is already one of our best speakers. Yesterday he was made a Lord of the Admiralty. We are not a great age; but surely we are tending to some great revolution.'—vol. ii. p. 82.

Young Fox's ministerial zeal was then so hot that even the strong measures of Lord North's ministry against the Lord Mayor and other partisans of Wilkes in the City were not strong enough for him:—

'Young Charles Fox—the meteor of these days—barely twenty-two, is at the head of these strong measures, and equally offends the temperate of his own party and the warm ones of the opposition.'

'The King was excessively hissed yesterday [by the mob] as he went to the House. Charles Fox again narrowly escaped with his life.'—March 30, 1771, vol. ii. p. 146.

George III. hissed and Fox pelted by the same mob! The next extract, however, is less creditable than unpopularity in such good company:—

'Lord Holland is dying—is paying Charles Fox's debts, or most of them,

them, for they amount to 130,000*l.* . . . but while there is a broker or gamester on the face of the earth, Charles will not be out of debt.'—Nov. 28, 1773, vol. ii. p. 253.

But under this prodigality, what a splendour of talents!—

'I went to the House of Commons the other day to hear Charles Fox, contrary to a resolution I had made of never setting my foot there again. The object answered: Fox's abilities are amazing at so very early a period, especially under the circumstances of such a dissolute life. He was just arrived from Newmarket, and had sat up drinking all night, and had not been in bed. How such talents make one laugh at Tully's rules for an orator and his indefatigable application. His laboured orations are puerile in comparison to this boy's manly reason.'—March 27, 1772, vol. ii. p. 205.

And subsequently, in the '*Walpoliana*,' he says:—

'What a man Fox is! After his long and exhausting speech on Hastings's trial, he was seen handing ladies into their carriages with all the gaiety and prattle of an idle gallant.'—*Walpoliana*, vol. i. p. 111.

By such touches as these we obtain a deeper insight into the character and a more just appreciation of the abilities of Mr. Fox than in all the vague panegyrics of professed biographers: and there is scarcely a man, or even woman, who for near sixty years made any considerable figure in Europe, who is not in some degree preserved to posterity in these characteristic sketches of Walpole—except, we might almost add, *himself*—for it is very remarkable how comparatively little he tells us of his own internal life, how few of those personal anecdotes which reveal the real disposition of the man.

He shows no shyness, quite the contrary, in speaking of himself. We see the progress of his building—the accumulation of his collection. We follow him to the House of Commons, the opera, the club, the assembly—and of all he gives us the liveliest pictures—but he never lets us into his own dressing-room—rarely into his study—into his actual private life, in short, hardly ever. With all the apparent ease and freedom of his manner, it is hardly a metaphor to say that he never shows himself but in *full dress*. We have as yet no really familiar letters of his—not one, we believe, which he did not write in the hope, or at least the prospect, that it might be printed; and he was so fastidious and select in his society, that the notices of him which we gather from other sources are singularly scanty. A remark here and there that one '*Mr. Walpole, and that he was, as usual, very agreeable,*' is all we hear. We know by tradition, corroborated by a few words scattered through his correspondence, that he had some kind of *liaison*, perhaps Platonic, but certainly very intimate, with Mrs. Clive, the actress, whom,

whom, however, he mentions very rarely—not a dozen times in the whole mass of correspondence, and then only on the footing of any other neighbour. We do not remember that she is mentioned more than once in the whole series of letters to Mann, and that ~~once~~ probably when Walpole had seen her only on the stage. He writes in 1742 that ‘there is a farce at Drury Lane in which Mrs. Clive plays admirably and Beard intolerably.’ On which Lord Dover adds a note:—

‘In after life she lived at *Twickenham*, in the house now called Little Strawberry Hill, and became an intimate friend of Horace Walpole.’—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 171.

Who would not suppose that Lord Dover meant that Mrs. Clive *happening* to reside at *Twickenham* (her house being in fact farther from Twickenham than Strawberry Hill), she had by that *accident* become, like other ladies in the neighbourhood, the acquaintance and intimate friend of Walpole? This, however, would be a very erroneous view of the matter—the acquaintance appears to have led to the residence, and not the residence to the acquaintance. The house was Walpole’s; and he subsequently lent, and eventually bequeathed it, under some characteristic limitations, to the Miss Berrys, whose property it still is. We have hinted that this *liaison* may have been, and latterly no doubt it was, platonic—for Mrs. Clive was several years older than Walpole; and though we do not know when it commenced, we believe that Mrs. Clive must have been not far from sixty when she, with her brother, Mr. Raftor (occasionally alluded to by Walpole), took up her permanent residence at Little Strawberry Hill. Walpole had of course known her earlier: he wrote the epilogue—(and a wretched one it is, as all his attempts at rhyme were)—with which she took leave of the stage in 1769, when she was about fifty-eight. And we strongly believe that Mrs. Clive and her coterie was Walpole’s only familiar society, and that none but those—a very few—who met him *there*, ever saw him in his *natural* character. The only allusion we find to the termination of this long friendship is in a letter to Lady Brown, one of his Twickenham gossips, of the 14th of December, 1786:—

‘My poor old friend is a great loss; but it did not much surprise me, and the manner comforts me. It seems she had been ill for two or three days: on the Wednesday morning she rose to have her bed made, and while sitting on the bed, with her maid by her, sank down and died without a pang or groan. Poor Mr. Raftor is struck to the greatest degree, and for some days would not see anybody. I sent for him to come to me; but he will not come till next week. His sister is to be buried to-night.’—*Coll. Ed.*, vol. vi. p. 265.

And

And then he goes on with his usual tittle-tattle, of 'the duchess does not come till the 26th,'—and 'Lord Euston is gone to his father's,'—and 'Lord John is going to be married,'—and 'Hecate has been to see Mrs. Keppell.' Such trifling at the moment, when so old, and (however rigid the *platokism* may have been, we suppose we may say) so tender a friend as 'Mr. Raftor's sister' was going to her grave, seems to us most unamiably consistent with our idea of Walpole's heart.

Almost the only record we have of Walpole's ordinary life and conversation is in a biographical sketch and a few very slight and flimsy notes in the two little volumes published soon after his death by Pinkerton, under the title of 'Walpoliana,' and which, if Pinkerton's opportunities had been greater, would have supplied what we now desiderate. But that little pedant was in no familiarity with Walpole. Some literary flatteries procured him a few invitations to Strawberry Hill, where, however, we have abundant proof that Walpole was *showing off* before his humble guest, just as assiduously as he would have done before Madame de Boufflers or M. de Nivernois. Pinkerton's account of this little work is a curious specimen of his own inconsistency, and opens a slight but elucidatory glimpse into Walpole's real character.

'This little lounging miscellany,' says the Preface, 'is in most cases a mere transcript of literary chit-chat, sent to the press in the original careless and unstudied expression. Horace Walpole was not one of those who regard conversation as an exercise of gladiatorial talents, or who study moral maxims or arrange bon-mots to be introduced into future colloquies: complete ease and carelessness he regarded as the chief charms of conversation.'

Yet, in a few sentences, Pinkerton proceeds to confess that this loose 'transcript of conversation' was a very deliberate work, concocted between Walpole and the Editor.

'When the idea [of compiling ANA of his conversation] was suggested, his modesty declined it, on the ground of the non-importance (as he always insisted) of his literary character.'

This was natural, and it was no great extent of modesty that a gentleman in Walpole's position should have 'declined' a proposal from a new acquaintance, of very inferior rank, of no reputation, and only known to him as a professed book-maker, to publish a transcript of his familiar conversation. This modesty, however, small as it would have been, made but a slight grimace, and Walpole not merely assented, but 'he furnished the editor with many anecdotes, &c., in his own hand-writing.' (p. v.)

'The secret,' Pinkerton adds, 'was buried in the editor's bosom;' and 'as the design was of necessity posthumous, delicacy

on the one hand, and *modesty* on the other, prevented its being mentioned.' (p. v.)

This kind of modesty, which declines a monument, but carefully prepares and contributes materials for its erection, is perhaps not very uncommon, but it does not often persist in calling itself modesty: but the result in this case is still more curious. Many of these *Ana* turn out not to be Walpole's at all, nor even the conversational fruits of his miscellaneous reading; but as flat and premeditated plagiarisms as ever were perpetrated; and that not from '*Plutarch* or *Hierocles*,' as Pinkerton condescends to tell us so many of our modern jests are drawn, but from a then very recent French *Dictionnaire d'Anecdotes*, published in 1763, and which Walpole might have picked up on his visit to Paris in 1765, and from which the Walpoliana have helped themselves largely; and, in some instances, the stories are so told as to induce the hearer or the reader to believe that they had happened to Walpole himself. Walpole had so little need to borrow wit and pleasantry from any one, that we have been inclined to suspect that delicate Pinkerton himself had plundered this Dictionary to make out his book; but there are some circumstances which make us believe that Pinkerton really had them from Walpole. Our readers, we think, will not be displeased with a few specimens of this mixture of lying and petty larceny:—

'Walpoliana,' cxxlvii. RETORT.

'The French like us better abroad than here. A French ambassador said to Lord ****, "The English are excellent when out of their island." The Peer answered, with great readiness and spirit, "They have at least the merit of being excellent somewhere."'

This anecdote is, word for word, in the Dictionary, vol. i. p. 54.

'Walpoliana,' cxxiii. FRIENDSHIP.

'In our cold climate, friendship seldom ripens much; a friend is a name for a mere constant acquaintance. Yet I have heard of a gentleman who laid down his equipage and retrenched his expenses in order to lay by a sum for two children of a deceased friend, who had left them in poverty.'

Who could doubt that this was a genuine exception to the egotism of '*our cold climate*?' Alas! it is from the Dictionary, vol. i. p. 23, where it is told of a French magistrate.

'Walpoliana,' cvi. FEMALE QUARRELS.

'The *spretæ injuriæ formæ* is the greatest with a woman. A man of rank, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked "Did they call each other ugly?" "No." "Well, well; I shall soon reconcile them."'

This anecdote had been supposed to relate to Walpole himself and

and two of his relations : but it is to be found in the Dictionary, vol. i. p. 282, and there told of the Duke de Roquelaure.

‘Walpoliana,’ xli. BRUTAL AFFECTIONS.

‘The attachment of some French ladies to their lap-dogs amounts in some instances to infatuation. *I have heard* of a lap-dog’s biting a piece out of a male resident’s leg : his mistress thus expressed her compassion, “Poor dear little creature, I hope it will not make him sick.”’

Walpole had *not* ‘heard’ this—he had *read* it in the Dictionary, vol. i. p. 22.

The following is still more particular :—

‘Walpoliana,’ cxxv. NEW PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP.

‘SIR * * * * was a great amateur, nay, practiser of boxing and wrestling, and willingly imparted his knowledge to those who consulted him. A Lord in his neighbourhood calling on him one day, they walked into the garden, and the baronet started his favourite topic. The peer’s politeness leading him to say that he should wish to see a specimen of the baronet’s boasted skill, Sir * * * * suddenly seized him from behind and threw him over his head. Up starts *my Lord* in a rage ; when the baronet addressed him with great gravity, “My Lord, this is a proof of my great friendship for you. This is a master-stroke which I have shown to no other person living.”’

Now certainly we never read a more genuine-looking English anecdote—a little overstated perhaps, but in substance downright John Bull ; and the discreet suppression of the baronet’s name, as well as of the peer’s, is very praiseworthy on the part of Pinkerton ; but, lo ! this story is to be found, literally, in the Dictionary, vol. i. p. 55.

We could give fifty similar instances of this species of appropriation ; but we presume our readers are satisfied with this exhibition of Modesty declining to sit for her picture, but stealing a suit of clothes to be clandestinely painted in by the hand of Delicacy.

The ‘Walpoliana,’ therefore, can give us but a very imperfect idea of Walpole’s conversation, and tell us next to nothing of his personal character ; but prefixed to them is a biographical sketch, in which Pinkerton has preserved some details of his domestic habits, which, in the general dearth of such information, and because the work is now very rare,* we think our readers will be glad to see :—

‘The person of Horace Walpole was short and slender, but compact and neatly formed. When viewed from behind, he had somewhat of a boyish appearance, owing to the form of his person, and the simplicity of his dress. His features may be seen in many portraits ; but none

* The ‘Walpoliana’ have been reprinted, but without the prefatory matter, which is much the best part of the work.

can express the placid goodness of his eyes, which would often sparkle with sudden rays of wit, or dart forth flashes of the most keen and intuitive intelligence. His laugh was forced and uncouth, and even his smile not the most pleasing. His walk was enfeebled by the gout, which, if the editor's memory do not deceive, he mentioned that he had been tormented with since the age of twenty-five—adding, at the same time, that it was no hereditary disorder, his father, Sir Robert Walpole, who always drank ale, never having known that disorder, and far less his other parent. This painful complaint not only affected his feet, but attacked his hands to such a degree that his fingers were always swelled and deformed, and discharged large chalk-stones once or twice a year. Whether owing to this disorder, or to a sense of the superiority of mental delights, and clear, even spirits, to the feverish delirium of debauch, the perdition of memory, and the slow convalescence amid the pangs of self-reproach, he passed the latter half, at least, of his life in the most strict temperance, though in his youth it is believed he was rather addicted to the luxuries of a *replete* table. Though he sat up very late, either writing or conversing, he generally rose about nine o'clock, and appeared in the breakfast-room, his constant and chosen apartment, with fine vists towards the Thames. His approach was proclaimed, and attended, by a favourite little dog, the legacy of the Marquis du Desand; and which ease and attention had rendered so fat that it could hardly move. This was placed beside him on a small sofa; the tea-kettle stand, and heater, were brought in, and he drank two or three cups of that liquor out of most rare and precious ancient porcelain of Japan, of a fine white, embossed with large leaves. The account of his china-cabinet, in his description of his villa, will show how rich he was in that elegant luxury. The loaf and butter were not spared, for never tasting even what is called no-supper, he was appetised for breakfast; and the dog and the squirrels* had a liberal share of his repast.

* Dinner was served up in the small parlour, or large dining-room, as it happened: in winter generally the former. His valet supported him down stairs; and he ate most moderately of chicken, pheasant, or any light food. Pastry he disliked, as difficult of digestion, though he would taste a morsel of venison pie. Never, but once that he drank two glasses of white-wine, did the editor see him taste any liquor, except ice-water. A pail of ice was placed under the table, in which stood a decanter of water, from which he supplied himself with his favourite beverage.

* If his guest liked even a moderate quantity of wine, he must have called for it during dinner, for almost instantly after he rang the bell to order coffee up stairs. Thither he would pass about five o'clock; and, generally resuming his place on the sofa, would sit till two o'clock in the morning, in miscellaneous chit-chat, full of singular anecdotes, strokes of wit, and acute observations, occasionally sending for books or curiosities, or passing to the library, as any reference happened to arise

* Regularly after breakfast, in the summer season at least, Mr. Walpole used to mix bread and milk in a large basin and throw it out of the window of the sitting-room for the squirrels, who soon after came down from the high trees to enjoy their allowance.—*Walpoleana*, vol. i. p. 74.

in conversation. After his coffee he tasted nothing ; but the snuff-box of *tabac d'etrennes*, from Fribourg's, was not forgotten, and was replenished from a canister lodged in an ancient marble urn of great thickness, which stood in the window-seat, and served to secure its moisture and rich flavour.

Such was a private rainy day of Horace Walpole. The forenoon quickly passed in roaming through the numerous apartments of the house, in which, after twenty visits, still something new would occur ; and he was indeed constantly adding fresh acquisitions. Sometimes a walk in the grounds would intervene, on which occasions he would go out in his slippers through a thick dew ; and he never wore a hat. He said that, on his first visit to Paris, he was ashamed of his effeminacy when he saw every little meagre Frenchman, whom even he could have thrown down with a breath, walking without a hat, which he could not do without a certainty of that disease which the Germans say is endemial in England, and is termed by the natives *le catch-cold*. The first trial cost him a slight fever, but he got over it, and never caught cold afterwards : draughts of air, damp rooms, windows open at his back, all situations were alike to him in this respect. He would even show some little offence at any solicitude expressed by his guests on such an occasion, as an idea arising from a seeming tenderness of his frame ; and would say, with a half smile of good-humoured crossness, " My back is the same with my face, and my neck is like my nose. His iced water he not only regarded as a preservative from such an accident, but he would sometimes observe that he thought his stomach and bowels would last longer than his bones ; such conscious vigour and strength in those parts did he feel from the use of that beverage.

Occasionally he would go in an evening to visit Mrs. Clive, to whom he had assigned an adjacent cottage. The charms of that lady's conversation were wonderful, and she was the life of every company in which she appeared. Though she was regarded as Mr. Walpole's *chère amie*, the delights of her conversation seem to have been his chief object.*

It is uncertain that he ever entertained any idea of marriage, though it be said that, after his accession to the title, he offered his hand successively to two most amiable and interesting sisters [the Miss Berrys], with the sole view of exerting all the power he had over an expiring peerage, by conferring it on a female, certainly in every respect most worthy of such a distinction. He was an elegant and devout admirer of the fair sex,† in whose presence he would exceed his usual powers

* " Next evening (20th of September, 1781), about eleven o'clock, Mr. Walpole gave me the "Mysterious Mother" to read while he went to Mrs. Clive's for an hour or two—the date was remarkable, as the play hinges on an anniversary twentieth of September :

" but often as returns
The twentieth of September," &c.

—*Walpoliana*, vol. i. p. 28.

Let this nocturnal visit should be misinterpreted to Mrs. Clive's prejudice, we may remind our readers that poor Kitty was now in her 73rd year.

† His contemporaries used to laugh at him for preferring that *elder* portion of the sex, which had ceased to be fair.

of conversation; his spirits were animated as if by a cordial, and he would scatter his wit and *petits mots* with dazzling profusion.

His engaging manners and gentle endearing affability to his friends exceed all praise. Not the smallest hauteur or consciousness of rank or talents appeared in his familiar conferences; and he was ever eager to dissipate any constraint that might occur as imposing a constraint upon himself, and knowing that any such chain enfeebles and almost annihilates the mental powers. Endued with exquisite sensibility, his wit never gave the smallest wound even to the grossest ignorance of the world, or the most morbid hypochondriac bashfulness: *experto crede, Walpoliana*, pp. xli.—xlvi.

In 1791, by the death of his nephew, the title of Orford, the unwished and sad bequest of an expiring lineage, reverted to Horace Walpole, at the advanced age of seventy-four. It was some time before he would sign, or assent to, his new title; and he never took his seat in Parliament. The additional income, as he told the editor, was about 3800*l.* yearly, but with several new and unavoidable claims of expenditure. The title is now extinct: the estate of Houghton has passed to Lord Cholmondeley. . . . The new title, the gout, the French Revolution, conspired with old age to tease this amiable man; and his two last years were unhappy to himself, tormenting to the patience of his servants, and disastrous to some of his old and valued friendships. On the 2nd March, 1797, he expired at his house, in Berkeley Square, in the eightieth year of a life prolonged by temperance, and rarely corroded by care or disturbed by passions.—*Ibid.*, p. xxxvi.

This is the bright side of the picture, and would be pleasing if we had more confidence in Pinkerton's judgment, or that Pinkerton had had better opportunities of forming it; but he had seen little of Walpole, and he was a person to whom this fastidious personage would certainly never have condescended to appear in *dishabille*. But there was a part of his character, to which we have already alluded, and which Pinkerton was likely enough to penetrate, and of which he speaks with something like the bitterness of personal disappointment:—

A more gross error never prevailed than that which was generally adopted during Mr. Walpole's life, and which alone led Chatterton to apply to him; namely, that he was a beneficent patron of artists and men of letters.

Mr. Walpole was of a benignant and charitable disposition, but no man ever existed who had less of the character of a patron. He had somewhere said that an artist has pencils, and an author has pens, and the public must reward them as it happens.

As to artists, he paid them what they earned; and he commonly employed mean ones, that the reward might be the smaller. The portraits in the Anecdotes of Painting disgrace the work; and a monument consecrated to the arts is deeply inscribed with the stinging penury of their supposed patron. . . . As to authors, it would be truly difficult to point out one who received any solid pecuniary patronage from Mr. Walpole.

pole. . . With an income of about five [above six] thousand pounds a-year, a mere pittance for a person of his birth and rank, it is no wonder that poverty prevented him from ever giving fifty pounds, or even five, to any man of talents; for he considered an ascetic life as very beneficial to the mental powers. Modesty also forbade his making presents, or doing any essential services to artists or authors, who might perhaps in their idle emotions of gratitude, have proclaimed the benefits received. This he avoided by silently transmitting his money to the bank, that he might cut up fat in a rich and titled will; or by laying out on some breviary, or bauble of the days of Queen Bess, what might have saved genius from despair, might have invigorated the hand of industry, and have secured the purest and most lasting of all kinds of reputation, the celestial fame of goodness and beneficence.

'The ruling passion, repeatedly elucidated above, is strongly marked in his last will. Though he had many ingenious friends, not one slight memorial appears of his love of genius or talents.'—*Walpoliana*, pp. xxxvi.—xli.

Pinkerton himself was perhaps disappointed in some pecuniary expectations which he may have formed, and some of the mingled irony and sarcasm of the last extracts may be attributed to that cause; but the justice of the general imputation of parsimony and selfishness is unquestionable.

There are two other points mentioned in the '*Walpoliana*' that deserve notice. In mentioning some differences with his old friend Mason, the poet, Walpole says:—

'Mason condoled with me on the death of my brother, by which I lost 1400*l.* a-year. In my answer I told him that there was no room for condolence in the affair, my brother having attained the age of seventy-seven, and myself being an old man of sixty-eight—so it was time for the old child to give over buying baubles. I added that Mr. Mason knew that it had been twice offered to me for my own life, but I had refused, and left it on the old footing of my brother's.'—*Ibid.*, p. 91.

But he probably did not tell either Mason or Pinkerton that this offer, so generously refused, was a reply to an application by Walpole to ministers, to add *his own life* to the patent, which was only for his brother Edward's. The ministers, though they were unwilling to grant this great reversion for another life, did not choose to disoblige so peevish and factious a politician who had considerable underhand influence, and offered, if he could get his brother Edward to surrender his interest, to insert his own—the younger—life. This, we presume, Horace could not ask Sir Edward to do; and thus it was, that out of a very dirty attempt to get the place, he arrogates to himself the credit of having refused it.

There is another passage that, in order to complete to the best of our information Walpole's character, we are obliged to quote.

Walpole

Walpole *professed* infidelity—we must call it *professing*, to have made such an *auto da fé* to Pinkerton as the following, in which, notwithstanding one just and forcible expression, there is a miserable spirit of irrationality and quibble:—

Atheism, I *dislike*. It is gloomy, *uncomfortable*, and; in my eye, unnatural and irrational. It certainly requires *more credulity to believe there is no God than to believe there is*. The fair creation, those magnificent heavens, the fruit of matter and chance! Oh! impossible.

‘I go to church sometimes in order to induce my servants to go to church. I am no hypocrite. I do not go in order to persuade them to believe what I do not believe myself. A good moral sermon may instruct and benefit them. I only set them an example of listening, not of believing.’—p. 78.

The *disliking* atheism, as *uncomfortable* to my Lord Orford, is quite as silly as that selfish absurdity which he was so fond of ridiculing—that ‘Mr. Somebody’s breaking his leg was *very inconvenient to my Lord Castlecomer*’—though we forgive it for that fine stroke at the credulous incredulity of the atheist; but his poor sophistry, and his miserable antithesis between setting examples of *listening* and *believing*, is not merely contemptible as a matter of taste or reason, but entirely false in point of fact, for people go to *listen* at that place only because they profess to *believe*; and therefore Walpole was guilty of a fraudulent deception in performing an outward act which the world would understand as testifying a belief which, he says, he did not really mean to countenance. We have very little reliance on Pinkerton, and we should be willingly persuaded that he had in this story attributed his own vulgarity and infidelity to Walpole. Pinkerton has dated very few of his anecdotes, but we think that this, if accurately stated, must have been spoken—like a good deal of similar, though not equally offensive, political nonsense—some years before the French Revolution, an event which certainly made a great change in Walpole’s opinions on both these classes of subjects. We cannot presume to say that it made him a Christian, though it certainly had that effect with a great number of persons who, *having* like him *professed* infidelity as a kind of fashionable philosophy, were brought to a more serious and rational consideration of the question by the very test suggested by our Saviour himself—‘*You shall know them by their fruits.*’ But it is impossible to read his later letters without feeling that his tone on such subjects is greatly improved. His correspondence with Hannah More, and his affectionate respect for her *Christian virtues* which takes a tone almost of enthusiasm very unlike all the rest of his correspondence, warrant at least a charitable and not unreasonable hope that

that his sagacious mind may have received some benefit from the greatest practical lesson that ever was given to the civilized world.

One of the most amiable passages we can find in these letters is a description of Sir Robert Walpole contrasted with an humble, and for this time we believe sincere, estimate of Horace's own character. When, in consequence of his nephew's insanity, he was obliged to go down to Houghton to arrange the family affairs, the melancholy of the occasion and the recollections, by turns elevating and humiliating, which that monument of ruined grandeur recalled, seem to have inspired him with feelings very unusual in his correspondence, and very infrequent, we fear, in his heart.

'My administration is an epitome of greater scenes; and happily I enter upon it at an age when every passion is cooled. I shall be inexcusable if I do anything but right. My father alone was capable of acting on one great plan of honesty from the beginning of his life to the end. He could for ever wage war with knaves and malice, and preserve his temper; could know men and yet feel for them; could smile when opposed, and be gentle after triumph. He was steady, without being eager; and successful without being vain. He forgot the faults of others and his own merits; and was as incapable of fear as of doing wrong. Oh! how unlike him I am! how passionate, timid, and vain-glorious! How incapable of copying him even in a diminutive sphere! In short, I have full as much to correct in myself as to control in others, and I must look into my own breast as often as into bills and accounts.' vol. ii. p. 250.

When he wrote these touches of Sir Robert's character, he seems to have had in his memory Pope's beautiful tribute to that wise and good-natured minister:—

'Seen him I have—but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power—
Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe!'

We conclude with repeating our regret that we are obliged to leave Walpole's personal character in a very dubious and unsatisfactory state; and that he who has bequeathed to posterity so magnificent a gallery of contemporary portraits, should have left so superficial, as well as, to our eyes, so unfavourable a picture of himself. We strongly suspect that his unpublished papers contain important materials for his private history; but we very much doubt—however they may maintain the reputation of the author—whether they will increase the very limited esteem we have for the man.

ART. IX.—1. *The Crisis Unmasked.* By Eneas Macdonnell Esq. pp. 36. London, 1843.

2. *The Spirit of the Nation.* pp. 76. Dublin, 1843.

3. *Irish Landlords, Rents, and Tenures; with some Observations on the Effects of the Voluntary System, by which their Church is Supported, on the Moral and Social Condition of the Roman Catholic Population.* By an Irish Roman Catholic Landholder.

THE pruriency for legislation has become of late years the subject of universal and, we think, just complaint. Sometimes attacked by ridicule, sometimes by argument, it seems, as a general thesis, admitted to have grown up into a serious mischief; but, so inconsistent are the opinions and practices even of legislators themselves, that while all agree that law-making, like other manufactures, has exhibited sad proofs of over-production, there are few individuals who have not some special topic of their own on which they would willingly 'bring in a bill,' and still fewer who do not write and talk as if—for every ill or accident that can disturb or distress any class of society—there must needs be in the unexplored depths of legislation some occult specific: and parliaments are disparaged, and governments censured, for not finding remedies for diseases which are no more within the immediate control of governments, or even of parliaments, than climates and seasons.

This unwholesome appetite for '*doing something*'—as if doing '*something*'—though no one specifies *what*—were a magical remedy for every possible complaint—is doubly mischievous, for it tends to drive a weak ministry, like that of Lord Melbourne, into a system of temporary expedients and giddy innovation, while, on the other hand, it deludes the people into false and dangerous estimates of what they have a right to expect from the legitimate powers and duties of a government.

These opinions are not new with us. We have stated them on more than one occasion during Lord Melbourne's administration—in palliation of his weakness when he was forced to obey, and in approbation of the rare instances in which he ventured to resist, the dictation of those who professed themselves his followers that they might continue his masters. We repeat them to-day—though assuredly her Majesty's present ministers require no such lesson—because we regret to think that there are others who do. Sir Robert Peel has shown no disposition to purchase dishonest popularity, either in parliament or the country, by professing to cure diseases which he knows to be beyond the reach of ministerial remedies. Nor is he to be intimidated by Irish sedition,

nor

nor wearied by the obstinacy of parliamentary faction, nor won or warped, by insidious counsels or short-sighted criticism, from the calm and conciliatory, but *resolute* policy of his cabinet. For ourselves we profess, even now while clouds are still overhanging so many points of the horizon, our perfect confidence in the ultimate and even the early triumph of that policy in all its objects.

The objections to it arise from quarters so diametrically opposite, and rest on arguments so essentially contradictory, that little more would be necessary for its defence than to array its antagonists against each other. One of these parties is naturally the Opposition, whose views and motives we have no difficulty in appreciating; the other is not so easily designated, nor is the precise extent of any dissatisfaction or alarm they may feel at all defined. They are members of the Conservative majority, both in and out of Parliament, who, however, on the two great questions of agricultural protection and the repeal agitation* are impatient of anything that looks like hesitation and compromise, and would have desired to see *something* more energetic in the mode in which the administration has dealt with these topics. We need hardly say that in the general principles of these gentlemen we cordially concur—their objects have long been our objects—our difference is merely that we believe those objects are better protected by the discreet defensive and precautionary system adopted by the Government than they would be by strong language, which might exasperate instead of intimidating, or by adventurous measures of legislation, which it would be difficult to carry, and perhaps impossible to execute.

Each of these parties has its complaint, and each its counter-

* We must except from this category four or five young gentlemen, who are known, it seems, by the designation of *Young England*. Their number is so small, their views so vague, and their influence so slight, that it may seem superfluous to allude to them, but our respect for the personal character of those amongst them of whom we have any knowledge—our favourable opinion of their talents, though rather, it must be confessed, of a *belles-lettres*, than a statesmanlike, character—and a strong sympathy with many of their feelings—induce us to express our surprise and regret that they should not see, even with their own peculiar views, the extreme inconsistency and impolicy of endeavouring to create distrust of the only statesmen in whom the great Conservative body has any confidence, or can have any hope. We make all due allowance for 'young ambition,' even when it neglects Shakespeare's wise advice, of beginning with a little diffidence; but we can still find no sufficient justification for the conduct which these gentlemen have recently adopted—particularly for their support of Mr. Smith O'Brien's motion—the most offensive to *Old England* which had been made for many years. We beg leave, in all kindness, to warn them against being deceived as to the quality of the notice which their singularity has obtained; it has in it more of wonder than of respect, and will certainly confer on them no permanent consideration with any party or any constituency: a few stray and unexpected shots, fired in the rear of an army, attract more notice than a cannonade in front; but it is an evanescent surprise, soon forgotten, or remembered only to the disadvantage of those whose indiscretion created it.

complaint. The Opposition grievance is that distress, particularly in the manufacturing districts, is intense, and that nothing has been done to relieve it; the counter-grievance of our Tory friends is, that so much has been done to relieve the labouring classes that agricultural produce has become too cheap. Then, the Tories complain that the Government looks with too much apathy on the imminent danger of Ireland—while the Whig counter-complaint is, that the ministers have been unconstitutionally active in discountenancing agitation and in providing measures for suppressing insurrection. It is clear that all these contradictory allegations cannot be true; and we think we shall be able to show that none of them have any solid foundation.

In the first place, does any one believe that paroxysms of commercial or agricultural distress can be prevented or alleviated by the application of statutes, like political poultices, hot and hot, to assuage local inflammation; or does any one doubt that sudden tamperings with such matters are certain to aggravate the disease? The Corn Law and Tariff of last year were organic measures, whose operations can only be tested by experience; and we do not suppose that any man, except an Anti-Corn-Law Leaguer, would have wished to have seen a new experiment on those great interests. As far as our materials for judgment extend, we find that the advantages anticipated from those measures are fully confirmed; bread and all other kinds of provisions have been lowered, and remain at moderate prices—exactly at the present moment those of 1835—and that without any decrease, but, on the contrary, with in some instances an increase of protection to the farmer. For instance, it will be seen by reference to the tables in our 70th vol. p. 522, that the importation of foreign wheat in the year 1839 was 2,702,848 quarters—and that the protection to the farmer in the shape of the net duties on that importation was 670,054*l.*, or about 4*s.* 11*d.* the quarter—whereas in the last year, ending the 5th July, 1843, under the new Corn Bill, we find that the importation has been nearly the same, 2,695,281 quarters; while the protection in the shape of duty has been no less than 1,200,000*l.*, varying from 8*s.* to 20*s.* per quarter—and affording, on the average, double the former protection; and in the year 1841, the year immediately before the operation of the new law, on an importation of 2,393,061 quarters, the protection in the shape of duty had been only 3*s.* 5*d.* per quarter. It is true that the home prices have been lower in the present year, but that is the inevitable, and—whatever partial inconvenience it may operate—the happy result of a good harvest, and it is clear that they would have been still lower but for the additional protection afforded, when most needed, by the new

Corn Bill. The prices too are *positively* higher, and *relatively* much higher, than in 1833-4-5 and 6; and, let us add—no inconsiderable feature in this satisfactory retrospect—that upwards of 1,200,000*l.* have been paid into a very needy exchequer.

Let us now turn to the Tariff. Can we recollect without a smile what a bugbear the admission of live cattle was this time last year?—can we recollect without pity the panic of so many farmers who sacrificed their stock under the terror of foreign invasion? It is really worth while to preserve a record of the real effect of this formidable aggression on the agricultural interests.

An Account of Live Stock imported in each of the first Six Months of the Year 1843.

Month ending	Oxen and Bulls.	Cows.	Sheep.	Pigs	Duty paid thereon.
5th February .	125	6	12	49	£147
5th March	7	3	19	9
5th April . .	131	39	8	26	172
5th May . .	158	4	4	16	171
5th June . .	8	37	47	34	44
5th July	61	19	8	52
Total . .	422	154	93	142	£595

In addition to this account of live stock, let us see what salted provisions were imported in the same period:—

An Account of Foreign Salted Provisions imported in each of the first Six Months of 1843.

Month ending	Beef, cwt.	Pork, cwt.	Hams, cwt.	Duty paid thereon.
5th February .	204	271	92	£ 369
5th March . .	102	219	96	251
5th April . .	73	136	371	420
5th May . .	43	65	542	483
5th June . .	32	43	519	425
5th July . .	24	680	571	745
Total . .	478	1414	2191	£ 2698

And we subjoin a comparative account of the whole importation of salted provisions in the year 1841, before the tariff, and the year 1842:

In

- Imported.	Beef, cwt.	Pork, cwt.	Hams, cwt.	Total, cwt.
In 1841 . .	42,960	45,319	5,078	93,357
In 1842 . .	29,920	54,163	7,842	91,925

Now is it possible, in the face of these accounts, to pretend that the tariff has done any serious injury, or indeed any at all, to the English or Irish agriculturist?

We therefore entreat our agricultural friends to consider this remarkable evidence as to the real effect of the most important and most litigated measures of last year, and to do the ministers—and us for our humble share in the defence of the ministers—the justice to recollect that these are exactly the results which they announced, and which we anticipated; namely, that the tariff might *tend* to regulate markets, and to lower prices to the poor consumer, without doing any essential injury to the home producer. We ask them, further, to apply this experience to the bugbears of the present year—Canadian flour and Nova Scotian wheat—which we are satisfied are about as formidable as the beef of Spain and the mutton of Belgium.

We are really at a loss to guess under what strange infatuation any portion of the agricultural interest—whether in the country or in the press—can consider the measures of the present cabinet as hostile to them, or suspect that it can now meditate any anti-agricultural projects. Its political existence is interwoven with the principle of agricultural protection—there has not been, in our memory, any Cabinet so largely and so exclusively connected with the landed interest. We do not believe that there has ever been a First Lord of the Treasury and three Secretaries of State possessing so great a landed stake in the country, and possessing nothing else. If they are guided by public principle, their first engagement is to the landed interest—if they could be influenced by private considerations, their whole dependence must be on the landed interest; and it is by their position of great landed proprietors that they are enabled with the more confidence and a steadier hand to hold the balance between agriculture and manufactures—to make apparent sacrifices of the interests with which they are personally connected, which they well know are speedily and fully compensated by the reaction which the prosperity of the consumer must inevitably have on the producer—and to disregard, in their enlarged views of the general welfare, the purblind alarms of ignorance, or the dishonest misrepresentations of faction.

But we are told that, in spite of corn bills and tariffs—in spite

of those endeavours to relieve, by equitable adjustments, both the agricultural and manufacturing interests, there is still great distress in both. We believe it—wherever there is a dense labouring population there must always be individual, and often general distress—wherever large classes depend on seasons and circumstances; or on extensive works of precarious yieldings and variable markets; or on the uncertain calls of luxury or of fashion; or wherever in the production of even the necessities of life an active competition intervenes—wherever there are large capitals ready to be thrown into any speculation that offers a hope of profits, to the disturbance of those already in possession, for trade is a perfect Attila or Napoleon in its spirit of invasion—wherever, in short, any of those circumstances occur which are now, we are sorry to say, in permanent operation in every branch of British trade and manufacture, there will be distress—more or less intense—more or less general: but for such distress there is no cure in the art of governing, and scarcely indeed in the nature of things; for in most cases what produces relief in one quarter creates distress in another; it is a kind of tide, never absent, always at work, and ebbing in one place only because it is flowing in another.

But why then is it doomed, as if by an angry Providence, that there should always be more distress under a Tory government than under the Whigs? So indeed, if we were to trust our ears only, the fact would seem to be; but if we appeal to our eyes, our memories, and our reason, we shall soon find that it is not that there *is* more distress under a Tory Ministry, but simply that we *hear* more of it. A Tory opposition never wishes to aggravate or exaggerate public distress; *it* never attempts to make a government responsible for seasons, fashions, and accidents; *it* never appeals to the passions of mobs. During the ten or a dozen years of Whig misrule, the fluctuating mass of distress, inseparable from our complicated system—of which one portion seems so frequently the antagonist of the other—existed, and sometimes with paroxysms as sharp, if not sharper, than any that had occurred during Tory administrations; but was the Duke of Wellington ever heard to charge Lord Melbourne with the responsibility of such calamities? Did Sir Robert Peel ever ask Lord John Russell for some ministerial remedy against the bankruptcy of master manufacturers and the consequent destitution of their dismissed hands? Did Sir Robert or his friends take advantage of every accident which might arise, to drive distress to disturbance, and suffering to sedition? But no sooner did he become Minister, first in 1834 and again in 1841, than the country was suddenly assailed with the cry of public misery—a misery which indeed

indeed existed, but which—if Ministers were to be held responsible for it—must have been laid to the doors of his Whig predecessors, and not of him who, when this clamour of distress was raised, had as yet had time to do neither good nor harm.

These are not opinions advanced by us for the present time, nor fashioned for this particular occasion—they were stated fully and clearly at the very dawn of Sir Robert Peel's administration; and what we then said has been so completely verified by the event, and is besides of such deep and *permanent* importance, that we shall be forgiven if we repeat it here:—‘The country’—we said in our number of this time two years—must prepare itself for the essential difference which has always existed, and, from the nature of the antagonist principles, must exist, between a *Tory* and a *Whig* Opposition. A *Tory* Opposition is seldom, we might almost say never, *aggressive*: whenever and as long as the Ministers were satisfied to carry on the business of the country with even tolerable fairness, they were always secure of the assistance of the *Tory* Opposition. *Very different, we anticipate, will be the conduct of the Whig and Radical Opposition, who will, we have little doubt, coalesce into the same violent and disorganising course, of which, even while their party was in office, they showed so many mutinous symptoms, and which they will probably now pursue with their characteristic intemperance and rancour.*—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxxviii. p. 528.

And again:—‘But no doubt we shall hear a great deal about universal distress and the destitution and misery of the lower orders, for which any Government can be held, by honest men, so little responsible, that, although this distress, destitution, and misery had attained an almost unprecedented height under the late Administration, neither we, nor we believe any other Conservative writer or speaker, ever thought of attributing it to the misgovernment of the Whigs. But Lord John Russell's imputations on the Tories, on account of former periods of distress, oblige us to record that the Whigs have now handed over the country to Sir Robert Peel in this EXTREME STATE OF SUFFERING. We make it no subject of reproach, but we beg that the FACT may not be forgotten.’ (*Ib.* p. 530.)

We claim no merit for prophecy, or even sagacity, in having made these remarks—they would naturally occur to any one who had paid the slightest attention to the conduct of all Whig Oppositions; and the last session has afforded, and we have no doubt the next session will afford, additional confirmation of their truth.

But though Governments can never cure, and but seldom alleviate, the kind of distress we now speak of, it is very certain that both Governments and Oppositions may inflame and aggravate it:

it : a Government—by want of consistency and firmness, by yielding to every accidental pressure, and by sacrificing its general policy to satisfy the importunities of particular interests. Of this, however, Sir Robert Peel's cabinet is not, and we trust will not become, an example. They last year formed, announced, and carried, a large and comprehensive scheme of commercial regulation and finance—and neither of the antagonist objections, that they did too much or too little, will, we are confident, prevent their giving that great experiment a full and fair trial : and, above all, when everything seems to indicate its success, they will certainly not weaken nor disturb its progressive operation by rash experiments. Sir Robert Peel is not a man to buy cheap and worthless popularity with *one-pound notes*, the panacea of pedlars : and he has proved, we think, that—though he is too prudent to strain protection to the risk of its breaking down altogether—he is convinced of that great fundamental truth, that there can be no safety—much less prosperity—for any country but in the encouragement of its own industry and the development of its own resources. He has seen during his official life a combination of the civilised world fail to *conquer* England—he will be wary that no similar combination, should it arise, shall have the power to *starve* her. The first duty of a nation—like that of a family—that looks to strength, honour, or even existence, is to take care that it shall be able to *feed itself*.

We need hardly point out the mode in which an Opposition can aggravate public distress ; *si quæris circumspice*—by inflammatory speeches—by clogging the measures of the Government—by prophecies of ill which tend to their own accomplishment—by countenancing, if not exciting, tumult and sedition—and, in short, by taking those courses which unsettle men's minds, alarm individual enterprise, shake public confidence, and thus paralyse trade, and inflict more or less of danger and of suffering on all the interests of the country. *These* are the active and powerful agents by which a Whig Opposition will, in one session, do more towards creating and aggravating public distress than years of ministerial apathy—if such apathy could be imagined.

The factious attempts to clog the proceedings of the Government in the House of Commons during the late session were so frequent, and, in one or two instances, so mischievously successful, that an opinion has gone abroad that there was little public business done, and that the session has been singularly barren. This is altogether a mistake. We are, as we have already shown, no friends to over-legislation, and by no means measure the value of a parliamentary session by the number of its acts. On the contrary, we believe that the very converse would be nearer the truth, and that

that the session most profitable to the public may be that which passes the fewest bills. But be that as it may, the late session has certainly no claim to either the praise or blame of having done little public business. The number of public bills passed has exceeded the average of the last eleven years of the Whig administration, and many of them have been of great general importance, and some have settled questions of peculiar urgency and difficulty, that we had scarcely hoped to have seen so satisfactorily disposed of—the *Extradition Bill*, under the treaties with France and America; one of the most important and valuable improvements ever made to the internal and international relations of the respective countries—the Bill for carrying into effect the *French Fishery Convention*, which has closed, with mutual satisfaction and goodwill, a long and often angry struggle which put into frequent peril the good understanding between the two nations—the *Foreign Jurisdiction Bill*, and *China Courts' Bill*, which have settled points of difficulty and dispute in our foreign relations, which the late Government had left open, at great risk to British interests—the *Scotch Church Bill*, the *English Church Endowment Bill*, and the *Irish Presbyterian Marriage Bill*; all of the highest interest and importance—the *English Registration Bill*, the *Chelsea Pensioners' Bill*, the *Evidence and Label Bills*, and many others of various classes, to a number, on the whole, as we have said, exceeding those of ordinary years. And let it be recollected that the Government, under the present habits of the House of Commons, has in fact but twelve hours in the whole week at their disposal for public business. The time till six o'clock each day is exhausted by petitions, questions, and other formal business; and an adjournment is generally moved at twelve o'clock, and invariably, if there is any important business to be done. Tuesdays and Thursdays are devoted to the motions, and Wednesdays to the bills of individual members: so that there remain to the Government to do the real business of the country literally no more than six hours on Mondays, and six hours on Fridays; and we need not remind our readers of the factious and scandalous interruptions and delays by which even this short period has been so frequently, and particularly in the latter part of the session, diverted from public uses.

With these observations, we think we may safely leave to the judgment of the country the insinuations and charges made against the general conduct of the Government in the late session. But we now approach a subject of a higher and more pressing importance, and where the policy pursued by Her Majesty's ministers may appear at first sight to afford more room for doubt and question—we mean the case of Ireland. We do

not

not at all wonder at the indignation with which the people of Great Britain look on the extravagant violence and long impunity of this Irish agitation. We admit that the evil is intolerable—that the country has a right to look to a wise and vigorous Government for protection against such anarchical proceedings:—and who can doubt that if such treasonable demonstrations were, now for the first time, presented to us—if they stood alone, and were to be dealt with as matters on which the decision of the Government were unfettered and free—who, we say, can doubt that such men as the Duke of Wellington, Lord de Grey, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, and Sir Henry Hardinge, would have at once interfered with the whole power of England to prevent and punish such alarming, such disgraceful, such treasonable proceedings? But the case presented to the existing Government was not *res integra*, but the latter part of a series of events over which they had had no control—it was linked, and complicated, with long antecedents, which limited the freedom of their opinions and action.

Of those who have so hastily decided that the strong hand of power should have been at once put forth to suppress this agitation, and who seem to think that the present Government has shown some peculiar degree of indecision, we would beg leave to ask whether it is now the first time that the imperial Government has to deal with Irish agitation? Has it not been for the last half century—through the administrations of Pitt and Fox—of Portland and Perceval—of Liverpool and Canning—of Grey and Melbourne—as well as of Wellington and Peel—a chronic fever, which, under various pretences, with more or less intensity, and very slight intermissions, has distracted Ireland and harassed and alarmed the empire?

Having had occasion to look into the *Gentleman's Magazine* for a date, we happened to light on the following passage:—

'We apprehend that Ireland is rapidly approaching to a crisis that must speedily end either in convulsion, as the inevitable consequence of agitation, or the removal, by prompt measures, of the agitators. The treachery of O'Connell and his party is now admitted by the warmest advocates of Catholic emancipation. Emancipation, which has strengthened O'Connell's hands, is used as an instrument of fresh disturbance; and, with a perfidy that disentitles him to the confidence of his own sycophants, he now presses onward to a dissolution of the bond that unites these islands.'—*Gent. Mag.*, vol. ci. p. 78.

Would not one believe that this passage was penned yesterday, and referred to the present crisis? But, no—it was written so long ago as January, 1831, in the first months of Lord Grey's administration!

What,

What, then, was there in the state of Ireland, or of the world, at the accession of the *present* Ministers, to require or even to justify a recourse to those violent extremities from which all former ministers have so sedulously abstained, partly from a desire to avoid the long train of calamities—foreseen and unforeseen—to which such a course would inevitably lead, and partly because they doubted whether measures of severity, however deserved, or however for the moment successful, might not have the effect of propagating rather than eradicating the disease—that disease being, let the truth be told, hatred of England; neither more nor less than the ancient animosity—breaking out, at every new occasion—of the Roman Catholic priests and, by their influence, of the Roman Catholic population against the Protestant religion and British connexion—against the *heretic* and the *Saxon*? Whatever various shapes the agitation may have at various times assumed, agrarian or political—Whiteboys—United Irishmen—Thrashers—Emancipators—Precursors or Repealers—this was the mainspring and chief motive—all the rest was incident or pretence.

When what was called Catholic Emancipation began to be discussed, and until it was granted, this spirit took a natural and legitimate form, that conciliated the sympathies of England, and induced—whether too late or too early it were here out of place and season to inquire—that great and, we were going to add, fruitless concession: but though fruitless of what it chiefly promised us, such as loyalty of the Roman Catholics and tranquillity to Ireland, it will be found not wholly sterile if, as we anticipate, the flagrant falsification of all the expectations founded on the removal of that grievance should, at length, open the eyes of the empire at large to the real state of Ireland, and to a clear understanding that the object of the agitators is now avowedly and audaciously, what it always was covertly—SEPARATION from Great Britain.

Let us look a little into the details of this Repeal agitation.

When British parties had been for some years making Ireland and the Catholic claims the arena of their contest, Mr. O'Connell appeared; and we need not recapitulate either the great abilities or the unscrupulous means by which he distinguished himself, and contributed to the accomplishment of Catholic Emancipation. We say *contributed*, for without at all disparaging Mr. O'Connell's talents and energies, we must say, as we have always thought, that he was, *at first*, but as a fly on the wheel—and that Catholic Emancipation was really carried by the British Members of the British Parliament. But he claimed and received, and certainly in the last crisis of the struggle deserved, the palm of this great victory;

victory; and in addition to the high political influence he had thereby obtained, he had also created a *(Hibernicæ)* voluntary contribution which he called the Catholic Rent, and which has since—varying in name, but, we believe, the same in substance—been called the O'Connell Tribute—the Association, the Precursor, and, lately, the Repeal Rent. We forget what the amount of the Catholic rent used to be; the O'Connell tribute was said to produce from 14,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* a-year. If even there were no incitements of personal ambition—no sweets of patronage—no pride of power—no tipsy hope that, after being hailed as the liberator, he might be saluted as *sovereign*; (for he already has *his poet laureat*, who proclaims that at one of his demonstrations—at *Tara of the Kings*, perhaps—

‘*He stood amidst the thousands a MONARCH—save in name.*’)

If, we say, there had been none of these moral or immoral incentives, any of which we admit might be the sin of a great mind, there was this less heroic but not less important affair of 20,000*l.* a-year which could not be conveniently abandoned, though the cause for which it was at first proposed had been achieved.

In what degree these various considerations operated on Mr. O'Connell's mind, no one but he himself, and probably not even he himself, can distinguish; but the result was that, as soon as Emancipation seemed to crown his efforts, and diminish his resources, he set out on a new crusade of agitation; but he did so with circumspection and foresight; and we shall find him pushing forward—lying still—retrograding—and again advancing cautiously—and then driving furiously—and all this without the slightest reference to the promotion of the cause which was his pretence, (and which, with his natural sagacity and knowledge of his country, can be nothing but a pretence,) but always with a steady eye on his own personal objects—the maintenance in power of the Whig Government, which flattered his pride, and, in return for his patronage, *gorged* him with theirs; and the preservation of his influence with the priests and the people to secure the payment of the Rent. On the factitious and baseless eminence which he had attained, Mr. O'Connell was somewhat in the position of a ropedancer whose existence depended on the constancy and activity of his public exhibitions, and who balanced himself on his unsteady and, we really believe, painful footing by the patronage of the Whigs on one end of his pole, and the pence of the priesthood and populace on the other. With this guide to his motives, we can easily understand the cause and progress of this Repeal agitation.

Very soon, therefore, after the passing the Emancipation Act,
Mr.

Mr. O'Connell—already careless about giving the lie to all the promises of future tranquillity and all the professions of eternal gratitude which had been employed to facilitate that measure—announced a new agitation. In June, 1829, we find him calling on the men of Clare to struggle for *civil* as they had already done for religious liberty; and in December, 1829, at an annual free-school dinner at Clondalkin, near Dublin, he stated his intention 'to organize a society for the repeal of the Union.' In January, 1830, he established 'a Parliamentary Intelligence' office in Dublin, and called for subscriptions to defray the expense of an agent to conduct the business, avowing at the same time that this body of subscribers was to form the basis of a society for the *repeal of the Union*. The society was formed; but the Proclamation Act being then in force, it assumed a succession of names to evade the application of that law, till at length in January, 1831, Lord Grey's government—at that time in its first vigour and flood-tide of prosperity, caring little for Mr. O'Connell, and having as yet a strong sense of their duty to the country—the administration of Irish affairs being in the honest and active hands of Lord Stanley—issued a proclamation prohibiting the meeting of this society under any name or pretext whatsoever. This Mr. O'Connell disobeyed, and the Irish government had the courage to arrest and prosecute him, and, after a great deal of shuffling and fencing, he at last was forced to plead guilty—but the dissolution of Parliament having put an end to the Proclamation Act, under which he had been prosecuted, he was never brought up for judgment.

After this escape, Mr. O'Connell next instituted '*The National Political Union*,' which was subsequently remodelled under various names, till at last it assumed in 1836 the title of '*The General Association*,' formed on the model of the Catholic Association, and having a similar organization. Its professed object was to obtain '*Justice for Ireland*'—it was to meet once a week at the Corn Exchange, and was to superintend the collection of the *Justice-Rent*. This *justice*, however, being always understood to mean the Repeal of the Union.

In 1838 was instituted the '*Precursor Society*'—to use every exertion during the next session of Parliament to obtain full justice for Ireland; but if this should fail, the Society would merge into a new Society, to be called '*The National Association of Ireland for Repeal of the Union*'—price of enrolment in this Association one shilling.

From March, 1835, it must be observed, that Mr. O'Connell was under the influence of the Lichfield-House Compact with Lord Melbourne's ministry, and was careful not to do more to embarrass

embarrass them than was just necessary to keep up his own popularity and the *Rent*; and accordingly, in 1839, when the position of the Whig administration began to be critical, he called on his General Association to rally round the ministry. On the 2nd of September the Precursor Society was dissolved, and a *Reform Registry Association* was formed in its stead, and the residue of the *Precursor* funds were handed over to Mr. O'Connell as a trustee for public purposes—he now declaring that he would use all his efforts to obtain Repeal: and thenceforward the Repeal agitation, which had slumbered since the Lichfield-House Compact in 1835, was revived and pursued with increasing activity.

On the 16th of April, 1840, at a meeting held at the Corn Exchange, '*The National Association of Ireland, for full and prompt Justice or Repeal*,' was established to meet once a-week, subscription 1s. In June the name was changed to '*National Repeal Association*,' and in July—when, no doubt, it was finally resolved to give full impulse to this treasonable design—the name was with true Irish felicity amended into the '*LOYAL National Repeal Association*,' which it still retains.

Let us now see how this Repeal Question had been received by the then Government.

On the 5th of February, 1833, His Majesty opened, by the advice of his Whig Ministers, the Parliamentary session by desiring that Parliament should intrust to him 'such additional powers as may be found necessary (in Ireland) for controlling and punishing the *disturbers of the public peace*, and for preserving and strengthening the legislative union between the two countries.'

The Marquis Conyngham moved the address in the Lords, concurring with the speech from the Throne, and said—'I feel convinced that a Repeal of the Union would be a *death-blow to Ireland, and a vital stab to the prosperity of England*. So long as I have a seat in your Lordships' house, so long shall my voice be raised to deprecate a Repeal of the Union, and to brand him as Ireland's worst enemy who ventures to recommend such a measure.'

Lord Kinnaird seconded the address, concurring with Lord Conyngham's 'remarks on the wretched position of that unhappy country, caused by its *pretended friends, but real enemies, who take the money from the pockets of their miserable countrymen, and excite them to breaches of the law*.'

The Earl of Oriel moved the address in the Commons, in a rather too figurative style, saying—'*Ireland has long been a prey to those disturbers of the peace, who, like birds of prey, soar over*

over and watch the agonies of their victim, whose sides they are ready to pierce. These men, I say, like such birds of prey, live on the ills and the misery of others. . . . I must say that no evil under which Ireland labours has in my mind been so great as the agitation that prevails throughout it—I say that the agitation of the most mischievous questions has been resorted to, in order to aggravate the evils which unhappily exist there. I allude, in particular, to the question of the Repeal of the legislative Union between this country and Ireland.'

On the 6th of February, 1833, Lord John Russell indignantly exclaimed, 'Shall we now say that there ought to be a separation between England and Ireland, at a time when, as I contend, all that has lately passed in that country shows that the objects in view are neither more nor less than these—that an attempt should be made, under the name of a Repeal of the Union, and under the power of a separate Parliament, to disunite the two countries—to confiscate the property of all Englishmen who have property there—to overturn, at once, the United Parliament, and to establish, in the place of the King, Lords, and Commons of the United Empire, some Parliament of which the honourable and learned gentleman [Mr. O'Connell] should be the leader and chief?'

We request particular attention to this strong and emphatic declaration of Lord John Russell, which almost amounts to a charge of high treason against Mr. O'Connell, and indeed against any proposition for Repeal.

On the 7th of February Lord Ebrington declared, that though he had the greatest horror and dread of civil war, still he would prefer it to a Repeal of the Union.

On the 11th of February Mr. Spring Rice reproached Mr. O'Connell with proclaiming 'murder and slaughter and devastation' as the consequences of the measures of the Whig Ministry. He added—'I told the honourable gentleman what I will now emphatically repeat, namely, that the question of the Repeal of the Union is the question of separation between England and Ireland—that the question of separation involves the destruction of the British monarchy, and the setting up in its stead in Ireland a ferocious Republic of the worst kind.'

This produced what was called the Coercion Act, which, in the usual timid policy of all Governments with respect to Ireland, was passed but for one year—Lord Stanley, and soon after, Lord Grey, went out, and this act really expired—for, though it was nominally renewed by Lord Melbourne, its efficiency was essentially impaired, and it practically remained a dead letter; till, in 1835, after the Lichfield-House Compact, it was permitted to expire altogether.

But

But the Repeal Agitation still went on in defiance of the Coercion Act, and was again mentioned in the speech from the throne, the 4th of February, 1834.

'I have seen,' His Majesty was made to say, 'with feelings of deep regret and just indignation, the continuance of *attempts to excite* the people of that country to demand a Repeal of the legislative Union. This bond of our national strength and safety I have already declared my fixed and unalterable resolution, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to maintain inviolate, by all the means in my power.'

The Duke of Sutherland, who moved the address in the House of Lords, observed—'In Ireland, my lords, unfortunately, the *evil spirit* is still allowed to abuse our patience, spreading discord and disunion wherever its baneful influence extends over the deluded passions. His Majesty's natural love for all his subjects cannot be more evinced than by his declaration of his firm resolution to maintain, indissoluble, the bond of Legislative Union—the effectual security against the *separation* of the two kingdoms.'

Earl Grey, in reply to the Duke of Wellington, observed—'The noble duke touched on that part of the King's speech which calls for opposition to what I believe to be *the most dangerous spirit that ever existed*, and which the power of Government, in whatever manner it may be required, must be exercised, at all hazards, to put down.'

Mr. Shaw Lefevre (now Speaker) moved the address in the Commons, and said—'I call on those Irish members who advocate the Repeal of the Union, to lose not one moment in bringing the question to an issue. But let them not suppose that, by a system of reckless and interminable agitation, by appealing to the passions of an already too-excited people, they can intimidate the *Commons* of Great Britain. They may weary our patience, they may weaken the affection which we would willingly feel for their country; but they cannot prevent our meteing out to her strict and impartial justice.'

Mr. Littleton, now Lord Hatherton, concluded an energetic appeal, upon the same occasion, in these words:—'I will repeat that, notwithstanding my disposition to consult the good of all, I will not sacrifice my principles to the *most outrageous and most violent proceedings that have ever disgraced any country*.'

At this time Lord Grey was still in power, and the Coercion Act still alive, and Mr. O'Connell was curbed in his efforts out of doors; but in order to keep the agitation alive, and perhaps with a view of giving the Repeal of the Union an air of legality—as if it were a subject of fair parliamentary discussion, like the repeal

repeal of any other Act—he made a motion in the House of Commons substantially for the Repeal of the Act of Union. This motion was supported by Mr. Feargus O'Connor, and other gentlemen of a class at that time known as Mr. O'Connell's *Tail*, but resisted by the Government. Lord Monteagle—then Mr. Spring Rice, and one of the secretaries of the Treasury—detailed, in a most elaborate speech, all the advantages which had accrued to Ireland from the Union, but chiefly those of a commercial nature; and concluded by moving an address to the 'Throne, to record, in the most solemn manner, the fixed determination of Parliament to maintain, unimpaired and undisturbed, the Legislative Union.' The address was carried by a majority of 523 to 38. Now it was very proper that such a statement as Mr. Rice's should have been made in the course of the debate, since a debate there was to be: it was very good of its kind, and completely established his proposition; but it was not by the Secretary of the Treasury, nor by a speech, however clever, of commercial detail, that the question should have been met in the first instance. Higher and more permanent, and more constitutional ground should have been taken by the Ministers against the motion, as involving the dismemberment of the empire, and a breach of contract which *no power can now dissolve*. It was treated by the Ministerial speakers too much as if the 40 Geo. III. c. 67, had been a Turnpike Act, instead of the fundamental basis of the empire, which, in its very outset, provides that—

'the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland shall, upon the 1st of January, in the year of our Lord 1801, and FOR EVER AFTER, be united into one kingdom.'—*Act of Union*, Art. I.

What force is there in law, what value in treaties, what pledge for the national existence, if, in the face of these words and acts, it is open to any individual member to rise in the House of Commons, and propose to separate two people whom the clearest law, the most solemn treaty, and most vital community of interests, have '*united FOR EVER*'?

Nothing of inconsistency or levity can surprise us in Lord John Russell—the most unsafe head and hands, as his friend Mr. Sydney Smith admits, to which any considerable share in the affairs of this country was ever entrusted; but it would have surprised us to find any other man—after having designated, in such language as we have just quoted, an attempt to Repeal the Union as little less than HIGH TREASON—declaring, on the 19th of May last, in a debate on the same subject, in the same house, but *only on the other side of the same house*, his opinion that

'with respect to the Repeal of the Union, the subject was open to amendment or question, like ANY OTHER ACT of the Legislature.'—*Hansard*, vol. lxix. p. 576.

But

But after all these Whig denunciations of Mr. O'Connell in 1833 and 1834—which Mr. O'Connell retaliated by still grosser vituperation—we find them early in 1835 suddenly laying aside their mutual animosities, like the Peacham and Lockit of a new Beggar's Opera, and entering into the celebrated *Lichfield-House Compact*—a coalition shameful in all respects, but peculiarly profligate with reference to this very question of Repeal. We know not exactly the terms of that portion of the compact, but the result was clear. Mr. O'Connell moderated, without abandoning, his Repeal agitation, and the Ministry enabled him to reconcile his followers to this temporary moderation by the distribution of the patronage of the Government amongst the Repealers: so that Repeal which these Ministers had denounced as nothing short of treason, they embraced in the person of Mr. O'Connell, and helped him to keep the agitation alive—to be employed (as we have since seen it) against their common enemy the Conservatives, whenever a change of government should happen.

At length in the summer of 1840, when Mr. O'Connell could not but see that the days of that administration of which he seemed to be the main prop, but was in fact the greatest weakness, were numbered, the Repeal *demonstrations* began to assume the shape and character which have grown so formidable—or, to speak our own opinion more exactly, so *menacing*—for really *formidable* we have never thought them.

On the 12th of July, 1840, a Repeal meeting was held at Rathmines, near Dublin, in the open air.

July 27th—a Repeal demonstration at Castlebar (Mayo), stated as 'a vast assembly.'

July 30th—Mr. O'Connell announced the Repeal rent received in about a week as 131*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.*

Aug. 6th—a Repeal breakfast at Galway, about 200 Roman Catholic clergy and gentry present.

Aug. 13th—Repeal meeting at Tuam, stated as 'an immense assembly.'

Sept. 1st—Repeal meeting at Navan, estimated at 30,000 persons.

Sept. 20th—Skibbereen, 'several thousands.'

Oct. 5th—Cork, 'dense crowds.'

Oct. 7th—Limerick, stated at 100,000.

Oct. 14th—Kilkenny, 250,000.

Oct. 27th—Waterford, 50,000 or 60,000.

Towards the beginning of 1841, the early catastrophe of the Whig ministry being now beyond doubt, Mr. O'Connell stated that Repeal had become a *vital* question, and that every man must now make his option, and 'take his stand either as a *Repealer* or *Conservative*.' This line of demarcation we are willing

to accept, and we hope it will be clearly understood and fairly carried out in Ireland. Repealers or Conservatives—no medium!—so says Mr. O'Connell. Be it so; but let it not be forgotten—whatever the result may be—that the first responsibility of this great division is Mr. O'Connell's.

The year 1841 was opened by a Repeal meeting at Mullingar; stated at from 60,000 to 100,000, and was followed, on the 14th of March, by a meeting, on Carragh of Kildare, of 20,000 Repealers. During the general election there seems to have been an intermission of these Repeal meetings, but they were soon renewed.

On the 21st of July there was a meeting at Kilkenny of about from 8000 to 10,000 people.

July 30th, Ballybricken (Meathshire), 'a large meeting;' numbers not stated.

August 16th, Drogheda; numbers not stated.

On the 20th of August Sir Robert Peel became Minister.

And then, whether from the absence of Mr. O'Connell in attending his parliamentary duties, or from some prudent doubt and hesitation in his own mind as to his future course, there was, at least as far as we know, no Repeal Meeting till one of the 27th of December, at Kells, in Meathshire, where it is stated that 20,000 men were assembled.

Here—at this *first* Repeal meeting under Sir Robert Peel's administration—we must pause to ask those who now affect to be so indignant that the Government does not interfere to put down these meetings with a 'high hand'—whether they would have advised, or even justified if it had been done, the forcible dispersion of this meeting at Kells on the 27th December, 1841; there having been in the preceding eighteen months similar assemblies in all parts of Ireland of 30,000, 60,000, 100,000, 200,000—nay, 250,000 men; which had been conducted with a kind of order, and had created no positive breach of the peace?

We do not say that such meetings were not then, as now, illegal: we ourselves have a strong opinion that they were and are so; but after they had been permitted to go on for so long a period and to so great an extent, and had as yet produced, in no one instance we believe, a breach of the peace, an attempt to resist them by force would have been—however abstractedly legal—a rash and wanton interference on the part of a new Government, and peculiarly imprudent in the circumstances in which that new Government was placed with respect to parties in Ireland. Let us carry ourselves back to the state of the country and of parties at Christmas 1841, and ask whether any rational man

could have then counselled Sir Robert Peel to draw the sword against the meeting at Kells.

We believe we need not take any more trouble to enforce this point—and yet it is, both in reason and fact, the whole question. For, what followed?

No other meeting was held for near a year; Mr. O'Connell was Lord Mayor of Dublin, and had no doubt his own reasons for remaining quiet. A meeting at Birr on the 14th of November, stated to have been of 50,000, is the only one that we find recorded, in the year 1842; and now again, we ask, ought the Government (supposing for the moment a clear legal power of doing so) to have interfered in this case of the 14th of November, 1842? Their forbearance in December, 1841, had had no bad effects—it had raised no complaint on one side, and had excited no additional audacity on the other, for there had been a longer interval—twice or thrice—between these than had passed between any two former meetings. Was this then an occasion for drawing the sword?—every man in his senses, either then or now, would answer, No.

All this time, however, there were weekly meetings at the Corn Exchange, in which the usual course of inflammatory lectures was delivered by the ordinary professors of sedition, with, if possible, more than usual violence. But to stop these proceedings the Government had no power; such assemblies and such harangues had become matters of course in Dublin; they had existed without any cessation for above *thirty years*; and even when, on one or two occasions, former governments had endeavoured to suppress them, devices had been found to elude the law, and the Government was defeated, to the great encouragement of the agitation and the increased danger to the public tranquillity. It would have been just as impossible to arrest these proceedings, sanctioned as they had unhappily been by long usage, as it would have been to take the field against the aggregate meetings of the Repealers.

But at last, in the spring of this year, the experience of thirteen months of firm, honest, and impartial government having afforded no grievance—not even an incidental hardship to be complained of, it became necessary to have recourse to the great standing grievance—the Union; and the system of aggregate assemblies, which had been almost abandoned since 1841, was now revived, and we have had a rapid succession of such meetings; not, we are confident, of more real importance than those of the former year, but greater in numbers, and more audacious in the aspect they wear and the language in which they are addressed. We have seen in the newspapers a tabular
account

account drawn up by the accurate and useful pen of Mr. Eneas Macdonnell,* of thirty-one meetings held since March last, stated by the Repeal organs to have been attended by numbers amounting to 8,610,000.

To say that these numbers are grossly exaggerated were a very inadequate description of their falsity. The whole population of Ireland—men, women, and children—under the recent census, which assuredly did not understate it, was but 8,175,238: so that we have here of Repealers, marching to these meetings, 430,000 more than there are of human creatures—men and women, old and young—in the whole island. We admit that in a few instances the same persons may have appeared at more than one of these meetings—Mr. O'Connell, of course, and his personal staff, and some of the priests and others who may have horses—but any one who knows the localities, and thinks of the difficulty of moving large bodies of people twenty or thirty miles, will be satisfied that (except, perhaps, at some of the meetings in the vicinity of Dublin) the different assemblies never could have been, in any considerable degree, composed of the same individuals. But this is not the whole extent of this audacious imposture. No meeting has been held in the province of Ulster, except an attempt at Monaghan. Now, the population of Ulster, exclusive of Monaghan, is 2,200,000: so that if every living soul in the other three provinces, and in Monaghan to boot, had attended Mr. O'Connell, he would still have been near 2,200,000 short of his alleged numbers. Let us take an individual instance. The county of Clare, the scene of Mr. O'Connell's early triumphs, is surrounded on three sides by the sea and the Shannon, and has in consequence less intercourse with the rest of the country than, we believe, any county in Ireland. At a meeting in the county town, Ennis, which is thirty miles distant from some districts of the county, we are told that the Repeal meeting consisted of 500,000 persons—all *men*, no doubt; specimens of

* Mr. Eneas Macdonnell, a Roman Catholic barrister, of great respectability and considerable literary attainments, had been Agent of the Roman Catholic Association during the struggle for Emancipation, and had shown a great deal of zeal and ability in that cause; but when the cause was gained, he, with but very few others, we regret to say, of his persuasion, recollected and adhered to his principles and pledges, and has, like a gentleman and man of honour, opposed himself to the new and most ungrateful agitation which has defeated all the advantage expected from Emancipation. He addressed, in the years 1835, 6, and 7, a series of letters to the Editor of 'The Times,' which contain the best history of Mr. O'Connell's agitation and his intrigues with Lord Melbourne's Ministry, and are, in fact, a most valuable record of that disgraceful but curious portion of Irish history. They have been collected into a small volume, published by Churton in Holles-street, which—as well as the pamphlet, the title of which we have prefixed to this article—we have consulted with advantage, and both should be read by every one interested in these Irish questions.

the 'finest peasantry,' &c., and future victors over the Saxons. Now it turns out that the county of Clare—if every living soul, even infants in arms, had been brought from the remotest districts—contains but 286,390 souls. Falstaff's men in buckram was sober veracity compared to this. When, therefore, in Clare and the rest of Ireland, we take into account old age and infancy, and women, and the inhabitants of remote and mountainous districts which none of these meetings approached, and also a class of persons not, we trust, quite inconsiderable—those who are not Repealers—we shall be satisfied of the extravagant exaggeration of Mr. O'Connell's muster-rolls, and of the real weakness and fallacy of a cause which has recourse to such monstrous pretences.

But let us not be misunderstood. Because Mr. O'Connell overrates his numbers, let us not be supposed to underrate the magnitude of the evil.

We admit—nay, we proclaim—that these proceedings are, in a lamentable degree, dangerous to the public safety, and disgraceful to our political and legal institutions; that they exhibit to the eyes of astonished Europe a state of society unparalleled, and to them incomprehensible and irreconcilable with any notion of civil government. We know that such a state of things cannot continue to exist. It must in some way be stopped and terminated; but our present inquiry is whether Sir Robert Peel's Government could or ought to have *interposed* the strong arm of power at some former, and if so, at what stage of this agitation. We think we have shown that, up to the beginning of this year—that is to say, in the only two cases which had occurred since their accession to office—any repressive interference on their part would have been generally, perhaps universally, considered as the extreme of rashness and folly. Let us now examine whether the more recent meetings have been of so different a character as to authorise a different course. Our own cool and deliberate opinion is that the line that has been taken, however liable to taunt or misrepresentations (no inconsiderable evils, we admit, in such a case), is on the whole the wisest and the safest that they could have pursued in so great a difficulty: and let us repeat that the difficulty is none of their making; they inherited it from their immediate predecessors. The Queen's Government, under Lord Melbourne, had *tolerated*; and—at least by impunity, connivance, and the Litchfield House Compact—encouraged, these assemblages, which the Queen's Government, under Sir Robert Peel, is censured for not having all at once punished and suppressed.

But the real difficulty—the difficulty that pressed on Lord Melbourne,

Melbourne, as it does on Sir Robert Peel, dates from an earlier epoch—long before Mr. O'Connell had ever been heard of. The partial relaxation of the penal laws, which conferred the elective franchise on Roman Catholic electors, but left neglected or stigmatised the Roman Catholic clergy, peerage, and gentry, was a great mistake. It threw large political power into the worst hands, and created a formidable influence essentially hostile to the institutions, into contact, or rather, conflict, with which it was thus forced. Thence grew the Catholic Question; a question not originally raised by the Catholics themselves, but by rival Protestant parties at contested elections—those who found themselves weakest in the old constituencies throwing themselves into the arms of the new interest; which was thus, in the struggle of parties and by a concurrence of circumstances, so fostered and flattered, so encouraged and aggrandised, that their claims for extended rights soon assumed a pressing and formidable aspect, and became alike difficult to resist and dangerous to concede.

It was another great mistake and misfortune that this question was not settled at the Union. If the special interests of the Roman Catholic clergy, peerage, and gentry, had been consolidated with that arrangement, it seems highly probable that, with the concurrent commercial and social advantages which the Union has conferred upon Ireland, she might have been gradually weaned from the bigoted prejudices and barbarous habits which render her Roman Catholic peasantry at this hour the very least civilised in Europe—slaves to an ignorant priesthood, tools of greedy demagogues, and dupes to both.

A third but fainter chance of reconciling the Roman Catholic body to British connexion was lost at the Emancipation in 1829, by not accompanying that measure with a state provision for the priests. We are aware of the difficulties of such an attempt. We know that there would have been some objections on the part of the Catholics themselves, and a still more serious opposition from a large portion of the Church of England, which—erroneously, we have always thought—confounds an alimentary stipend to a priest with a spiritual sanction of Popery—but we shall not enter into that controversy,* which is quite important enough to deserve a separate consideration, and which at least has no connexion with the practical question we are now discussing.

But the result is that no Government has ever dared to deal with the Roman Catholic disturbers of the peace as they would have done with any other class of society—nay, they have treated those perturbators with peculiar favour and privileges. The Protestants

* But we may venture to recommend to serious attention some very important observations on this subject in the pamphlet of '*a Roman Catholic Landholder*,' mentioned at the head of this article.

of Ireland are the children of England—placed there by her as a guard and a garrison—after the victories of the Boyne and Aghrim, which consolidated our just and necessary Revolution under the auspices of him whose ‘*glorious and immortal memory*’ was for a century an object of reverence and affection to every friend of the British constitution. It seems, at first sight, rather strange, that because the children of the followers of James—who were, as fortunately for themselves as for us, vanquished in that great struggle—choose to remember their defeat with bitterness, the sons of the conquerors should be forbidden to celebrate triumphs more profitable than Cressy, Poitiers, or Agincourt, and not less important to the national existence than Waterloo itself. And while the Roman Catholics were permitted to use the most offensive language against the whole system of British connexion, ancient and modern, a Protestant gentleman would have been dismissed with contumely from the magistracy for toasting—as his forefathers had done for a century—the memory of that great prince whose advent is celebrated as a Church festival, whose success was the foundation of what we suppose we may still venture to call our glorious constitution, and the triumph of whose arms at the Boyne and Aghrim are the foundations on which the throne of the House of Brunswick stands. We are well aware that these measures were well intended, and have had, on the whole, a good and tranquillizing effect on the Protestant mind; but we adduce them in proof of the spirit of ultra-conciliation with which the Roman Catholics have been treated, and of the unappeasable ingratitude with which it has been repaid—for while the Protestants abstain, in obedience to the law, from the celebration of those events which are the subject of thanksgiving in the Liturgy,* the Repealers have never ceased to excite the public mind of Ireland against England and the law, by every possible means—by permanent associations—and by innumerable occasional meetings of organised bodies, with banners bearing seditious emblems, and bands playing tunes that are meant for seditious.

It was in the spring-tide of this *Catholic Ascendancy* that Sir Robert Peel was called to the helm. We have seen what a lull ensued—how slow and cautious were Mr. O’Connell’s movements—how difficult it was to fix on the precise moment at which interference would have been justifiable—even supposing that there existed a legal power of interference. But was there such a power? All the statutable authority for preventing such

* ‘Accept, also, Most Gracious God, our unfeigned thanks for . . . bringing his Majesty King William upon this day, for the deliverance of our Church and nation from Popish tyranny and arbitrary power,’ &c. &c. *Collect for the Thanksgiving for the Fifth of November.*

assemblages had, in the timid and submissive spirit we have already alluded to, been repealed or suffered to expire. There survived nothing but the common law right of preserving the public peace. Now what was that common law right? A meeting is illegal at common law if held for an illegal purpose, without reference to any other circumstances. Now it may be held, as we certainly do, that the repeal of the Union is, constitutionally and intrinsically, an illegal purpose, and we are clearly of opinion that it ought to have been so declared when it was first broached; but after the long impunity with which this question has been stirred—after the debate in *Parliament* on Mr. O'Connell's motion in 1834—after the great demonstrations of 1840 and 41, and after the long apathy of the Whig Ministers acting in consonance with Lord John Russell's recent declaration, that 'the repeal of the Union was open to question, like any other act of the Legislature,' we doubt that any jury could be found, or perhaps any judge, that would interpret a meeting to petition for the repeal of the Union to be *per se* for an illegal object.

But a meeting may also be illegal though held ostensibly for a legal purpose—if attended with certain circumstances to be judged of in each particular case; for instance:—Any assembly of persons, whether collected under the pretence of petitioning or any other, that from its numbers, acts, place, or time of meeting, or other circumstances *preceding* or *accompanying* the meeting, excites in the minds of persons of ordinary sense and nerve (not merely weak and timid persons) a reasonable fear that the public peace will thereby be violated, and the lives and properties of the Queen's subjects thereby endangered, such an assembly will be unlawful, although its ostensible purpose be legal; but in such a case it seems to be doubted whether the danger to the public peace must not be *immediate*: it is not, we have been told, enough that the meeting should be of dangerous *example*, or should menace dangerous *consequences* at some future time. We are not quite prepared to assent to this construction of the law; we believe a meeting may become illegal if calculated to produce a prospective danger, though we admit the circumstances leading to that presumption had need to be proportionably strong. But even if this were so, Sir Robert Peel's Government was again concluded by what had already passed—the great meetings of 1840 and 41 had all ended without any breach of the peace; and the presumption grew stronger and stronger that each succeeding case would have a similar peaceable result.

Mr. O'Connell himself seems quite alive to this state of the law; and there is no point that he has been so careful to avoid as anything that might bring his gatherings within legal liability. The other day there was to be a great meeting at Tuam—the road

road to which lay through a little town called Ahascragh, where the people were about to erect triumphal arches to welcome the Liberator—the police, under the order of the Magistrates, attempting to remove this obstruction of the highway, the people attacked and beat them off. This seems a very ordinary occurrence, and certainly not, on the face of it, to deserve the strange emotion with which Mr. O'Connell spoke of it at Tuam. The Magistrates, he said, might have been right or wrong in the orders they gave—if wrong, the law would have afforded redress:—

‘But the *traitors* of Ahascragh [poor Paddy must be surprised at finding himself denounced as a traitor for cudgelling a policeman in honour of the Liberator]—the *traitors* of Ahascragh, instead of resorting to the law, violated it, and violated at the same time the very first principle of the Repeal Association, which required that there should be no tumult, no rioting, no violence, of any description. He felt so strongly on this subject, that he would *blot Ahascragh out of the map of Ireland*—refuse to allow a single one of its inhabitants to be enrolled upon the books of the Association, and have them *held up to the detestation of the people of Ireland*, for having violated the great and beautiful principle of moral force.’ (Cheers.)—*Speech at Tuam—Times, July 26th.*

And much more to the same effect; all of which seems so extravagantly unlike the man, and so little called for by the occasion, that we were at a loss to account for it till we recollected the vast importance to Mr. O'Connell in keeping these meetings within the very verge of the *law*, under which he, who has been all his life bullying or evading it, just now finds it convenient to shelter his proceedings. Whether the opinion, that holds that to make a meeting illegal the danger of a breach of the peace should be direct, and not consequential, be correct or not, it is clear that Mr. O'Connell thinks it is; and no one, we suppose, would think of trying a nice point of law by an attempt to disperse *one of a series* of meetings which had hitherto passed off without any disturbance.

It is also held that a meeting may be illegal even though its professed object be legal, if its real purpose is to hold up the Queen's Government to the hatred or contempt of the people, or to accomplish any alteration in the laws or constitution by means of intimidation and a demonstration of physical force. To evade this, Mr. O'Connell professes the greatest veneration for the Queen; and just when these demonstrations were about to take place he affixed the title of *LOYAL* to his Association. He further maintains that his Association abjures all physical force—that those are *traitors* to him, as well as to the country, who attempt to employ it—that they mean no change in laws or constitution, but meet simply to *petition* for the repeal of a particular Act

Act of Parliament, as they have been for years and years accustomed and permitted to do, and as Lord John Russell, recently Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, tells them they have the same right to do 'as in the case of *any other legislative measure*.'

It has been further said that the enormous *numbers* assembled constitute, *ipso facto*, an unlawful assembly; but that is not the case. Numbers form a most important ingredient in every such question, and one which would render the law particularly astute in examining the purpose for which they were collected; but mere numbers are not in themselves illegal: 500,000 persons, for instance, assembled to see the ascent of a balloon, would not be an illegal assembly; and if numbers *alone* constituted illegality, there would be no remedy but to disperse them by *force*; for it is clear that no single man could be punished because other persons had chosen to come, in great numbers, to a spot where he individually had a right to be. And can any one contemplate, without horror, the probable—may we not say the inevitable—result of any attempt, on such a point of law, to disperse even the smallest of these meetings by *force*?

But we are asked, why did not Sir Robert Peel come to Parliament for new powers? and, in reply, let us see with what rational prospect of correcting the evil he could have done so. Nobody doubts that these meetings were likely to excite great alarm in the minds of all her Majesty's peaceable subjects; and that there was, moreover, a probable and constant danger that though Mr. O'Connell was himself anxious to prevent any disturbance, an accidental spark might have blown up a fatal conflagration. It was therefore proper that the Government, though it could not prevent the meeting, should at least do everything in its power to diminish the danger, and should therefore, to the best of their means, be prepared for such a possibility. The police were therefore ready; the troops were on the alert—quietly and unostentatiously, in order to avoid even the semblance of provocation. But the troops and police could only act under the direction of the magistrates. What magistrates?—Ay, there's the rub. Was the Government—responsible in the first degree for the public peace—to leave the force collected for the suppression of these alarming agitations in the hands of *magistrates who themselves were agitators, and headed the movement*? The immediate danger from those meetings was a breach of the peace—who was to be called upon to keep the peace but the magistrate?—but *quis custodiet ipsos custodes*—what was to be done when magistrates themselves might be the rioters? A magistrate is the responsible servant of the Government, and we all know how severely
the

the Government is charged with every shadow of misconduct that can be imputed to any magistrate. Was there, then, a more obvious, a more legal, a more necessary course than that the Government—if it could not control these meetings—should at least take care that no one for whom *they* were responsible should increase the danger—that no one who held his commission under *Victoria, by the Grace of God Queen of the United Kingdom*, should employ the weight and authority of his office towards dismembering that kingdom? The Lord-Chancellor of Ireland accordingly superseded from the commission of the peace Lord Ffrench, who had published his intentions of presiding at one or two Repeal meetings in the west of Ireland. Could the Lord Chancellor have done otherwise, particularly when the Queen and her Ministers had found it necessary to repeat the declaration of her predecessor that it was the Royal intention to resist with the firmest determination the Repeal of the Union? Were the local servants of the Sovereign—bearing her commission and representing her authority—to be allowed to give ostentatious examples of committing the very act which she had thought it necessary to prohibit?

This measure, however, just and rational as it appears, occasioned a violent outcry; several magistrates affected to be proud of the martyrdom, and resigned; more persisted in following Lord Ffrench's example, and were like him removed. Copies of the correspondence between the Irish Chancellor and all the removed magistrates have been laid before Parliament, and we must say that it is impossible to imagine more temper and courtesy than the Chancellor has shown throughout this affair—the total number of magistrates superseded or resigned appears to have been somewhere between forty and fifty, and we honestly confess that if we were to judge of their fitness for the magisterial office by the style of their letters, we should say that there are some whose services could be—without any reference to the Repeal question—very well spared. Will those who complain of the torpor of the Ministerial policy deny that this, though a just and necessary, was yet a bold and decided measure, and the first mark of disapprobation with which of late years any Government had ventured to visit Irish agitation? But if they undervalue it, the Opposition does not; and we have seen the endeavours made in both Houses of Parliament to censure this proceeding under the most futile and absurd pretences, and more particularly on the ground which many of the resigning magistrates assumed—though formally and explicitly disavowed and disproved by the Chancellor—that it was an attempt to interfere with the '*sacred right of petitioning*.' We beg our readers to bear this in mind.

But

But the true position of the Government as to its power of passing any special measures for repressing this agitation, is still more clearly shown by the proceedings on the *Irish Arms Bill*. From about the year 1796—for now near half a century—the disturbed state of Ireland—agrarian riots—robbery of arms—private murders—and political rebellions have rendered necessary special laws for regulating the possession of arms and ammunition. These laws have of late years been consolidated into what has been called the Arms Act, which—in the same spirit that we before mentioned as characterizing all repressive legislation in Ireland—has been continued only from year to year, and gradually weakened in its efficacy—the obvious consequence of this species of from-year-to-year legislation being to keep Ireland in a constant fever by periodical debates in which inflammatory topics are always at hand and seldom neglected. The Bill had of late years passed with little observation, as the Tory opposition, instead of embarrassing always aided the Government on any matter tending to the public safety. In 1838, however, Lord Morpeth, then Irish Secretary, found that, in spite of the Lichfield-House Compact, Ireland was becoming more difficult to govern; and instead of merely renewing the old Arms Bill, he proposed one with more effective powers. But he had reckoned without his Irish hosts—they did not approve Lord Morpeth's presuming to insinuate that Ireland needed any additional coercion, and his Lordship, with the usual submission of Lord Melbourne's Government to Irish dictation, abandoned his New Bill, and was too happy to be able to fall back on the old one. In this last session Lord Eliot imitated Lord Morpeth's example by bringing in a bill—less strong indeed than that Lord Morpeth had proposed, but still containing some useful amendments of the old law—amongst others, one so obvious that it is only wonderful that in bills directed chiefly against the robbery of arms, it should have been so long overlooked: namely, the *branding or marking* the arms as they came to be registered. Assuredly in no country but *Ireland* could it have been for fifty years enacted that arms must be registered to prevent robbery, while the plain and obvious necessity and this easy mode of identifying the arms so registered should never have been thought of. This was the only considerable deviation from the old bill, which had been passed every year *sub silentio*—but now, while Mr. O'Connell was agitating in Ireland at the head of hundreds of thousands, some dozen of his friends in the House of Commons laid hold of this Arms Bill as an occasion to show their animosity, if not their strength; and eighteen nights of the most important part of the session were consumed by the most frivolous and pointless, but at the same time obstinate and violent,

violent, opposition that we believe the annals of faction can produce. And when it is recollected that ~~Government~~ *Government* has, as we have shown, but twelve hours in the whole ~~week~~ *at its disposal* for the dispatch of all the business of the country, ~~our readers will not be surprised to hear that this opposition of a dozen members to a bill~~ which had been passed by all administrations for half a century, seriously interrupted the business of the House—necessitated the abandonment of some important measures—contributed to lengthen the session beyond the middle of August, and at one time excited apprehensions that it might be indefinitely protracted. But this was not all; for as a further impediment, a general debate on Ireland was interposed, on the motion of Mr. Smith O'Brien, nominally for a committee on Irish grievances, but really and obviously to countenance and justify Mr. O'Connell's simultaneous proceedings in Ireland. This idle debate—idle for any purpose but the delay of the Arms Bill and the encouragement of agitation—began on the 4th of July and did not terminate till the 12th.

If these obstructions could be interposed to delay such a bill as the Arms Bill—on which the late Ministry, instead of acting as Sir Robert Peel had so often done by them, evaded their duty to either party by the shabby neutrality of absence—what might have been expected if the Government had brought down a new Coercion Bill? Should we not have seen the whole Opposition zealously united to protect the agitation? We do not believe that at the period of the session when the mischief had become so striking as to justify a direct interference, there would have been time or patience on the part of the House to have passed any such measure, in the face of such an opposition as might be expected—and we see reason to suspect that some who now complain the most loudly of the apathy of the Government would have been amongst the first to abandon the conflict, if the Ministry had been so rash as to engage in one under such circumstances.

But if they had been so disposed, who will tell us what their measure should have been? Those at least who have witnessed how Insurrection Acts, Convention Acts, Proclamation Acts, Coercion Acts, have been alternately braved and evaded, will be slow to assert ~~what~~ *what* would be an effectual remedy under the ever-varying symptoms of this Irish agitation.

* *Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?*

We certainly, with all the anxious attention we have for so many years paid to Irish affairs, should not feel ourselves competent—even if we were entitled—to offer any very confident suggestion on that point; but one clear opinion we will venture to avow, that, under recent circumstances, the safest, and, we confidently believe, the

the most effectual and protective, policy was to do what the Ministry has done—that is, to develop and hold in readiness their existing powers—to tell the agitators, by the emphatic voice of the Duke of Wellington, ‘WE ARE READY’—and to avoid, as long as possible, the inflammatory effects of a parliamentary agitation on new measures of coercion. We are far from saying that such measures may not become necessary—that Ministers may not be reluctantly forced to apply to Parliament for some special powers—but this it is evident will not be done till, with the same exemplary temper and patience which they have already shown, they shall have exhausted all their existing resources, and till one strong and universal opinion of Great Britain and Protestant Ireland shall leave the Government no option, and afford them a general concurrence and comparative facility in passing whatever measures circumstances may require.

We confess, however, our hope, over sanguine as it may at this moment appear, that the more immediate danger—that of bloodshed—is, thank God, by no means so great as it appears; and that the ultimate danger of the agitation’s effecting its object is altogether visionary. The reasons on which we found these consolatory hopes we shall shortly recapitulate. The first and strongest is our confidence in the justice of our cause—the cause, we mean, of the British Empire—against Mr. O’Connell and the priests, and the ignorant and deluded people whom they have, we trust, rather disturbed than perverted: and, secondly, we rest on that great axiom of politics as well as morals, that falsehood and deception can never be permanently successful. These two reasons, when more closely examined, merge into the last—the justice of our cause is the falsehood and folly of theirs.

It is false—notoriously, undeniably false—

1. That this sedition arises from any recent injustice, or from any grievance for which the present Government can be responsible.

2. That its object is what it pretends to be; or that the Repeal of the Union means, and can mean, anything but *Separation*.

3. That there is any prospect, or even possibility, of its ultimate success.

Upon these three propositions the agitation professes to be founded; but we have never yet seen any man, heard any speech, or read any argument, that did not, directly or indirectly, admit their falsehood. Even the denagogues themselves, that assert them in the gross, contradict them in the detail; and there is not one of these pretences which we could not victoriously contrast by some contrary admission made to serve some other equally fraudulent purpose.

1. We

1. We need do little more than refer to the foregoing pages for proofs that the sedition arises from no recent cause nor from any injustice with which the present Ministry can be charged. We have seen that it began as early as the consummation of the great boon which, we were told, was to tranquillize Ireland for ever, and that it has shown itself as decidedly under what the agitators called friendly administrations as under those that they choose to consider as adverse. We will add but a single fact in support of this point of our case. We before stated that Lord Grey's Government found itself obliged to issue a proclamation on the 13th of January, 1831, against Mr. O'Connell's meetings. That proclamation was published by the Marquis of Anglesey and Lord Stanley, then Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary of Ireland; and, as Lord Palmerston declared in the House of Commons on the 1st of February, 1831, *'with the deliberate advice and full concurrence'* of his Majesty's then Government—which included Lord Palmerston himself, Lord Melbourne, Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, in the Cabinet; and Mr. Francis Baring, Mr. Spring Rice, Lord Howick, Mr. Edward Ellice, and other distinguished Liberals in subordinate office. This proclamation ran as follows:—

‘ANGLESEY.

‘Whereas an association, assembly, or body of persons, assuming the following denominations, or some of them—that is to say, “*the Society of the Friends of Ireland, of all religious persuasions,*”—“*the Irish Society for Legal and Legislative Relief,*” or the ANTI-UNION Association,”—“*the Association of Irish Volunteers for the REPEAL OF THE UNION,*”—“*the General Association of Ireland, for the prevention of unlawful meetings, and for the protection and exercise of THE SACRED RIGHT OF PETITIONING for the redress of grievances,*”—“*the Subscribers to the Parliamentary Intelligence-Office, Stephen Street,*” and other designations, have, from time to time, held meetings at different places in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of *promulgating and circulating seditious doctrines and sentiments*, and have endeavoured, by means of *inflamatory harangues and publications*, to excite and keep alive in His Majesty's subjects in Ireland a *spirit of disaffection and hostility to the existing laws and Government*. And whereas it hath been made known to us, that other meetings of the said association, assembly, or body of persons, for such purposes, under the aforesaid designations, or some of them, or some other name or names, and under various pretexts and devices, are *intended to be held*. And whereas we deem the said association, assembly, or body of persons, and the meetings thereof, to be *dangerous to the public peace and safety, and inconsistent with the due administration of the law*. We, therefore, the Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, being resolved to suppress the same, do hereby prohibit the meeting of the said association, assembly, or body of persons, and every adjourned, renewed, or otherwise

continued

continued meeting of the same, or any part thereof, under any name, pretext, or device whatsoever.

‘ By His Excellency’s command,

‘ E. G. STANLEY.’

This proclamation puts beyond all doubt, that—even twelve years ago, under the Government which included those Ministers in whom Mr. O’Connell placed the highest confidence, and whose mainstay he afterwards became and to their last grasp continued—he had adopted and pursued the same essential objects that he and his supporters in Parliament now complain of as grievances arising out of Tory oppression. We see that, besides the Repeal of the Union, the same minor topics were urged at *that* day as at *this*; and that Mr. Smith O’Brien, and the other magistrates, who are so indignant against Sir Edward Sugden’s interference with ‘the *sacred rights of petitioning*,’ are but echoing, with tardy voices, Mr. O’Connell’s complaints of 1831: but with what pretence of consistency, or patriotism, or political honour, could Lord Palmerston, and the other gentlemen who were accessories to this proclamation, and who have subsequently, in various ways, pledged themselves to resist the Repeal of the Union, bring themselves to vote for the motion of Mr. Smith O’Brien, himself a Repealer, which went, in principle and in the details of the debate, to encourage and justify all the illegalities against which Lord Anglesey’s—that is, *their own*—proclamation was addressed twelve years ago?

2. We need do little more than refer again to our preceding pages for evidence enough of the utter falsehood of the pretence that *repeal*, and not *separation*, is the object of the present agitation. We have quoted in pages 566-9 the opinion of the Whig Ministers, put into the mouth of the King, and of some of the most influential supporters of those Ministers; and we might quote many passages from some of the less discreet speakers at the Repeal meetings, which avow that nothing short of entire and absolute *national independence* will satisfy Ireland. Mr. O’Connell himself, indeed, in the same spirit which prompted his wrath against ‘the traitors of Ahascragh’—that is, the fear of compromising himself and his system—still talks of the continuance of British connexion, and professes eternal allegiance to the Crown of England. ‘Words, words, words,’—which dupe nobody, and are merely, like the many shiftings of the titles of his Association, intended to evade the law. All this our readers are familiar with; but, rather for their amusement than from any necessity of illustrating so clear a case, we shall present them with a rather novel feature. There has been recently established in Dublin a weekly paper, the most violent as well as the most able of all the organs

organs of agitation, and which assumes the emphatic title of 'THE NATION;' and, in pursuance of that idea—obviously irreconcilable with anything like British connexion—it treats its readers with such passages as this:—

'And now, Englishmen, listen to us. Though you were to-morrow to give us the best tenures on earth—though you were to equalise Presbyterian, Catholic, and Episcopalian—though you were to give us the amplest representation in your senate—though you were to restore our absentees, disencumber us of your debt, and redress every one of our fiscal wrongs—and though, in addition to all this, you plundered the treasuries of the world to lay gold at our feet, and exhausted the resources of your genius to do us worship and honour—still we tell you—we tell you in the names of liberty and country—we tell you in the name of enthusiastic hearts, thoughtful souls, and fearless spirits—we tell you by the past, the present, and the future—we would spurn your gifts, if the condition were that Ireland should remain a province. We tell you, and all whom it may concern, come what may—bribery or deceit, justice, policy, or war—we tell you, in the name of Ireland, that *Ireland shall be a NATION.*'—*The Nation*, No. 40, 15th July, 1843.

This paper, besides prose tirades, of which the foregoing is a specimen, has published a great many short poetical pieces, some of them of considerable beauty of language and imagery, but all, we regret to say, exhibiting the deadliest rancour, the most audacious falsehood, and the most incendiary provocations to war; and, lest they should seem mere fugitive ebullitions, they have been collected into a small volume under the title of the '*Spirit of the Nation*,'—with a vignette emblem of the harp *without the Crown*.

We shall endeavour to make our selections with as much justice to the poetical merits of the pieces as the necessity of limiting our extracts will allow. The opening strain is not much in harmony with Mr. O'Connell's pledges to British connexion:—

' OURSELVES ALONE.

'The work that should to-day be wrought
Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought,
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
And trust OURSELVES ALONE.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled,
In patient hope to bide;
By dreams of English justice fooled,
And English tongues that lied.

That

That hour of weak delusion's past,
 The empty dream has flown :
 Our hope and strength, we find at last,
 Is in OURSELVES ALONE.

Remember when our lot was worse—
 Sunk, trampled to the dust ;
 'Twas long our weakness and our curse,
 In stranger aid to trust.
 And if, at length, we proudly trod—
 On bigot laws o'erthrown,
 Who won that struggle? Under God,
 Ourselves—OURSELVES ALONE.

The foolish word "impossible,"
 At once, for aye disdain,
 No power can bat a people's will
 A people's right to gain.
 Be bold, united, firmly set,
 Nor flinch in word or tone—
 We'll be a glorious *nation* yet,
 REDEEMED—ERECT—ALONE !"—pp. 1, 2.

ALONE !

The following conclusion of a ballad in praise of the district in Ireland the most lawless and the deepest dyed in blood, is hardly more reconcilable with British connexion than this emphatic ALONE !—

'Let Britain brag her *motley* rag ;
 We'll lift the GREEN more proud and airy ;—
 Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
 And head THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.
 Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we ;
 Give us to guard our native coasts,
 THE MATCHLESS MEN OF TIPPERARY.'—p. 4.

The '*motley* rag' being the *Union* flag of the empire.

Then we have a 'Song of the United Irishmen :—

'Tis the green—oh, the GREEN is the colour of the true,
 And we'll back it 'gain the orange, and we'll *raise it o'er* the BLUE !
 For the colour of our fatherland alone should here be seen—
 'Tis the colour of the martyred dead—our own immortal green.'

We need hardly remind our readers that *green* was the colour of the United Irishmen, while that of the *Kingdom of Ireland* is *blue*—heraldically ; on a field *azure*, a harp *or*.

Then the 'Song of Ulster' in praise of the 'Men of the North :—

'The first to resist the *false Saxon* were they,
The latest to bend to his tyrannous sway,
And always the promptest his power to curb—
Bear witness Blackwater, Clonthibreet, Benburh.

Oh! proud was the day when the Chief of the Gael,
Like a thunder-storm scattered the sons of the pale;
And the strength of the *Saxon* like stubble went down
Before the strong septs of the cross and the crown.*

And what, though our God, to whom glory and praise!
Hath not left to their children the spoil of those days;
More bright be our honour—more goodly our gain,
That he gave gallant hearts to *achieve it again*.

* * * * *

'Tis that day, when the strength of the slumbering North
Again for the land of our birth shall come forth;
And speaking stout words, which stout hearts will maintain,
Proclaim our fair country a *NATION* again.

* * * * *

Then, oh! when green Erin her trust and her might
Shall summon to *battle* for God and our right—
For the home of our hearts, or the freedom of man,
May one gallant phalanx still march in the van.'—pp. 29-31.

'The men of the North,' however, show so little inclination 'to march in the van' of Repeal that the agitation has not ventured to approach nearer to Ulster than the borders of Monaghan.

Eulogistic allusions to the dastardly and cruel *Rebellion* of 1798 are frequent, but sometimes it is boldly celebrated as a national triumph:—

'Who fears to speak of *Ninety-Eight*!
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriots' fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a *true* man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The *fame* of those who died;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

'The well-known arms of the confederated chiefs of Ulster.'

Some

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made ;
 But though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit 's still at home.

* * * *

Then here 's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of *Ninety-Eight*.—pp. 48, 49, 50.

Close to this are some stanzas with the significant title of 'IRISH WAR SONG, 1843.'—from which we are to infer that Ireland is, *this very year*, to make war on England to reclaim that independence which the song says she possessed in *Pagan* times, some thousand years ago, and which—we beg leave to add—she has never possessed *since*—

' Bright Sun, before whose glorious ray
 Our Pagan fathers bent the knee ;
 Whose pillar-altars yet can say,
 When time was young our sires were free—
 Who saw'st our latter days' decree—
 Our matrons' tears—our patriots' gore ;
 We swear before high Heaven and thee,
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more!'—pp. 46, 47.

These extracts will, we think, sufficiently establish our proposition as to the views of the *Nation* and its patrons, the pretended *Repealers*—we therefore spare our readers more incendiary and less clever ravings about Irish valour, Irish victory, and Irish '*vengeance*'—contrasted with Saxon cruelty, Saxon crime, and Saxon defeat, all inciting the people to rise in unremitting and relentless war—

' Till thy waves, lordly Shannon, all crimsonly flow
 Like the billows of *Hell*, with the blood of the foe !'—p. 6.

3. But leaving the bards to hymn the imaginary glories of their imaginary *nation*, we must say one word on Mr. O'Connell's plan for the constitution of Ireland as a sister kingdom under the same crown—and that word is, that the experiment has been already tried, under the most favourable circumstances, and failed: under

the complicated difficulties of our times, such an anomalous connexion could not last six months. Mr. O'Connell, indeed, decrees that the monarch of England *de facto* shall be monarch of Ireland *de jure*—the Queen of England shall be Queen of Ireland. Thank you! but by what authority? By the grace of Mr. O'Connell!—*Ipse dixit*. But then, what he chooses to say to-day, he may choose to unsay to-morrow—he *has said* and unsaid many things in his time—amongst others, he said that he, and Ireland with him, would be quiet and contented if Emancipation were granted—that he has unsaid pretty loudly. What better security have we for the promises of his new constitution?—the absurdity of which is crowned by its concluding clause :—

‘ 9. The connexion between Great Britain and Ireland by means of the power, authority, and prerogatives of the Crown, shall be *perpetual*, and *incapable of change or of any severance or separation*.’

Mark—this provision, that the *new* connexion between the countries shall be ‘ *perpetual*, and incapable of severance or separation,’ is part of a plan framed by a private gentleman—Daniel O'Connell, of Derrynane, Esquire—for dissolving a connexion, formed by King, Lords, and Commons, of the two countries, by a solemn treaty declared by the fundamental article of that great national act to be indissoluble and eternal; or, in its own more comprehensive and almost sublime terms, *FOR EVER*! If the ‘ *FOR EVER*’ of the *Act of Union* can be thus set aside, what will be the force or the fate of the ‘incapable-of-severance’ paragraph of Mr. O'Connell's Report to the Corn-Exchange Association?

But suppose for a moment the Repeal carried, what is to become of what was the *imperial* army, navy, revenue, colonies, debt?—how is all that to be settled on any permanent, any intelligible, any possible footing? Ireland cannot, ‘*ex hypothesi*,’ revert back to the old state, and do as she did before: the old state was—if Mr. O'Connell pleases to call it so—*Saxon*, but it was at least a *consistent* system—the old Parliament was *Saxon*, as well as the Crown; and it is one of the charges against it, that in every occasion of conflict it protected *Saxon* and sacrificed *Irish* interests—*nous aurons changé tout cela*—and it would be, as Mr. Canning said, not more impossible to revive the Heptarchy than to replace Ireland in the same condition as before the Union. And even the law—what is to be the law of Ireland? The *Saxon* sovereign, *Saxon* parliament, *Saxon* courts, *Saxon* gentry, *Saxon* lawyers, introduced, maintained, and practised the *Saxon* law, commonly called the ‘*Law of England*’; but what is to be done when everything tinged with the hated stain of *Saxon* shall

shall be expelled—when that day, anticipated by ‘THE VOICE OF THE NATION,’ shall arrive?—

‘How bright will the day be—how radiant and blest
The dawning of Freedom and Peace in the west,
When the chain that foul treason around us had cast
Will be shattered and flung to the spoiler at last!—
When that trumpet-toned voice will go forth, as before,
Till its echo resounds on earth’s uttermost shore—
“No *Laws under Heaven will the Irishman own*
But the home-hallowed laws of his country alone!”’—p. 60.

Home-hallowed law! No more Irish students at Lincoln’s Inn—no more of the dicta of Lord Hardwicke or Lord Mansfield. The first and most pressing duty of the new Irish legislature will be to revive—that is, if they can find the defunct—the old *Brehon* law, and set all their counsellors to study it. Mr. O’Connell will probably look higher than to be himself *Chief Brehon*, though there might be something in that office not repugnant to his taste—for we think we have read that, under that ‘home-hallowed law,’ the Brehon had for his own share one-tenth part of all the fines he inflicted; which, considering the numerous *Sacoms* that must necessarily be brought to justice, would needs be considerable—better than the *Rent!* It is really impossible to treat such monstrous absurdities seriously. It was said that two Roman augurs could not look at one another without laughing. We think that two Romanist agitators, with Mr. O’Connell’s constitution in their hands, would find it as difficult to keep their countenance.

The only serious or possible result of all this is *Union or Separation!* Separation did we say?—Oh no; but an *attempt* at separation, with all its horrors.

Can it be believed that the Irish people are so infatuated as to proceed to actual hostilities in pursuit of so baseless a vision? If they are, no human art can cure, no human help can avail them, and all that would remain for the other parts of the empire is carefully to prepare for and resolutely perform the duty of self-defence and mutual protection, with such force and in such direction as the wickedness and folly of the separatists may render necessary. Come what may, the law must be vindicated, and the Union maintained—but we repeat our confident hope that we are not to be driven to these extremities. Even while we have been writing these lines, that hope has been increased by the publication of Mr. O’Connell’s Constitution, which, now to speak seriously of it, is indeed, as the *Times* has called it, a compound ‘of the coolest effrontery, falsehood, and arrogance that ever was submitted to the notice of rational men.’ It looks to us like a
last

last shift—an ultimatum of despair ; and we grow stronger in the belief that the *Fabian* policy will at last defeat him. What will, what can he do, if he cannot provoke the Government or the Protestants to a collision? He may make a crusade against rents and rates—he may keep the peasantry in a state of insubordination, and the gentry in a state of alarm—but he can no more repeal the Union than he can command ‘the sun to stand still on Gibeon.’ He may do some public mischief, and create much individual distress—but while the Government and the Protestants can remain on the defensive, he can do no more; and the mischief may be considered as a temporary inconvenience compared to the calamities that a contrary course would, we think inevitably produce.

This, we admit, is no satisfactory state, and could not be long endured—but on that point we may console ourselves—it *cannot* last:—either the agitation must subside by the returning senses of the people, or the Government must come, in the ripe season, to Parliament for some special measures to redeem Ireland from this frightful *incubus*. It is, to be sure, very grievous to be obliged to bear with such audacious and protracted disturbances—to see one man bearding the empire!—but it is part of the price—a large one we admit in this instance—which we pay for our free constitution, in which the law is so jealously careful of liberty as to be inconveniently indulgent to licence.

But all the blame is not attributable to the inefficiency of the law—the greater share belongs to political Party. If the Whigs had really wished to put down Mr. O’Connell’s agitation they might—with the certain co-operation of the Conservatives—have done so long ago; but, except for the short period that Lord Stanley was in the Irish office, they did not wish, nor would have dared, to quarrel with their *Frankenstein*. If last year, or even in the late session, they had come forward to assist the Conservatives, as the Conservatives would have done and often did, to assist them, Mr. O’Connell’s agitation might have been—would have been, suppressed. It is powerful not so much by the strength of Mr. O’Connell, nor by the strength of the Irish priests—nor even by the exciteability of the Irish people—as by the weakness of the Imperial Parliament: and Parliament is weak by the intervention of party under circumstances in which all party considerations should be merged in considerations of the public safety.

Mr. O’Connell is strong, and Government is clogged, and Parliament itself ineffective—because Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Howick, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Baring, and Mr. Vernon Smith—‘with whose deliberate advice and full concurrence’

currence Mr. O'Connell was proclaimed a perturbator of the public peace, and a dangerous engine of sedition—lend their whole weight and talents to the support of such motions as Mr. Smith O'Brien's—the undisguised, we might almost say the avowed, object of which was to justify and encourage disturbance and sedition of exactly the same character, but of an infinitely darker and more dangerous complexion than that which they had when in office so solemnly denounced. We entirely agree with Mr. Macdonnell, who has watched the progress of this agitation with so much attention, and who *unmasks* it with so much ability, that the Whigs—even more than Mr. O'Connell and without any of the excuses which may be made for Mr. O'Connell—are the real authors of this unhappy *crisis*. Their conduct, both in Government and in Opposition, seems to us to have created, and to have been intended to create, the chief difficulties of their successors: but, on the whole, we have little fear of the result; and we are satisfied that the course taken by the present Ministers is, under all the circumstances, the wisest that could have been adopted. Is it not something that we have already tided over two years of this agitation? and if the moderation and prudence of Ministers should continue to produce similar results for the future, the whole country, and above all, Ireland, will owe them a deep debt of gratitude; if it should not, it will, we trust, produce the next best result—a general readiness on the parts of the Imperial Parliament and the British people to concur in such stronger measures as circumstances may require, and to confer ample and effective powers on a Government whose reluctance to call for them is the best pledge that they will be prudently and firmly employed.

ERRATUM.

Page 536, foot note, *for* 'Duky,' read 'Dirky.

